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PRE-RAPHAELITISM

AND

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

W. Holman Hunt, pinxt. *Swan Electric Engraving Co. Sc.*

The Scapegoat.

Pre-Raphaelitism

and the

Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood

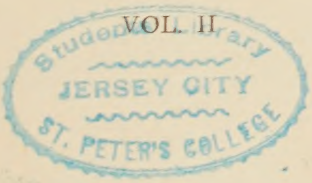
BY

W. HOLMAN HUNT, O.M., D.C.L.

TWO VOLUMES

WITH 40 PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES, AND
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

VOL. II.



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CHAPTER I

1855

But whosoever chooseth the life to come and directeth his endeavour towards the same, being also a true believer, the endeavour of these shall be acceptable unto God.—*Al Koran.*

The winter came with its succession of storms of some days' duration, leaving two or three feet of snow on the ground. On January the 7th, my friend Dr. Sim, with Robert Dick, a Scotch farmer's wandering son, came and accompanied me to the summit of the Mount of Olives. It was interesting on looking eastward to notice that just below Bethany the snow ceased, and did not appear again until far over the Jordan, the range twenty miles distant, where it formed a horizontal line, above which all the mountains of Moab and Nebo, as far as eye could reach, were white. On returning to my house Sim playfully pretended to snowball the landlady's two boys, who nestled like chickens under their mother's skirts, quite cowed by the unwelcome winter. With snow gone, on the highest roof of Sim's house, I finished the clouds and sky of my picture, defying the bitter cold and wind of this exposed studio. On my return in the evening I found that the elder of the boys was ill in bed, and the old Bethlehem cook as she deposited the dinner on the table, uttered pious ejaculations about him, I knew that she herself was the mother of an idle and selfish

son, she asked me about my mother, repeating, "Poor mother, poor mother! why do you leave her?" As the week went by, the parents' anxiety increased, and on my return home, entering the sick-room I found two good Prussian sisters come to nurse, and the doctor with the missionary were just taking leave, offering commonplace consolations to the mother, which led me to see that the case was really alarming. I referred to Dr. Sim's wish to see the patient, and hoped that he might be brought on the morrow; the woman clutched at my words. The evening was a sad one. I had my pen work to do, but ere retiring I went again to see the boy, and cheered the anxious mother as well as I could, asking that I might be told if in the night I could do anything. I slept with far-away thoughts, when suddenly my senses were aroused by a turmoil of confusion and a battering at the door. In distracted tones I heard the mother's words, "Oh, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hunt, he is dead—he is dead—he is dead," and behind all was the voice of the Bethlehem woman uttering her death screech. Hurriedly I jumped up, and in the darkness snatched on my clothes. When I opened the door the poor woman was being led back to the chamber by her husband and the nurses. She took me to the bedside and showed her dead son, appealing to me with a mother's pride to say that he was beautiful. I sat up till dawn making a portrait of the boy for the comfort of the family.

With the sky of "The Scapegoat" completed I had now to finish the skeleton camel sketched in at Oosdoom, from one found near Jerusalem. My first hope was to complete the picture in time to send it to London for the Royal Academy, but owing to the delay in finding the third suitable goat, this had become impossible and the work was still incomplete at Easter when many English visitors arrived. Some brought introductions to me, and meeting congenial company was a pleasant relief to the vexations of my daily work.

While the city was more cheerful than usual, Lord

Napier and Ettrick, with Lady Napier and her young sons, arrived, and Frederic Lockwood, whom I had known at Cairo, came over to meet his sister. I delayed their visit to my studio in order that the "Azazeel" should be nearer completion, and when I had the pleasure of showing them my work, their discriminating and cultivated judgment was of pleasant service to me, after I had been for so long removed from the opportunity of artistic opinion.

An ancient quarry which penetrated under the city had been recently discovered. The Mahomedans were very jealous about it, and forbade entrance, but Cayley, the eccentric traveller, Brindley Nixon, and other young Englishmen were anxious to see it, and Sim and I undertook to conduct them. Graham lent us his tower on Olivet for the night. In the afternoon we left the city by separate gates, and waited at a distance until the last belated wayfarers had re-entered the walls, and the guards had shut the heavy doors upon themselves. The country around was by that time quite abandoned, and we made the necessary circuit to the Damascus gate, cautiously creeping close up to the foundations, beyond sight of the city ramparts, in order to reach the opening to the cave. It was not difficult to remove a stone or two put there to seal up the entrance, and one by one we crept in. After about eight feet of level rock there was a drop of the same extent; inside we lit our candles and waited for the whole party to descend. We proceeded, touching the quarried rock with our left hands; following along we came to chambers where the quality of the stone had tempted the ancient masons to extend their operations. In parts water dripped from the roof into pools, where the splashed surface of the rock was glazed and rounded; the blocks lying about had all been worked into measure and form, as the Bible describes the stones of the Temple to have been. Some of these had been discarded and left on the ground, presumably because of a discovered flaw. While most of us were examining a

large door nearly finished, which was fresh as if of recent work, we were dismayed at hearing the loud explosion of some firearm in our rear, the noise of which reverberated alarmingly through all the hollows of the cavern. It turned out that a pistol had been fired with extreme thoughtlessness by one of our company, "merely for fun." How far it could be heard by the inmates of houses above our heads we never knew, but although we could believe that they would be more afraid than ourselves, we became anxious lest our place of exit should be obstructed.

When the quarry had been first entered, on its discovery by a shepherd, the skeleton of some unfortunate explorer had been found, who had evidently sought the means of escape in vain. After our exit we went to Graham's tower, where we had supper and found sleeping accommodation.

Sir Moses Montefiore came early in the spring on a charitable mission. While he was encamped outside the Jaffa Gate I wrote to him concerning the misinterpretation of my innocent object as a painter by the Jews and their Rabbis, and I begged that he would explain my purpose, and induce the Rabbis to remove the interdict which prevented the more orderly minded Jews from coming to me. Mr. Sebag Montefiore saw me on the subject, and promised attention to the question. Mr. Frederic D. Mocatta arriving rather later, I urged the point with him also; his knowledge of art and artists enabled him to understand my difficulties the better, so now I had improved prospect for "The Temple" picture, when I could be free again to work on it.

It had been a vexation to me during its progress to have no opportunity of seeing the distant slope of the northern Olivet from the platform of Moriah, which came into the background of the picture. Since the days when Godfrey de Bouillon, with his crusaders, were chased from Jerusalem, no Christian, except in disguise or by stratagem,

at a risk of very probable death, had ever entered its precincts. Montefiore had indeed quite recently been admitted, and his entrance was not so shocking to the sons of Ishmael as to his own brethren. The Rabbis had pronounced against the part which their benevolent visitor had taken in availing himself of the opportunity, because, it not being now known which was the spot covered by the Holy of Holies, he, not being the High Priest, might have offended in treading on the proscribed ground. I had envied him and his followers, for I still felt the possibility of getting in myself was as far off as ever.

Early in April, however, the Duke of Brabant, the heir-apparent of Belgium, arrived in Jerusalem, and it was whispered that the very enlightened and francophile Pasha of the day was making great efforts to gratify the Duke's interest in the place. The Prince had been provided with a firman to enter the Mosque area, yet it was probable, as with many previous travellers coming from Constantinople, that His Highness would be told it would be fatal to the lives of all who attempted to act on the Sultan's favour ; but gossip had not much to indulge in, and soon it was said that the Duke would be privileged to enter the Hareem. I called on the Consul, and pleaded that if it were so, the English residents ought also to pass the sacred gates. He told me that this was generally felt, and that he was watching to secure the opportunity. On the Saturday of the Greek Easter, he sent me word to hold myself in readiness that afternoon. Earlier in the day I had witnessed the ceremony of the Miracle of the Sacred Fire in the Church of the Sepulchre.

This year no Russian pilgrims were present, yet the building was crowded with strangers, male and female, from Greece, Armenia, Egypt, and Abyssinia ; in fact, in this respect the occasion was like the ancient feast of Pentecost, bringing strangers from all parts, and such resemblance was undoubtedly in mind when the original

form of this ceremony was instituted, for it is on record that an artificial dove descended through the opening of the dome, carrying the fire with it into the sepulchral shrine. Curzon in his *Monasteries of the Levant* describes his experiences in 1834, when three hundred people were killed in the disorderly crush. Kinglake was there the next year, who treats of it in his most graphic manner, and Dean Stanley was a witness of the scene in 1854, a year before my own visit.

At 4 P.M. I presented myself at the appointed place for entrance to the Mosque, and found the secretary nearly alone. The company increased by ones and twos, and the Pasha had just counted twenty-one when our Consul arrived with a train of some thirty English subjects, clergy with their wives, and other ladies connected with mission work. Very obvious was the bewilderment of the Pasha, but his politeness was equal to the need. When he left the apartment time after time, and returned with no show of having advanced matters, I was inclined to suspect that he had as poor an estimate as I had of the interest which the majority of the crowd were likely to take in the features of the Mosque, and that he would therefore consider that the risk should not be incurred, and that it might be wise to delay action until advancing darkness should render our entrance into the sacred place impossible.

During this time it transpired that the Pasha was intent upon the success of a summons issued to all the dervishes of the Mosque to assemble in a chamber of the Hareem to discuss a point of great moment, which had to be considered by the highest authorities. Thinking it was the question of admitting the Belgian prince which had to be debated, they thronged into the building to utter their loudest protests. Delays arose in making certain that all the dervishes were assembled, and then the doors were locked, and a company of soldiers posted outside for an hour to turn the council-chamber into a prison.

After this precaution, the Duke of Brabant and his suite advanced, and we were bidden to follow ; passing a few courts belonging to the house, we emerged from a dark passage into the great area which includes the site of the ancient Temple.

It was a moment in life to make one's heart stir as the door was turned on its hinges, and the way into this long-dreamed-of, much-longed-for, yet ever-forbidden sanctum was at last declared to be open to us.

On my first arrival in Jerusalem, wandering alone, I had entered the gates by mistake, but before I had realised my position I was set upon by one, then by two blacks, and threatened by an approaching crowd of wild and dark Indians and Africans, from whom I escaped by a hasty retreat. Now the place was empty, and I gazed with boundless delight on the beautiful combination of marble architecture, mellowed by the sun of ages, of mossy-like cypresses, and Persian slabs of jewel hues ; but at once I was told that no one must linger. At the foot of the steps we were ordered to take off our boots ; wearing Turkish shoes, I had no difficulty, but many were unprepared ; and it was one of the grim mockeries of fate that at such a moment ladies and gentlemen should intensify the hideousness of modern costume by hobbling about in lacerated stockings, carrying Wellington boots and fashionable shoes in their hands. Unfortunately the Royal Duke gave no sign of caring for the wonders about him ; he sometimes glanced to right or left as the guide referred to different objects, but never once did he pause from his swift march around the Mosque As Sakreh or through Al Aksa to dwell on any object, nor did he turn aside to examine anything out of the direct line of the prescribed route; an Arab in Westminster Abbey would not have been more supremely superior. When Sim and I ran off to look at the interior of the Beautiful Gate, we were quickly summoned back by a messenger, with a caution that it would be imprudent to go alone, in the face of possible danger from dervishes who had evaded

imprisonment. We pleaded that we were armed, and would take the chance, but the Pasha still objected, and we had to abandon our hope. I left with my curiosity only increased. On emerging from the gate to *Via Dolorosa* we saw a body of Moslems in the street, who glared with hatred such as only religious rancour can inspire, but they allowed us to disperse in peace.

If all the Christian visitors to the Mosque that day had felt the respect for Mahomedans which the sight of their reverent conservation had awakened in me, and if the sons of Hagar assembled at its doors had then been able to read the feelings inscribed on our hearts, their attitude towards us would scarcely have been other than brotherly pride in such hospitality as all followers of the prophet of Mecca are enjoined to exercise. From the day that Abraham met Melchisedek, this spot has been the theatre of events which have struck deepest roots in the life of humanity. It has been the sanctuary where God's word had been proclaimed to Jew, Christian, and Moslem. Had the Jews still possessed it, there would have been signs of bloody sacrifice. Had any sect of Christians possessed it, the place would have been desecrated either by tinselled dolls and tawdry pictures, as in the Church of the Sepulchre, or else by the ugliness, emptiness, and class vulgarity of the Anglican and Prussian worship, as found in the city of Jerusalem. In the case of the Moslem there was not an unsightly nor a shocking object in the whole area, it was guarded, fearingly and lovingly, and it seemed a temple so purified from the pollution of perversity that involuntarily the text, "Here will I take my rest for ever," rang in my ears. The past, so many pasts, stood about, even the very immediate present was a mystery and a wonder; it was an epoch at least in a life, and an hour even in the world's history, the moving of the index to a turning-point. The Osmanli sands were running fast, and the hour-glass would soon be turned; but I felt that the sons of Hagar had been appointed for a great purpose, to

keep the place sacred until the sons of Sarah should be sufficiently purified by long-suffering to take it again into their charge.

But I had not attained my object. I had not been able to make even the slightest scribble of the landscape for my picture. I had, however, gained the distinct knowledge that the only point from which it could be obtained was the roof of the "Mosque of the Rock," which would be about the right height above the plateau of the Court of the Israelites. That I should ever be able to mount upon this, unless it might be in the guise of a workman, seemed quite out of hope, and only Moslems were employed in the reparation of the roof.

Photographs and exhaustive discussions have now made familiar to the world the startling unlikeness of the outside and the inside of the Mosque As Sakreh. Remarking upon the evidence pointing to its having once been a Christian church, which its interior suggested to me, a resident in Jerusalem said, "I see you are a convert to Mr. Fergusson's theory." I had not then heard of the architectural critic's conclusions, drawn from examination of drawings made under extraordinary circumstances by Catherwood and Bonomi.

In May all the pleasant English company went away together, for the Consul had the opportunity of visiting Gerash, which was not always open to travellers, and the chance was eagerly seized by those who made that place a fresh stage on their journey. The temptation was great for me to join them, but the time for my work was too precious to spare, and a discovery I had made did much to decide the question for me. The gun which I had carried on my saddle, and which had often served me in good stead, was cracked in the stock. The opening could scarcely be seen, and was not yet in danger of causing disruption, but when it was fired the strain dipped the barrel enough to make it hit low. A much more serious and troubling discovery was, that the revolver, on the efficacy of which my life had more than

once depended, had reverted to its old fault of getting fixed in the lock. I put it by for a few days in order to take it myself to the ill-fated Frederic, but circumstances had hindered me from getting to his shop before it was closed for the evening. When supper was over I therefore called my landlord and said, "I want you to go to Frederic and deliver my pistol; explain to him yourself that it is loaded and cannot be fired off because of the defect for which I first sent it to him. He returned it repaired, but with the spring so weak that it only occasionally exploded. He must now put it into proper working condition at any cost, for a pistol that cannot be trusted is worse than useless. Explain that I know he is clever, and quite capable of curing the fault."

My landlord was a philosopher who at all times strove to enforce consideration for the weaknesses of others. "Vell, vell, yas! ve most 'ave patience. Frederic, poor fellaw! he unhappy. I go to Frederic, I say, vy for you not marry, plenty nice gals 'ere now, you are von ov us, you av goot busness, vy not take vife. Vot"— and here he shrugged his shoulders commiseratingly—"'e say, 'I stay 'ere only to die like my vrent die, an' den wot my vife do?' He tocht in 'ed, pooh fellaw!" "I know, I know, Max, but mind you give him my message, and take care that no one touches the pistol but yourself, till you deliver it into his hands with the caution that it is loaded," said I.

The next morning Max, who was as conscientious as he was proud of his proficiency in English, assured me he had acquitted himself of his commission scrupulously. He said Frederic had listened attentively, and pleaded that before the spring was too slack, now too tight; there ought to be a new strong one, but he had not liked to put me to the expense of this before, now he would spare no pains. He was too busy for a day or two to attend to it, however, and would not take it in hand until he could finish it properly.

"Ah," said Max, "he quite mad, poor fellaw! 'e 'ang

id op, bak shob" ; by which I understood that he had put it safely by for the present.

On a previous Sunday there had been an overflow of water at Beir Yoab, and all the people of Jerusalem had gone out to see it, some with keen enthusiasm because it seemed like the return of the promised *early rain* which they said had been withheld since the destruction of the Temple. I walked with Dr. Sim in the midst of the throng, and we met Frederic all alone at St. Stephen's Gate ; he smiled pleasantly but sadly to our salutation. We knew no German and he knew no English, so we exchanged a few words in Arabic and separated.

The evening after my message to Frederic, I called on Sim to choose the wild goat's skull for my picture ; he had a large collection of such things. He told me that he had just come back from seeing poor Frederic, who had been shot by his apprentice in his own shop ! Sim had extracted the bullet, which was just under the cellular tissue, opposite to the point where it had entered. He hoped from the small size of the bullet that it had not traversed the body, but travelled round as bullets partly spent occasionally do. The wound could not be further examined, and it was desirable to leave the patient undisturbed. Frederic, it seemed, had been working at an anvil in the front of the shop, the apprentice came in, while the master, who was steadily filing, became apprehensive that the fool was at some mischief, and turning quickly, said, "You are not touching that loaded pistol?" The boy in his fright nervously pulled the trigger, and the bullet struck the master in the side. He fell down on the floor, the noise attracted a crowd, who came in and surrounded him. He groaned, "Ah, I am paid now. I knew it would come to this." Waving the people aside, he cried, "I am going away to die," and jumped up to run through the street up a steep lane into the door of the German Hospice, where he threw himself on to a bed, and there the doctor had seen him.

From Sim's favourable opinion I encouraged the idea

that the man was not wounded to death; but on the morrow—fourteen months after the death of his friend—the lot had fallen upon him also.

It was my accursed revolver that had brought about this dire tragedy. I tell such stories not in support of any theory, but because they claim record as strange personal experience. There are people in Jerusalem now who remember Frederic with sorrow, and who wonder what became of the loved maiden in Germany who was to have been his wife.

Although the Exhibition date was past, I was working hard to finish "The Scapegoat" and send it away to Mr. Combe. I trusted that possibly among the patrons of art who had expressed a wish to have some picture of mine one might be found to purchase it, and so make me more at ease and free to prolong my stay; in any case, it would relieve the dejection I often felt at having brought none of my works to completion. My time was, however, seriously taxed in consequence of a contention I was drawn into with the Bishop about the character of one of the Arab converts. I will say no more on this subject, but should any wish to know of the business, they may learn all particulars from a pamphlet which I published after my return to England.[1] Yet, lest the story should be taken as a proof that I look with any feeling of disrespect upon English Missions, let me say that the circumstances were altogether exceptional.

Early in the summer of this year two regiments of soldiers were sent up to quell disturbances caused by the fellahin. It was not alone the outbreak against the government near Hebron, of which, at the request of the Consul, I had made a report, but in the western hills in the neighbourhood of Betir the sheiks were fighting for the mere pleasure of fighting and delight in bloodshed, and one indeed deservedly acquired for his cruelty the name of "butcher." The newly arrived soldiers were encamped upon the slopes of the Pool of Gihon, and thus

[1] *Bishop Gobat*, in re *Hannah Hadoob*. Masters, New Bond Street.

it seemed as though indirect pressure alone was to be used against the fellahin ; travellers were, under this military influence, enabled to use the roads in greater safety ; perhaps it was this that brought the Prussian Quarantine doctor from Hebron to Jerusalem. Seeing him riding with the Prussian Consul as I was going out of the Jaffa Gate to enjoy the evening air after a fatiguing day's painting, it seemed to me that he had not seen me, so I deferred accosting him. It was a mistake which I often regretted later, for on the morrow he had returned home, and in a few weeks he committed suicide.

The soldiers after a month's encampment removed for a few weeks to the Pools of Solomon ; and, when the fellahin were quite off their guard one night, they struck their tents, and surprised the insurgent villages about Hebron, slaughtering and burning to the content of the Ottoman heart.

I had no contribution at the Academy Exhibition, and I had told my English correspondents that I might suddenly give up further attempts in Syria and return, but I had a great desire to know of the treatment of our School this year, thinking that the election of Millais might be a mark of more favourable feeling. A letter from him enlightened me painfully on this point ; a few extracts will explain the disillusion. It also gives some reference to his approaching marriage.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS, LANGHAM PLACE,
LONDON, *May* 22, 1855.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—All the hurry and excitement of the R.A. is over, and yet I find myself delaying until it is absolutely necessary that I should tell you first that next month, please God, I shall be a *married man*. What think you of this ? You must have partly expected this, and will not be knocked down by this sudden announcement. I have let the time slip by me so fast that I am at a loss what to tell you first. . . . I have gone so far as to take a place near her family at Perth for the autumn, and I leave this in a fortnight's time, when to return I don't know. . . . Lear has been here just this moment telling me of your letter he has

received. Collins also received one. When you come back, you must come and see me. I am afraid I shall not be in London to receive you when you arrive. . . . *Apropos* of work, my picture ("The Fireman") this year has been blackguarded more than ever; altogether the cabal is stronger than ever against every good thing—such injustice and felonious abomination has never been known before. Fancy A——, B——, and old Satyr C—— as hangers. Collins above the line in the Octagon, Martineau at the top of the Architectural . . . my picture against the door of the middle room. The very mentioning of these disgraceful facts incenses me so that I begin to tremble. I almost dropped down in a fit from rage in a row I had with the three hangers, in which I forgot all restraint and shook my fist in their faces, calling them every conceivable name of abuse. It is too long a story to relate now, but they wanted to lift my picture up, after I had got permission to have it lowered three inches, and tilted forward so that it might be seen, which was hardly the case as it was first hung. Oh! they are felons—no better than many a tethered convict—so let them pass. The Exhibition you will see, so there is no need of any mention of it. William I never see scarcely, as he lives down at Kingston. I am going to be married so quietly that none of my family come to the wedding. Good gracious, fancy me married, my old boy. . . . It is quite impossible to forsee the end of anything we undertake. Every day I see greater reason to be tolerant in judging others. We cannot reckon upon ourselves for the safe guidance of a single project. But I must not fill this letter with truisms. I am very anxious about this change in my life, as you may imagine, therefore you must forgive me if this letter is full of it. . . . If I omit to tell you anything of interest you may afterwards find out, it will be from forgetfulness. . . . Wilkie Collins is here and sends greeting. To-morrow is the Derby Day. Last Epsom I went too, we went together with Mike—you remember. . . . You must pray for me, my dear old friend. . . . I feel the want of you more than ever, and art wants you home; it is impossible to fight single-handed, and the R.A. is too great a consideration to lose sight of, with all its position, with the public wealth and ability to help good art. When Lady Chantrey dies, the Academy will have funds at its disposal for the purchase *yearly* of the best living works, and all this should be in *our* hands. In my contest with the hangers I said I would give up my associateship if they dared to move my picture, which so frightened them, I suppose, that they didn't touch it afterwards. *I want you back again* to talk over this matter of Exhibition. I am almost indifferent about these things now, and yet I think it a duty, for other poor fellows like Brown

(whose three pictures were rejected), Anthony, Seddon *were turned out* also.—Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

Miss Mary Rogers had come to Jerusalem with her brother, the future Consul of Damascus, and she gave me the London art news. One most important item was the appearance of a new artist, with a large picture representing the procession of Cimabue's pictures through the streets of Florence. The artist's name was Leighton, and the work was strikingly admirable, independent of the fact that it was his first exhibited original composition ; his father had allowed him to paint it on condition that if not successful he should finally relinquish art. This picture was in great favour with artists, and the Queen secured the young painter's future success by buying it for £500.

While I was completing my picture of "The Scapegoat," for the first time in the history of Turkish rule cannons were fired for a Christian monarch, on the 24th of May, Queen Victoria's birthday. The European ladies, hearing that my picture would soon be sent to England, now came in little groups to see it. One of these expressed a strong wish that some sound and practical landscape painter could come and help me with wise counsel as to the finishing of it. Afterwards I heard that her commiseration had been stimulated by the perusal of an article in a London paper brought to her by a neighbour, wherein I was held up as a proverb of artistic extravagance. On 15th June the work was finished, and put into its case. I rose early, and Sim, Graham, and I sallied out of the Jaffa Gate at 4.30 A.M. Sim, after two years' service in the Mission, was leaving and going as army surgeon to the Crimea. He had made himself deeply loved and valued, and many of the grateful people accompanied us a mile or two on the road to take leave of him. I went to Jaffa with paint-box packed up, so that if I saw need, I might put further finishing touches on

the picture before shipping it. The ride was delightful. Graham lent me his clever *rhowam*-paced pony, and Sim had an Arab which he was taking with him by sea, and as the third of our party was well mounted, we careered across the cornfields, many of which were cut, while others were being reaped. The trusty Issa meanwhile could be left with the baggage. It was high time I had such change, for I was far from well. The rest of two hours at the Ramla Convent with the cheery old monks delighted our hearts. We arrived at Jaffa in the afternoon, when all seemed careless peace with the retiring sun, and as I, with the Consul's help, passed my picture through the customs and took it on board, I felt cut off from the cause of many galling anxieties, and trusted future issues to gentle Providence.

I had intended to stay with Graham a few days at the seaport, but the next afternoon Issa, his servant, who was deeply concerned in the proceedings conducted by the Bishop to which I have lately referred, came to me with news gained from later arrivals that caused him deep concern, and I offered to ride back to Jerusalem with him in the night, which he eagerly accepted. On my return I sat down before my "Temple" picture to take stock of its condition and of my prospects, improved by the intermediation of my friendly Hebrew advocates, Sir Moses Montefiore and F. D. Mocatta, and at once took steps to recommence work. I felt it wise, until I could gain these advantages, to apply myself to painting those parts of "The Lantern Maker's Courtship" which I had not completed in Cairo.

Graham soon returned from Jaffa with health restored, and I frequently accepted his invitation in the hot summer to sleep in the refreshing air on Olivet. The window of this tower overlooked the valley of Jehoshaphat, Gethsemane, and all the slopes of the city, and a good telescope was mounted on the sill. On moonlight nights, while my friend read aloud a kind of literature for which I cared little, I could sit at the open window

THE LANTERN MAKER'S COURTSHIP.

resting my brow against its cool lintel, and turn my eyes upon the traces left by the successive masters of the city since the days of Solomon, and upon the land so little changed since its history was first written upon it.

No scene on earth could offer more for reflection. Many elements were wanting to satisfy the fullest sense of beauty, yet there was a solemn silence extending throughout the region, with centres of mystic suggestion that enchanted the eye, while the mind was enthralled by the thought that this spot had been the standing-place from which in turn the leading nations of the world had been addressed as from heaven itself. Walls, towers, domes, minarets, and vacant spaces in succession made my regard wander across the wide prospect, and in and out of its intricate features. Lying there under full moonlight, the calm picture appeared as formed in mother-of-pearl, with rare points glinting among the opalescent hues. There were no street lamps in any part of the town; all the bazaars were closed. Most good men were in their homes. Open casements revealed inner lights with families sitting at their last meal of the day; and elsewhere through perforated walls could be seen small companies on the roofs enjoying the cool night. Towering above the houses were the crowns of palm trees distributed among the courtyards inside the protecting walls. Afar, high up, nearly screened by buildings, were the Armenian gardens occupying the locality of Herod's Park and of the house of the High Priest, and there still slept a group of huge fir trees, one of which spread its sheltering branches around a delicate arboreal spire of cypress. Groves of olives were on southern Zion, and to the north of the walls was another plantation, amidst which was a massive sycamore near to a tower with weird associations. These sombre trees mapped out the blanched limestone buildings and surfaces into intelligible forms and helped to frame the ancient ramparts. The cupola of the Church of the Sepulchre with the adjoining tower stood in the heart of

the city; wild growths spread over deserted spots, the remains of fallen buildings whose foundations were buried in their own ruins. The south-eastern corner of the square of the city was the Temple enclosure, whose history we know more continuously than that of any place on earth. Marble, alabaster, Persian tiles, and forms of early Byzantine design were beautified by the contrast of vegetation, deep and rich, fed by hidden waters at their roots. There the stately cypresses whispered together. The structures known as "The Dome of the Rock" and Al Aksa divided the mind as to the site of the Holy of Holies, for the dimensions of the ancient Temple area were not enough to include both buildings. As though patiently sleeping, they rested like palled shapes in a heavy dream, detached by moonlight and moonshade. Although the platform was an open stage from which the actors had departed, yet fancy would people it with their spirits. Prophets and fore-doomed martyrs stood arraigned there, delivering a direful message from heaven. With tardy repentance more pitiful, were those haunting the scene for mourned over memories of crimes towards the innocent; among them those who bewailed their bitterness towards the Son of Love Himself, for Gabatha lay there.

Beyond this enclosure I was attracted by the moving lantern of a cautious wayfarer; the flame taxed the sight as it hovered along, a very will-o'-the-wisp, through antiquated arches, threading receding streets, being blotted out now for a few seconds, now for a longer term, and anon as suddenly revealed. Occasionally home-seekers emerged from a door and stood still with a cluster of lights before taking leave of one another, and then they diverged and crept along different lines like the sparks on unextinguished tinder, reminding me of what I had watched entranced in childhood and called "Quakers going home from meeting"; there was fascination in the tracing of these

wandering lanterns. One bewitching jewel of light became to me a cherished possession, to be guarded with fear of its loss as it came nearer and disappeared within the belt of the hareem enclosure, and I seemed the poorer at its loss; but it was not long before it appeared again within the sacred square itself, where in passing it gilded marble pillars and elaborated carvings, and flared upon capitals, architraves, and arches, until it halted at the door of the minaret. In a few minutes appeared the flutter of the same light in the gallery above, and when the lantern was put down, I knew another dear sign of life was to break out. The caller to prayer, with hands on the parapet towards our quarter, began his chant with a voice like a resonant bell across the homes of hidden men who at the sound bent in prayer and praise. The voice lingered and soared aloft; it was the chant of the "Kuteb Mueddin," declaring itself emphatically in every fresh outburst, warbling, carolling, and exclaiming with ecstasy, till it expressed the fulness of thanksgiving and joy. It awakened the rapture with which I had heard the nightingale thrilling in his listening copse, and the dream grew dearer to my heart that the time was coming when there could be no soul on earth not altogether at peace with the Father of Love. The singer turned in his gallery to awaken sleepers in the south, the west, the north, and then again in the full east. From a further tower a second psalmist responded, increasing his voice, and there echoed around a refrain of melody, a strophe, and antistrophe, and as the chant swelled a fuller height of rhapsody was attained; then by intervals the exalted strain slowly descended into a tender chorus and ceased, when the very deadness vibrated, consoling the yet unsatisfied and listening ears. Then all signs of restlessness took flight, the lights in turn became extinct, and the whole mountain of men, women, and children were at hush and rest, with nothing but the sound of barking dogs and screeches of marauding beasts of prey to be heard.

Turning my attention from the window, I heard Graham's enthusiastic droning as before, and when it closed my good friend asked if I had ever heard such an eloquent sermon, and I felt able to say "Never!"

SAINT PETER'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

CHAPTER II

1855

Making the word of God of none effect through your tradition.

Falsehood is so vile that if it spoke of God it would take something from the grace of His divinity, while truth is so excellent that when applied to the smallest things it makes them noble.—RICHTER.

RETURNING to my work, the suppression of the interdict of the Rabbis facilitated my appeals to the better class of Jews, and though some of the men whom I now approached were of very humble means, they bore themselves with unaffected dignity. The old fellow with divided beard painted in my picture was one of heaven's own noblemen. He supported himself by the profits of a little chandlery business ; all the day he squatted cross-legged on his board in front of a cupboard with his wares ; spices, coffee, sugar, arranged around him within easy reach, he had numerous customers who purchased small supplies at a time. On the Sabbath I always saw him at the Synagogue, and I learned that he was a rabbi, by his independent industry the better representing the celebrated doctors of Hillel's days. When I applied to him to sit, he explained that, having no relative or friend to carry on the business if he were away the shop would have to be shut up, and that the loss would be continued after he had reopened it, from the habit his customers would contract of dealing elsewhere ; but my terms tempted him. The bargain was that he should have four francs paid to him in the evening of each

The Bride of Bethlehem.

day, and that three more should be written up to his account, to be paid when I had completed the work, but this only if he had been punctual. He was always attentive and regular, and never expressed any doubt that I could be trusted for the final conditional sum. Men are slow to believe others to be different to themselves in honesty. I am glad to record this case as one of many I have met with to the credit of the Israelites. To prove the sincerity of some Jewish conversion, and its fitness for such men, a story known to me of actors still living in 1854 is sufficient. In the year 1836 two Jews of unstable character had entered into partnership in a grocery business. They purchased a small stock of coffee and stored it in their dark shop. They indulged in stronger drink than that which their customers brewed, and in their cups they quarrelled. The division of the joint property was a difficulty which no one of their friends could arrange, until they remembered a poor fellow-descendant of Judah who had been converted to Christianity and yet had the esteem of all the Jews. He was the same Calman who kindly assisted me later, and never did I know man who was more thoroughly without guile. He possessed an annuity of £50, and with this he had sought a post on the Mission in Jerusalem for which he refused payment, and was appointed, while still young, keeper of the Hospital where the invalid Jews were nursed. The hostile partners induced him to take charge of the key of their shop until their quarrel should be settled. When he was thus satisfying each that the other was not robbing him, a violent storm occurred ; the wranglers knew that the shop roof was defective, and went to Calman, the custodian, to come with them and see that the coffee was not injured.

It proved to have been thoroughly soaked. They both declared themselves to be outraged, and contended that, being the guardian of their property, Calman was responsible, and that he should pay the value to them. After some vain appeals to their reason, and their assumed sense of justice, he paid the demand, principally perhaps

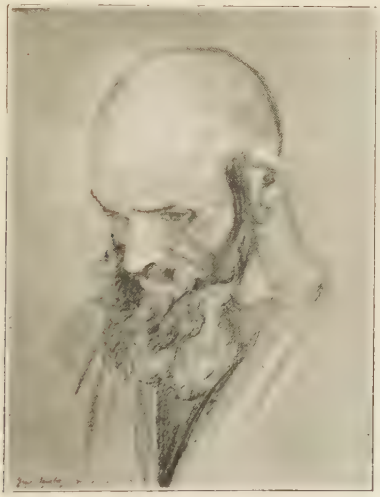
because he knew their poverty, and the coffee was worthless. At this time Ibrahim Pasha was invading the country, and soon he invested Jerusalem. During the siege Calman heard that coffee was well-nigh exhausted in the city, and any variety of it was selling at famine prices. He brought out his bags and spread the contents in the sun, and the coffee proving to be but little hurt by the wetting, he sold it at a high price, which he took no pains to keep secret; indeed, he instanced it as an example of how he had gained by returning good for evil.

At this point, to his astonishment, the two grocers again appeared in mutual accord, stating that they knew that he had made a very great profit on their coffee, which Calman at once admitted. Then said they, "You must pay us the additional money for our coffee, for which you yourself admit you have yet only given us a quarter price." He urged that this demand to him seemed very unjust. "Oh no," they screamed, "you would be robbing us if you did not give us the extra money." "If you declare this seriously and solemnly I will not keep it," he said. "We do; we do!" they shouted, and they went off with their booty, glorying in their superior cunning.

"What a fool that Calman is! and what stupidity his religion is!" said one to the other when on their way to the nearest drinking house. "Yes," said the other, "he is a fool, and it is his religion that makes him so, but what a religion it must be to make a man cast away all selfish interest as he does." Drunkards and schemers though they were by long habit, in embracing Christianity they came under influences which perhaps rendered them more promising men.

There was a good, honest, and intelligent convert heading a band of Baptists who helped me in securing as a sitter a Jew of middle age who kept a mercer's shop. Observing the latter for some time, I discovered that he spoke only Polish, in which I was helpless. My friend thereupon came with me to the shop, which was a comparatively prosperous one, and after getting into general

conversation he adroitly introduced me as the Englishman who was painting a picture of Jewish Rabbis, and who would pay well if he would come and sit to me. The mercer very naturally urged, like the rest, that it would not be to his interest to shut up shop except for large remuneration, but when it was explained that I should want him for seven or eight days, that each evening he should receive four francs, and that three francs additional should be written up to his account towards a sum to be



STUDY OF JEW.

paid at the end if he had always been punctual, he finally promised to come to me the next day.

I waited, at the hour appointed, with all prepared for my new figure, till, patience exhausted, I went straight to the shop, then to the Synagogue. Failing to find the mercer in either place, I enlisted my friend in the search. Most of the day was spent before we found him, and then he urged that although the pay for the time was liberal, it was not enough to cover the loss of custom that would occur afterwards, and I had to agree to add £2

to the final payment if he would make no more delay and come the next morning. To this he agreed, apparently with great contentment.

On the morrow again I waited with palette in hand for an hour or so, but all in vain. This time I determined to have a satisfactory explanation, or to give up the model finally if he failed me further, and I went with my friendly interpreter.

The mercer, on being asked to account for his failure, was somewhat reticent, until we urged him to tell us plainly if he thought it a sin to aid in the making of a picture. Finding him still shy, I pointed out that in the Tabernacle and in the Israelitish camp and in Solomon's Temple also there were animal figures represented as symbols of the various tribes, and I argued further that the Second Commandment did not mean more than that the images should not be made for worship in the first Temple. "Oh yes!" he said in a tone that meant we had been arguing quite needlessly, "I am a rabbi myself, and I have considered the question, and I know it is no sin; but it might be very imprudent, very rash indeed, and I might suffer for that," and, turning with a confiding air, he went into a long explanation with my friend, who carried an amused expression on his face. Now I observed an extra play of suppressed mirth, and this fact, with the understanding of a few words common to all languages, made me anxious to hear the interpretation, which my friend gave with great solemnity. "Well, you know the merchant's name is Daoud Levi. On the Day of Judgment the Archangel Michael will be standing at the gate of heaven, and the names of all faithful children of Abraham will be called out; there will be a great throng, and as each name is uttered the owner of it will press forward, and the Archangel on seeing him will give orders for him to pass, while the name will be checked from the book. When Daoud's name is called, if there were a picture of him, it might be that the likeness would arrive first, and this might be

passed in, and the name on the roll struck off; and when he arrived to demand admittance he might be told that Daoud Levi had already entered in, and that he must be a pretender, and although he might beg and pray and ask for investigation of the truth, it would not be surprising if he were told that he had brought the hardship upon himself, and that on such a busy occasion there was no opportunity to go into disputed questions."

W. H. H.

EXAMPLES OF JEWISH TYPE.

Daoud Levi zealously watched my face to see if the irresistible logic of his argument were duly appreciated. I did my best to betray due concern for the eternal peril he might thoughtlessly have provoked. "Neither of us had thought of that, had we?" I reflected aloud to my friend; "but perhaps the difficulty can be met. Ask whether if we take effectual steps to give the figure in the picture the name of a Christian, the danger will be obviated?" "Yes, if the means were satisfactory," said Daoud. "Would baptizing it do?" I asked. After a little reflection he decided that this would be an effectual means of

separating the picture from himself, so I arranged that after I had made the first few strokes I would sprinkle some water on the likeness, and give it a distinct *franghi* name before his friends as witnesses, and with this understanding the obstacle to his attendance at my studio was removed.

The next morning, with friends, he appeared ready to sit to me, but not without searching glances into the corners of the room, and making many impatient inquiries about the details of my picture. It was a work of perseverance to get him to go far enough away from the canvas to allow me to see him. Faint lines he would not accept as the image, so I had to use charcoal, and when I could point out to him the features of a face, and show him that I was prepared for the ceremony of christening, he went as far away as possible. I then declared the figure's name to be Jack Robinson. Daoud was satisfied, but when the superabundant blackness was dusted away, scepticism on his part returned whether I had not expunged the baptized likeness, and I had to rechristen the painted preparation before a fair start in his posing could be made. It proved that when he was driven to it he could talk Arabic very well, and as I was then practising it grammatically, we got on without difficulty ; in fact, he talked more than enough, with an eager and stumbling manner of speech, which was amusing but bewildering to my preoccupied mind. The visits of his friends, who diverted his mercurial mind and body from the pose, made the task no easier, so that at the end of the day I felt as though I had been working for a week, and my walk outside the city at sundown was very welcome.

A few days of this intercourse with the child-like man had impressed me in his favour, so that when he declared himself in great trouble, I invited him to reveal its nature to me. He said that the fast of the Atonement and the feast of the Tabernacle were coming on, and that from having neglected his business he had not been

able to collect outstanding accounts, and that what money he had received from me was not enough for his preparations; he would have therefore to discontinue coming to me some days before the date of the feast, and this would continue so long that there would be at least a fortnight's interval. It would be unjust for him to be kept out of his final payments so long, particularly as he heard I was going away soon and might defraud him altogether; he went on to say that if I would let him have the retained money, with the £2 extra that had been promised on condition of his punctuality, he would have all that he wanted; he would not be obliged to search elsewhere for means for the feast and would come the preceding days. Suspecting my mistrust, he called heaven to witness that he would show his gratitude by coming the first moment after his religious duties released him.

On his repeating this assurance, I told him that I was ready to trust him, and paid into his hands the coveted money. His success was evidently more than he had expected, and he was profuse in his promises to come early in the morning.

He did not appear. I would not at first allow myself to believe that he belonged to the legion of liars and overreachers. There was the possibility that some unavoidable business was detaining him, so I went to his shop. It was shut. I looked for him in other haunts in vain, and at last I went to his house. An old woman held the handle of the door in her hand, saying he was not at home. While she spoke, I heard a screeching laugh, with an inquiry in an unknown female voice whether it was the English fool, and the old woman drew the door back for me to enter. I went in. At the top of a flight of steps I saw a handsome Jewess with her clasped hands rocking herself, in convulsions of laughter, so that her closed palms were alternately between her knees and above her head.

"You are, you are, you are a pretty fool! My husband told me that he should try to cheat you, but

we scarcely thought you would be so taken in. You need not look for him any further, for he'll never come to you any more, now he has the money, never!" My reply was, "I will call again soon." "Do," she said, "I like to laugh at you." I went to the Consulate. The Consul was not in, but his *cancelleria* heard my story and put a *kawas* at my service. Soon I was again knocking at Daoud Levi's house, with my follower left a little way out of sight. The old woman with a merry expression opened the door wide for me to enter the courtyard. "Can I see the master?" I asked, and hurriedly from an upper room out burst the wife, clapping her hands and salaaming, ending with, "Yes, you shall see the master. Come out, O husband!" and on the landing he also appeared with modified bravado, running on into a stammer, and apologising with bad grace, saying that the approaching feast made it impossible for him to come to me, and that the money received was not too much, for he had been for several days to my studio, and that it hindered his business. When I said that he had signed his name on my wall against the account, and also his promise to come again, "Yes," he said, "that was to get the money. You wouldn't have given it without." "That was to get the money," repeated the antic of a woman, and she danced and crowed with an intoxication of triumph. "I have brought a friend who wants particularly to see you, O Daoud," I said. "Ah, it is no use," he urged, but he was cut short by his wife with, "Pray let the visitor favour us; pray come in, O friend," raising her voice each moment to a higher pitch. I turned and made the sign, and down, with stately paces and a silver-knobbed mace, the *kawas* descended the stone stairs into the yard and stood majestic.

Groaning sighs from two apparently Medusa-stricken beings told how such a possibility as the actual consequences of the deceit had never entered into their imaginations. The woman pushed the husband to one of the doors, but I said, "You must not leave us alone, O Daoud. My

friend here particularly wants your company, for he is going to the Pasha's court, and he must have you with him," at which their faces became blank, their eyes started, and the colour fled from their lips. The woman fell on her knees, and the husband appealed to me to believe that he had intended to come, and that they had only declared the contrary in play. "No! No! You lie now as you lied before," said I, unconcerned, and kept this tone until it seemed they had been enough punished for the nonce, then I charged them to listen to me. "If you wish me to save you from prison, you must give me back the two sovereigns and the extra money. You must give this 'friend' of mine two *bishlick*, and you will have to come with me to be painted now, for the whole day, and if you fail any day till the feast comes, you will have no mercy shown you." The money was quickly forthcoming, and the *kawas* went back to the Consulate.

In five minutes more Daoud was in my room. Previously to setting to work I took the opportunity of trying to prove to him the iniquity of his conduct. "Your error is in thinking that because you are a son of Abraham, no truthfulness and no honesty is necessary in your dealings with the rest of the world to secure God's favour; but the whole teaching of the history of your nation proves that you were intended to be better than other people, and that when you disregard this, your sin is greater than that of people to whom the law was not given." To my surprise I was at once challenged on this postulate in the meekest tone. "But it is not wicked to tell lies when it is for an object." "Why," I returned, "is it not written, 'a false weight and a lying tongue are an abomination to the Lord'?" "Yes, but that is when there is no purpose in it. Look," he added eagerly, "all the patriarchs and David told lies at times." I had to say, "Every one knows they did, and it is an example of the candour of the Bible that such blemishes are recorded in the character of men who, in other respects, were

faithful servants of God." But his next rejoinder surprised me. "No, these lies were merits in them, and to prove that falsehoods are not wrong we have the example of God Almighty uttering one when He reported to Abraham Sarah's want of faith in the promise that she should have a son, declaring that 'she laughed,' whereas she is reported only to have 'laughed within herself'; this the Almighty did to make her want of faith appear the more heinous." In vain I strove to convince him that the disputed point in Sarah's course was whether her laughing was a sign of her open incredulity, but his rabbinical sophistry made him strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

It must not be supposed that an artist in honestly using his model does not obey the principles of selection. He has to eschew all marks of degradation or unsuitability in the person before him which would not be consistent with the character that he has in mind, exercising thus the same fastidious choice as in the theme he treats.

Some painters who have since worked in the East on Scriptural subjects do not appear to have considered the gulf between the common men and women to be found in a degraded society and the great leaders of thought, whose lives were passed in an atmosphere of heavenly communion. The fact that Abraham was a nomad, that David was a shepherd, that Jesus was a carpenter, and that His first disciples were fishermen, makes it valuable for artists and authors to examine people following such occupations under the same sun, but seeing that it was not because the founders of the religion of the most advanced races were peasants that we want to know about them, the representation of uninspired peasants of this day will not satisfy a just thinker as the presentment of the leaders of men who are worshipped and loved. To take a homely example from the case of Bunyan; to represent him, it would not be enough, because he was a tinker, to ascertain the exact costume of such a mechanic in the time of Charles II., and to copy a modern tinker in a made-to-pattern dress. If this were done, be it ever so correctly, the

copy could not stand for the inspirited dreamer, the patient enemy of worldly compromise, the martyr prisoner, and the steadfast truster in God. When historic painting is inspired by this servile spirit, it would have been better that the artist had used his ingenuity in making boots, coats, or tables.

Warder Cressen was a Canadian who had left wife and family at home to come out and preach Christianity to the Jews. Not sufficiently fortified in his original Christian faith to triumph in his task, in a few months he became a proselyte to Judaism, and after invitation to his family to follow his example, renounced them and took a wife of the daughters of Judah. From him I obtained the opportunity of painting from his roof the cypresses in my picture. When I was at his house I found that the husband knew not one word of the language of his wife, and she none of his, so they talked in dumb show; this disability was perhaps a safeguard against contention. He had also been a helper in my dealings with the mercer, through means of his brother-in-law, who was related to this very unpunctual and dishonourable model, and now he served me greatly by obtaining from the master of the Synagogue the loan for a few hours of the silver crown of the law.

The Pasha, who had been courageous enough to allow *franghis* to enter the Mosque As Sakreh, was a Moslem of singularly open mind. He came to Jerusalem not only without a handsome number of wives, but without one. He soon conceived a cordial friendship for Baron Rosen, the Prussian Consul, and visited him as an intimate. The Consul, who was of courteous and gentle manner, appreciated the desire of the Pasha to understand the life of a European household, and welcomed him at all times.

The Pasha became specially interested in the household affairs which, without ceremony, Madame Rosen discharged in his presence. After awhile, in a confidential talk with the Consul, he avowed that the European system

of managing a house was distinctly to be preferred to that of the Oriental, in that dishonesty was completely checked in the servants; this he declared was truly excellent, but still he added, "There is one point I cannot understand; your wife effectually guards you from dishonest servants, but what check have you to prevent her from defrauding you herself?"

I had begun a water-colour drawing of the pool of Gihon, with the plain of Rephaim beyond, from outside the walls. In view of my forthcoming departure I now applied myself diligently to this landscape. I arrived at my place of work an hour or two before sunset; there was no servant at command who would not have been more trouble than help, so I carried my own materials. One day, when the wind was brisk enough to make me almost wish for an attendant who might have been of use to prevent my things from being scattered, the Armenian Patriarch came by on his mule, attended by a single runner. I could only give him a bowing salute. When he had passed, he pulled up, sending his man to ask me to speak with him; as my materials could not be left to the mercy of the winds, I was obliged to excuse myself with the request to be allowed to call at the Patriarchate the next day. Accompanied by a friendly interpreter, we were received in grand state in a large saloon. Relays of sweetmeats, coffee, and long pipes were served, and these ceremonies being over, the Patriarch explained that having heard of me and seen me painting about the city, he had thought that I might execute for his church a fresh picture of Sit Miriam and another of Issa Messiah, and also add to the number and restore some of the existing life-sized pictures of saints decorating the building. This was a tempting offer after my tedious work on a small scale; to have made use of good-looking Armenian models for large work in archaic yet bold spirit, to have painted the Patriarch himself, indeed, with handsome aureole, would have been a refreshing variation, but now long-con-

W. H. H.

THE PLAIN OF REPHAIM FROM MOUNT ZION.

tinued worries were telling on my health, and it was growing late in the autumn for my journey to the Lebanon, so I replied that I had been away from England nearly two years, that my father and mother were counting upon my return, and that his Excellence would see that I could not now commit myself to a fresh task, but that it was my intention to return from England very shortly, and I would then offer myself for his service. The good old nonagenarian was very pressing that I should stay, and even offered to write to my father, but I was obliged to persist in my refusal.

My last work on the Temple picture was from slabs of the local limestone rock representing the pavement of the Court of the Temple polished by constant wear.

For near two years since landing in the East I had escaped fever. I had lived in unhealthy parts of the city, and spared my strength but little. My constitution had resisted all evils, and till the last few weeks acquaintances had wondered at my immunity, but now they assured me that I looked poorly, and it was not easy to affect indifference. Graham often went to Artass on Sunday mornings to perform the service, and one day I agreed to start with him. I rode moodily and slowly in his company, and arrived in such a chilly condition that while the service proceeded I lay outside in the heat of the sun. I could not join the family board when the meal came ; tea was all I could put to my lips ; as the sun shone on me afterwards, the iciness changed to violent burning, with a still more burdensome oppression in the head. I wondered whether I could sit my horse to return. It had become late, and desperation urged me to mount, then to hurry up the rugged slope, and gallop on all the flatter roads, until I arrived home and thankfully threw myself into bed, trusting I could sleep off my headache.

Next morning I found myself attacked by tertiary fever. On my convalescence the doctor advised that I should go on my journey for the benefit of change and fresh air as soon as possible.

A few days later, Graham, who knew everybody, told me that the Pasha's secretary, hearing of my strong desire to go alone into the Mosque, promised him that if I went that afternoon to his office he would secure me the opportunity. After the formalities of coffee and pipes had been gone through, I was passed on to the custodian of the Mosque, a tall, handsome man of about forty-five years of age. He was the descendant of the

FROM MOSQUE AS SAKREH.

official appointed by the Caliph Omar ; lately a placeman from Constantinople had arrived to supplant him, but the man in possession proved that not even the present head of the faithful could ever oust him or his sons, and the usurper went away discomfited.

The official led the way into the sacred enclosure, which looked more beautiful than before. It was a singular example of the Moslem's submissiveness to the inevitable that so few days after the faithful were eager to die to defend the Mosque from intrusion, this later visit

could be made without guards to protect me, although I was habited in English costume. When, however, having made a general round of the building, I revealed that my further wish was to ascend to the roof of As Sakreh and make a drawing, the guide looked uncomfortable, and declared that the key to the stairs was at a distance, and if I were seen alone I should be attacked. However, he gave way, and, shaded from the afternoon sun by the dome, I sat for an hour or so, making my map-like sketch of the walls and Scopas, and thus a victory over what had seemed an insuperable obstacle was achieved.

I had deferred a visit of thanks to the secretary, but the next day, when in the midst of the confusion of packing, an urgent message was brought by the Pasha's *kawas* that I should attend the Deewan at once. I took my sketch-book, and was received by the Pasha's factotum, who declared that he had expected me to give him a drawing of the Mosque, and now requested it. I explained that it was then impossible for me to do one, as I was on the point of departure from the city, whereupon he added that he had supposed I would make him a present of his own portrait. He was a funny little short-necked Assyrian in bastard Frank costume; at once I undertook a drawing of him. As I progressed, the mute servants about vainly endeavoured to hide their curiosity. In an hour the portrait was done, and he turned it about to see its resemblance and show some subtle beauties in it, only regretting that he could not be done a second time without his tarboosh.

It was on the 17th of October that I sent away my boxes to Oxford, with pictures and materials. In the afternoon I mounted my horse and left Jerusalem. Graham, who had suddenly resolved to accompany me as far as Nazareth, was the cause of a late start, but I was compensated by his company. Mr. Poole, a geologist visiting the country for the Sultan's informa-

W. H. H.

NAZARETH.

tion as to mining possibilities, also rode with us; his prime desire was to meet the Consul, who was somewhere away in the north.

We passed through to Beera to pitch our tent, and thence we went on to Nablous and Nazareth, by way of Samaria and Jenin. On the stage from Jenin we were threatened by bedouin, who, however, wheeled off when we drew up with the sign of "ready." At the Galilean village, which is one of the few spots in Palestine to which English travellers accord the merit of beauty, which in my eyes in one way or the other every part of the country possesses, I was delayed long enough to undertake a large coloured drawing.

Mr. Poole had left us already, but Graham had fallen ill, and had wisely accepted the hospitality of a missionary and his wife, who were nursing him. For some days he grew worse, and I became anxious; in the meantime tidings arrived that Tiberias, which was to be my next station, was so scourged by cholera that all its inhabitants had left it. I told my friend that the news settled with me in the negative the question of his coming, but he threw off his malady, and against my urgent remonstrance persisted in accompanying me.

On the 26th we struck the tent early, but did not start till past three. We sent on the muleteer with the baggage direct, with orders to set the tent ready for our arrival. We could see him in the descending plain as we went up the ridge to Tabor; rich vegetation, rare on the tops of hills, here surged up around old walls and towers, and between gaps were distances of beauty, more intense for being so foregrounded. So evident is it that the whole summit had been occupied by a city at the time of the Saviour, that the legend connecting the Transfiguration with this mount only increases the number of doubtful sites in which authority, unsupported by internal evidence, claims faith.

When off my horse, and yet leading him in practicable places, I strove to get an outlook to the east. Clamber-

ing among rich tree growths, I reached a height where the old wall joined a fortification still undemolished enough to form, with the trunks and branches of trees, a frame to the eastern distance. Below the furthest horizon, amid amethystine variation of gradating tints like those of a prism spectrum, lay a mirror, oval and unbroken in border, which reflected the turquoise sky so perfectly that it looked

W. H. H.

JENIN.

like a portion of the heavens seen through the earth. It was the Sea of Galilee, the next haven of which I was in search.

I have read many books that speak of Palestine as in itself devoid of attraction, without beauty, and wearisome in its sterility. Several writers are undoubtedly moved by the desire to demonstrate the entire fulfilment of the curse with which it was threatened. As far as I could see, the actual curse dates only from the time that the

Turks entered into possession. From the landlord's point of view undoubtedly there is now much to deplore, for miles of the mountain tablelands are unproductive; but this is owing to the destruction of the cisterns, aqueducts, and the terraces on the slopes that kept up the soil. The trees are also rooted up and become fewer each year, owing to the imposition of a tax upon every one that grows, even before the three years needful to bring it to fruitfulness have expired, so that any unforeseen drain on the farmer's purse at once condemns the trees to be cut down and taken to the nearest market for firewood. But there is a beauty independent of fruitfulness, which perhaps it is too much to expect all to see, just as it is unreasonable to require the ordinary observer to appreciate the beauty of the proportions and lines of a human skeleton; and yet if the latter were placed in juxtaposition with the complete bones of an ourang-outang its grace could scarcely fail to be convincing. It is in this sense, with a hundredfold less strain upon natural prejudice, that Syria is intrinsically beautiful. The formation of the country, the spread of the plains, the rise of the hills, the lute-like lines of the mounts, all are exquisite; and with these fundamental merits there is often enough of vegetation to add the charm of life to the whole. It may be that pictures of Oriental landscape do not always satisfy high expectations of beauty; certainly faithful transcripts of landscape passages are often disappointing. This is accounted for by the fact that in a country of great range there is a variety and equipoise as the charmed spectator turns to left or right which does not exist in the limited picture.

I could have stood long looking at the scene which had burst upon me in such unexpected beauty, but the soldier reminded me of the length of the journey we had to make. Graham, with a photographer's keenness, was making independent research. I now asked the guide if it would be possible to get water to drink, and he took me to the spot where prepara-

tions were being made for the foundations of the three churches which were to be built, one to Moses, one to Elias, and one to Christ. We found Greek monks and a humble priest in charge, and after a little delay were supplied with a draught of clear water, whereupon I returned to my friend and forthwith descended into the eastern plain.

The country between Tabor and Tiberias is full of enthralling associations. The loss of the sun was never more regretted than when it sank behind me, the darkness grew, there was no moon, our way was rugged with rocks; our horses groped down and up deep wadies. The earth was so dim, and the sky was of such deep hue, that only the stars showed the whereabouts of the horizon. I was riding in advance when we came to an extended flat, and I was admiring Cassiopeia and the Great Bear, when my attention was caught by an animated talk going on between the guard and my friend's excellent servant, Issa Nicola. The guide was a soldier whom the *Metsellim* of Nazareth had urged us to take, and he was of course a Moslem.

"I did not know the *franghis* were Mahomedans," said the guide.

"Neither are they," said Issa.

"But your masters are," the soldier argued.

"What are you talking about?" shouted Issa, all of his feeling of possessorship in us being outraged.

"Well," added the other, "I don't know for certain about the elder one, but that the younger is a Moslem I am sure."

"He's no such thing," said Issa; "he has lived in Jerusalem for a year and a half, and he is a Christian, I tell you."

But the guide was not to be silenced thus. "He's not a Christian, that's very clear, and I'll tell you why I know. On the top of Tabor, when we were going about, he became thirsty and asked me if I could find some water. I took him to where the builders are; a priest

received us, and while waiting he produced a small crucifix carved out of the stone found there. The Khowagha took it, turned it over, peering at it closely all round, and then handed it back, thanking the priest. The latter urged him to keep it; but the Englishman firmly refused, saying he did not want it. Now had he been a Christian you know very well that he would have kissed it first, and then muttered some prayers and put it in his bosom."

"You are quite mistaken," said Issa. "He is a Protestant; Protestanti don't have idols or crosses in their churches, and do not carry crucifixes on their breasts. Their churches are empty of images, and they kneel only towards the east, and in their houses they pray only to the unseen God."

"Well, that's just what I say," summed up the soldier; "he is a Moslem. 'Protestant' is, I see, another name for the same religion."

The discussion did not end at this point, but it went off into tiresome details which I ceased to follow. The act from which the trooper had drawn conclusions as to my creed had been performed from dread of overloading myself with trifles.

The only variation in the scene before us was in the gradual uprising of the stars, except when the level plain had some break in it, which our horses could understand better than ourselves, and then we left them more than ever to their own guidance. It had taken so much longer than I had calculated to reach the last descent, that I was feeling weary at the monotony of the journey, until gradually it was possible to distinguish changes of form in the objects in the near foreground. A few hundred more paces we were on the brink of a deep precipice; and there below the horizon in the gloom floated what might have been taken for a cloud, but that a solitary fire far away on the mountain land beyond and a nearer flame were reflected deep into its surface. This was again the Sea of Galilee.

We dismounted and trod down the steep and rugged road, holding the bridles so that the horses should have an easy and deliberate choice of foothold. The descent was exceedingly irksome, the more so as I had scarcely slept the night before; but my fear was that my companion would be overtaxed in the incessant manœuvring to wind down the headlong path in such manner that the beast should not fall over upon him.

It must have been more than the depth of Shakespeare's Cliff ere we found a midway tableland fit for our horses. When we had remounted and advanced a few yards, we felt ourselves suddenly confronted and surrounded. To our challenge, a speaker in disarming voice told us that Tiberias was so afflicted with cholera that it was deserted. Most of the residents had gone to Safid; but the very poor came up and slept around the well each night. They added that our muleteers had passed soon after sunset, and had gone forward to prepare our tents for us. We gave them a few coins in return for water, and went on wishing more than ceremonious peace to them.

A further descent brought us to the slope on which Antipas built his imperial city. When within sight of the towers we called out for our muleteer, and found that he had chosen to pitch the tents in the burial-ground close to the walls of the pestilence-stricken city. We made him move them to a place above the town, where we settled for the night, and took our meal of eggs, bread, and tea. My friend was unusually docile, and retired to bed early. I stayed and watched the slowly increasing glow above the mountain horizon and the brightening waters below. Suddenly a spot of flame-like brightness arose beyond the far mountain line, steadily growing into the burnished circle of the moon. As it ascended, a path was spread across the lake below, and what had been erewhile blank and dead became a pulsating and breathing world.

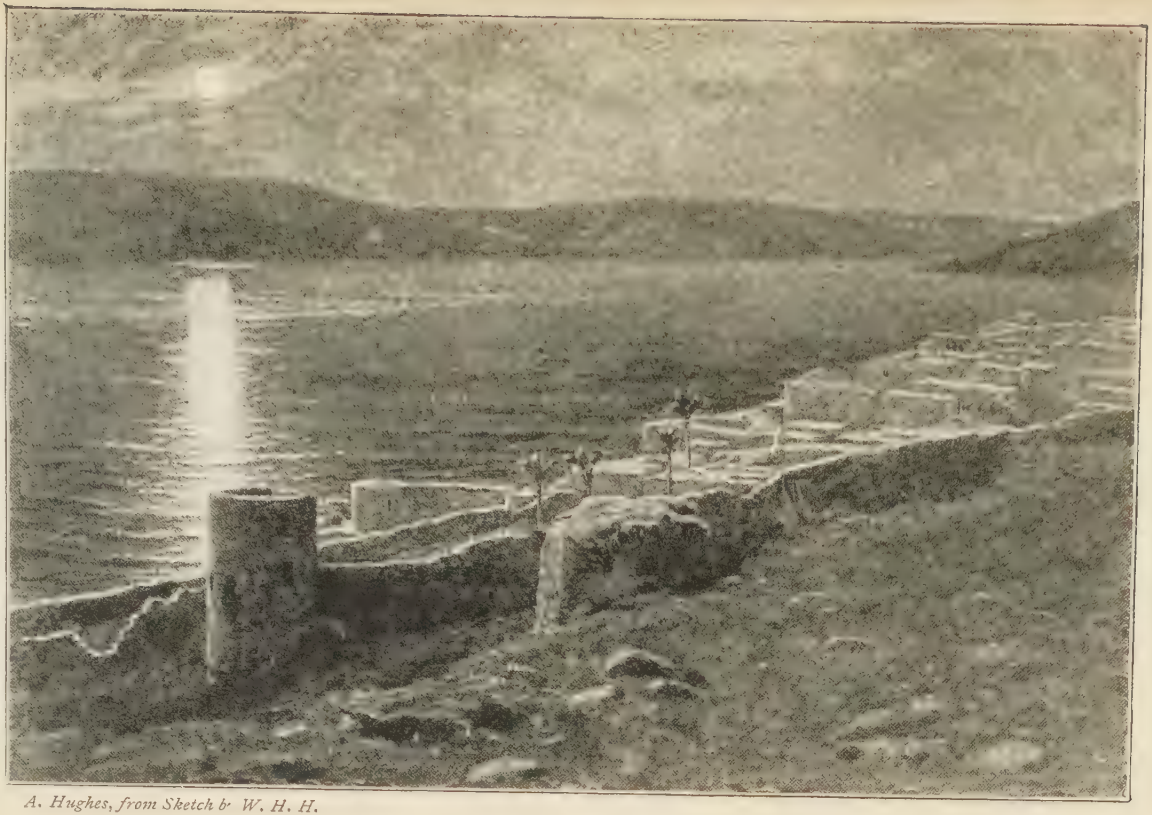
I bless my soul now that I beheld that lovely scene. I shut my eyelids, and can see the creeping waters with the

ladder of molten fire. I can count again its miles by the mark of currents and wisps of wind that fretted its surface. The waters labour, they travail, from the gloom they crawl and creep into the ray of glory, and then pass again into obscure repose.

I went out to see the lake from other points. The town sloped down steeply into the waves. Even by the moon's light the walls and towers could be seen to have great fissures in them, caused, as I learnt, by the earthquake of 1837, and no light of any kind was seen within the city. It might indeed have been regarded as belonging to a people who, like to those of Nineveh, left the world centuries ago.

Returning and seeing how important it was not to disturb my worn-out comrade, I decided against the attempt then to represent that moon enthroned among the stars and all they shone upon, but quietly lay down on my trestle-bed, having so arranged the tent door that I could see the lake. As I looked the sweet composure of rocked babyhood came back to me, and so I fell asleep.

The sun was nearly on the horizon before we were willing to stir, and then special considerations induced us to give up the swim in the lake which we had promised ourselves. The conditions of our situation were favourable in that there was a complete absence of bedouin. They had all fled, and we were free to go anywhere. In my saunter before breakfast I climbed up the broken masonry of a tower to overlook the city. All was stillness till, turning my gaze around to the burial field, I observed two men rise up from a finished task and make for a southern gate. They were traceable through the rectangular streets till they entered the door of a house. After a short while they reappeared in some way encumbered with a burden. They had converted a bed into a bier, and this they carried back to the graveyard, two others the while crossing them on a similar errand. As I stood a man came close to me, and I asked how many people remained in the town.



A. Hughes, from Sketch by W. H. H.

LAKE OF TIBERIAS.

"None alive," he replied; "the yellow wind has eaten them all," and there was the look on him of helpless submission which Defoe describes so well.

"The yellow wind?" I repeated. "Can you smell it?"

"Can you not?" he inquired, and I could realise that since the sun had risen there had been a peculiar musty scent.

From where I stood the whole of the shores of the lake could be traced. I wished to see the country of the Gadarenes, but I could not make out any violently steep place. On the right there were the heights of Migdol; turning north, I saw the entrance of the Jordan, with all the spread of the land to west and east, where the sacred Life was spent and the patient training of the disciples conducted. Miracles could only have convincing value to onlookers, but the words of love and peace uttered by the great Alleviator of sorrows still perform miracles before our eyes, slowly though this be.

I descended from my post of reflection to find that breakfast was scanty, for no eggs could be bought, and the prospects for dinner were very bad. We wanted to make the most of the day, and told Issa that we should be satisfied with whatever he could get; and then abandoning for the nonce an outline drawing which I had begun, we rode to the south, past the burial-ground and the thermal baths of Herod, and gained the very outlet of the Jordan, where we prowled about, my friend photographing while I sketched. As I was sketching, we discovered that we had attracted the attention of Arabs on the eastern side, and that a party was moving down towards us. We had no motive for prolonging our stay, so we remounted and rode back to camp.

Here we were received with more apologies than food for dinner, and with flat rebellion from the muleteers. The *mukary* said if we liked to be eaten up by the yellow wind we could, but that for his part he must and would leave the place that night. We pointed out that a true

W. H. H.

JORDAN FROM LAKE TIBERIAS.

Mahomedan ought to be more resigned, but the utmost we could get from him was the concession of an hour for eating and consultation. Graham again was compelled to prolong his journey, for not an animal of any kind could be got to carry back his camera, and so we were unexpectedly travelling together for a further stage.

When remounted I never felt less disposed to be lively. We had still an hour's sunshine and the whole scene was one of sweet repose. I tried to divert thought from the chilly quiver that shook my frame. "Let us have a good scamper," I said to my friend.

"Agreed," he replied merrily. Every one who had seen him on horseback knew what to ride like a centaur must be, and he had a good white steed. Away my horse went too; never did I less enjoy a ride when starting—it was difficult to avoid toppling over—but as action warmed my blood the evil vein lessened, and we reined in at the distance of two miles with all my chilliness gone.

A novel scene made me slacken pace. Between us and the lake was a large field of ripe corn, and at intervals of about two hundred yards stages were erected. On each platform was a man nearly or entirely nude, standing on the alert with a sling, and with this he aimed at all birds which attempted to alight within reach. I reserved it as a subject for a statue in the future, but ere I could get the opportunity, Leighton had seen the same incident in Nubia, and made it the theme of one of his admirable pictures. I have failed to discover any reference to this custom in the Bible.

Happily it was still quite light when we reached the spring of Capernaum. There was no room for disappointment in looking into its bubbling waters, which were clear as crystal, engemming the pebbles which flickered below, and harbouring shoals of sheeny fish, while around grew beautiful flowers and luscious fruit. It was a worthy emblem of the spiritual spring of life, which had its source in this region. Generations had been refreshed by it as

they rested in going on their journey; the fountain, in truth, was indeed a paragon of purity. Josephus in his legend of its underground communication with Egypt, and of Egypt's fish swimming in its waters, testifies to the marvellous feeling which it inspires.

Capernaum was nigh this spot, and the ground was covered with high growths, but we had no time to search for ruins; turning our faces from the plain, we were soon overtaken by sundown and gloom, not, however, before we had seen some remarkable caves with Gothic-like openings in the chasm below. I had only temporarily got over my pain, and could not, during the long dark climb up to Safid, forget my discomfort, nor the conviction that had I stayed another hour at Tiberias I should have been plague-stricken. I did not recover altogether for six weeks, not indeed till I had landed at Marseilles.

On going forth from the tent the next morning, I was surprised to see how the altitude of the level we had reached dominated all the land we had passed through. It was indeed the "city built on a hill." Tabor was far beneath the horizon, all was below us as it might have been from a balloon, and nearly every tract seemed as sterile as the face of the moon. To the north the view was less open.

Here Graham and I had our last breakfast together; he was to go across to Khaifa to catch the steamer, while I was to take on his servant Issa with me to the Lebanon, and to send him back from Beyrout. Before we ate our breakfast the tent was struck that we might have a long day for our journey; but my friend went away to get money changed, not returning till about two o'clock with ardent apologies. We exchanged parting words, while a crowd stood by watching us with great interest. We had travelled much together in the last year and a half, and as I shook hands with James Graham, I felt more than I was able to speak.

CHAPTER III

1855–1856

The eye sees what it brings with it the power to see.

Without eyesight indeed the task might be hard. The blind or purblind man travels from Dan to Beersheeba and finds it all barren. —CARLYLE.

PURSUING my solitary way, there seemed at first nothing to distract moodiness, and I rode on, taking stock of the thoughts I had gathered in Syria, of the friends I had made there, and of the work I had done, and this led me into a reverie about my many much-loved friends at home. I was awakened from this at the edge of a precipitous cliff; for I had again come to the ravine which divides the whole tableland of Syria and Moab, making the gulf which reaches from the north to the south, and I had here to descend the western brink.

I had never divined till then one use of a pack animal's tail. The heavily laden mule had to drop its fore-feet over so deep a step that its centre of gravity was in peril; a counterpoise was therefore urgently needed. The muleteer then removed from the load his choice hubble-bubble, and with his disengaged hand took a firm grip of the mule's tail. The animal, appreciating this attention, then felt its way to the very verge of the cliff, while the muleteer sloped back to the most oblique possible line, and the well-trained brute cautiously advanced his hoofs and then slipped both over the edge at the same

moment : he had dropped about a foot. Great skill was needed on the part of the mule and the master to enable the former to turn aside in the direction of the escalier track and leave space for the descent of the hind-legs ; all this time the man held on until he was convinced that the animal had recovered his equilibrium without further ballasting.

Notwithstanding all the art used, it seemed a marvel when the leading beast manœuvred successfully to turn himself and advance out of the way of the others ; and when these in order all managed to escape overbalancing, and disappearing from further service, we alighted from the risky descent on to a safe slope where we had no longer to watch our footsteps. I looked forward and saw the whole height of Hermon from its base to its snow-mantled apex. At its feet lay the lake of Merom and the Jordan-divided plain, the water everywhere reflecting the varying hues of the mountain from snowy height to verdured base lit by the enriching sun. To the north, raised up above the rounded heights which stood between us and Damascus, was the targe of Anti-Lebanon, amethystine and cerulean. It extended its chord-like musical accompaniment, making itself a background whenever there was an opening in the nearer hills. Turning again towards the east, each moment new perfections revealed themselves. The freshness of the borders of the hidden Jordan and of the meadows about the eastern coasts of the lake were all rendered ethereal by the clear eventide air, and on the incline raised up towards us was a large tract of Indian corn ready for the harvest. I hung behind to revel in the intense delectability of the scene, and when my company of dark mules and men in rich brown costumes with deep crimson tarbooshes passed in procession against the enchanting distance, I longed to have a friend at hand whom I could make a participant in my enjoyment. Seeing Issa, and thinking that he deserved to have his attention awakened to the intoxicating fascinations of the view which he was passing in a

perfectly impassive mood, I beckoned to him. "O Issa," I exclaimed, "men often fail to observe how beautiful God's works are, but I will not let you pass the heavenly vision in front of us without charging you to look upon it! It will not last long, the sun will soon pass away, and perhaps we shall never be here again. Look! does it not seem as though at last all the wondrous powers of creation have met together in this spot of earth, to show at one moment how transcendent is the loveliness of the world? How worthy the view might be of some region of heaven! Think how all the angels may have brought each his most precious contribution in order to make this noble picture! See how the firmament above us is sapphire, and how it melts into topaz and to amber behind the mountain line; and then the mountain itself is clear lapis lazuli, infused by the sun into ruby and fire, except where the milky snow, whiter than any fuller could whiten it, glows in the sun and intensifies every other gem. See how in the plain the water borders appear enamelled with emeralds, how the water is very jasper, and all the preciousness above is dropped molten into it, and the diamond stream of the Jordan carries its burden of colour along. Regard too the glory of these golden fields in front. Turn now and see the Tyrian purple in that broad tiara of Lebanon; and then, in front of all, how rich and grand are the deep colours of the muleteers, and see how much more celestial the hues beyond appear from the harmonious contrast." I dropped my hands in their idolatrous worship, adding, "Bless your stars, O Issa, as I do mine, that you have been permitted thus to see the effulgence of the gods!"

As he turned his eyes from scrutiny of my face he looked almost angry; with his not very long sight, he blinked at the landscape far and near. When he turned to me again it was to say, "Ya, Khowagha, if you went close up to the different things, you would find they were only rock, and dirt, and water, with common maize and trees."

I did not take so long as he had done to realise the

situation, and I said resignedly, "Yes! yes! I am a madman." And he was proud that he had converted me.

He went on, and henceforth I hugged my enjoyment to my own bosom. Every turn in the road was a fresh bar in the melody, and it subsided only when an ashen twilight invaded the scene. Issa's triumph over me had made him markedly reserved and haughty in temper for the remainder of the day. How difficult it is for a trespasser to reingratiate himself with an offended critic! The journey which we had contemplated to Banias was too long for our half-day. As we came near the waters of Melhaha, we descried a party of horsemen in the distance coming towards us. We waited therefore before settling ourselves, but all apprehension was at rest when we could make out that they wore European dress. They proved to be two Americans on their way to Jerusalem, and we were both camping at the same spot. Before my tent received its furniture and bedding, I took the precaution to turn over the stones, and discovered eight scorpions, which I had to turn out, with what was unpardonable tyranny, according to the benevolent theory that foreigners should never dispossess natives.

Waking betimes, I heard enough overhead to make me certain that the pond near us must be the resort of wild-fowl, and I sallied forth while it was still dark to secure some for our often monotonous cuisine. It needed but little skill to shoot them as they flew up, but some fell into the water and I had to take trouble to get them. I came back rejoicing in the acquisition, and thinking somewhat that this evidence of practical sense would negative the unfavourable impression I had made upon Issa yesterday. I told him we would take some of the ducks to Mr. Wurtabett, upon whom I had promised to call at Hasbeya. It was easy to see that Issa was not in good humour, but for what reason I thought it needless to inquire. After breakfast I ventured to refer to the subject, but he made it evident that he had more pressing

matters to attend to, and I did not see any special reason for deciding how many birds we wanted, and how many would remain to give away, but when all was packed I asked what he had done with the birds.

"I have thrown them away," he said.

"Why?" I inquired.

"Why?" he returned. "Of what use are they?"

"They are simply of use for eating," was my response.

"We are not heathen; no Christians could eat animals whose blood had not been allowed to pour into the ground, for the blood is the life, and it is forbidden to eat the blood. You should have cut the heads off, and allowed the life to escape."

But, wishing to discover whether in the Oriental mind the phrase "the blood is the life" was an allowance that all animals have souls, I objected, "You are treating a Mosaic ordinance as though Christianity had never been adopted by the outside world. We in England pay no regard whatever to the law you quote."

It was an unfortunate admission. His temper mounted to his face; he could scarcely find words, but at last he spoke like a passionate child. "Then I deny that you *are* Christians, and we Christians repudiate such sectarians."

I pleaded that he must not take me as an authority on the Western creed. I suggested that he should find the birds and bring them with us to the Syrian convert, who was a clergyman of the English Church, and who should decide whether such food was forbidden. Accordingly Issa was prevailed upon, sulkily enough certainly, to recover the birds, and accompany me in a gallop after the mules, which had meanwhile been getting forward on the road to Cæsarea-Philippi.

O knight-errantry, how delightful are thy variations! Our stage that day was a short one, and before mid-day we came to the approaches of the city which has such enchantment of Pagan and Christian history connected with it. First lay in our steps the outside arms of the

Jordan, the deep shores fringed with shrubs and luxuriant plants, so much so that in many parts from a distance there were no other traces of the stream than indicated by this thick border. My horse led the way through this outer belt, and plunged down, standing thrilled throughout his whole frame (as horses will when first in a journey they dash into a bracing stream); settled thus adeep, he played with tossing head and curled lip, splashing about the water many times ere he thrust his nose in to drink his fill. With arms free, I gathered a long blossoming bough of oleander and saved some ripe seed for Millais' mother, who had now left Gower Street for a cottage and garden at Kingston. The rivulets were many, and always delightful to ford. Soon we reached an ancient bridge over deeper runnings. The old pavement and parapet still remained, and farther on we came upon links of an aqueduct of sculptured marble. We were entering Cæsarea-Philippi at this point. The sparkling water was flowing through the marble channel, and at every opening welling over and tumbling about among carved ornaments, and varnishing them into exquisite finish and richness that gave such delight as no one could conceive who had not lived for seasons in arid regions. Having chosen a camping-place, I wandered about on foot, the better to trace the nature of the remains. Ascending one hundred paces a steep mound of earth decked with rich growth, my feet came abruptly to a cliff. Looking down there was a wall of perfect architectural work, descending fifty feet into the stream below. Seeing how much lay buried, I thought of the statue of Christ curing the poor woman, which Eusebius said the pagans had erected in this city, and which he declared still stood here in his day, to celebrate the miracle performed in the neighbourhood, as the act of a God come down from heaven; and although there is reason for concluding that whatever the group represented, it was destroyed by Moslems, I thought what a splendid field there was for some one to explore, when the Turk could be made to withhold his dog-in-the-manger hindrance

to intelligent research. It has still to be done, and it is more needful than ever that such remains as may exist here and there should be exhumed and compared, for with many pieces of the puzzle already in hand we are liable to form wrong conclusions as to the whole pattern.

The cave of Pan was a worthy cradle for even a river of such interest as the Jordan, and the old name Panius recommended itself to my ears as that of the city rather than that given by Herod in honour of Augustus Cæsar.

Our peace at Banias was soon disturbed by anxiety about a stranger whom we had taken under our care, a poor boy of about thirteen, whom I had first observed as an addition to our train on leaving Nablous. I agreed to his continuance with us, seeing no reason to distrust his story that he was returning from Jerusalem to his widowed mother at Damascus, from which city he had been tempted to accompany the soldiers by the story that the streets of Jerusalem were paved with gold, and the holy edifices built of priceless jewels. Having found the report a delusion, and having fared very badly, like the prodigal son of old he had determined to return home. On the journey to Nablous his hardships had been so unbearable that the chance of our protection on the road, which Issa, subject to my approval, had promised, had been eagerly accepted.

While Issa and I had been discussing the question of the ducks, we had concluded that the boy had gone on with the muleteers, while they surmised that he was with us, but when all was in order at our encampment at Banias, we learned that he had been last seen by the baggage party loitering as if for our company. Thus he had been missed by both. We sent out scouts for him, and late in the day he was brought in. He had not seen us till we were galloping far out of reach, and then he had lost his way ; he climbed up the mountain-side to see the road, and there, hungry and disheartened, he had sat and wept. He came down in so timid a mood that, seeing

our searchers about, he had at first hidden himself, but from his lair had fortunately been able to distinguish the *mukary* and his man, and so he was brought in on the donkey.

During this journey I had as usual relied for protection only upon the gun and revolver I carried myself; to have supplied weapons to any other of the party would have been doubly foolish, as at all times Arab servants handle them so clumsily that no fellow-traveller is safe, and in case of attack the first idea they act upon is for their own safety to deliver up their arms to the enemy. At the slow pace necessary for the protection of the baggage I had found it a relief to get off and walk, and then I wandered about after fowls of the air and any small deer of incautious nature. Seeing the boy footsore, I allowed him to take my place in the empty saddle, but the ignoble creation which bars brotherly love in the East between *franghis* and natives soon provoked exclusiveness, and forced me for the last day or two to leave the boy to walk.

A truly extraordinary contrast it was to see the notion possessed by the modern dwellers in the place and that of their historic predecessors. In the centre of the remains of the palatial city the swamp produced stalwart reeds, and the descendants of the dwellers in marble palaces chose these as posts for their habitations. About fifteen feet from above the surface of the water was constructed a stage secured on four brakes with cane-woven sides to it, and a covering attached likewise above; into this nest the family climbed up the poles. At such an elevation they were saved from the attack of wild beasts or noxious reptiles, the children needed no rocking night or day, for the wind was a constant nurse, and yet the population did not seem numerous, for I saw evidence of only three or four families. These few people are certainly not the only descendants of the once populous place, and the question arises where the children of the ancient dwellers in this city, as also of others once thickly crowded, shall be looked for.

It was now the latter part of November, the days closed early and the nights became chilly. After supper I set myself to scribbling in my tent; on concluding I noticed that the company outside had ceased in their often long-continued chatter and hubble-bubbling; I then, as quietly as possible, disrobed myself, and as usual, in getting under my blankets, I arranged my gun with the stock between my legs, and the barrels under my head on the pillow. When the light was out I was thinking over the marvels of the place, and, with the snoring of the men around their fire, I fancied there was some altogether distinct noise of a shuffling movement. I then raised myself noiselessly to peer between the top of the skirt and the frill of the roof of my tent. Within two feet of me was a great hyena, astride of a slumbering man, with nozzle bent down touching the sleeper's open lips, and at the moment, the beast drew in his breath, eager as a hungry babe and loud as Behemoth; the man only turned. Dashing out of the tent with less stealthiness than impatience I disturbed the foul animal, which trundled along out of the fire-glow, fast as he could move, to where other denizens of the wilds were ramping scared by our fire from nearer approach. The report of my gun changed all into wakefulness for five minutes, for after the echoes came the questionings of birds, beasts, and men. The hyena had escaped, leaving his crimson trail on the ground, and we returned to sleep with renewed confidence against molestation.

The next day we went along by the upper branch of the Jordan to Hasbeya. We had on our left the mount "Al Ferdous"— that is to say, "Paradise"; why so named, could not be guessed, unless it be that it seemed forbidden to the hungry or thirsty sons of Adam, and that in its perfectly barren way it was beautiful, being unjagged in form, and spotless and pure in tint of its virgin rock.

Issa had escaped further argument over the continuity of the Mosaic prohibition respecting the ducks, by losing them from his saddle on our scrambling ride from

Melhaha. It was no trouble to me to be saved further discussion on the matter, as his master, from his connection with the Jewish Mission, would not wish to have raised unpleasant prejudices on the part of the natives against European latitudinarianism in religious principles.

While taking my walks in Hasbeya, I was surprised at finding sculptured relief representing animals (camels and, I think, elephants) above the door of the principal palace

W. H. H.

HASBEYA.

in the great piazza. While I stood speculating as to its origin, the muezzin priest came down from the minaret and joined me. I asked him as to its builders, and to my surprise he said at once that the founders of the Moslem family then living in the palace had erected it, and placed the sculptured decoration there. I objected that in Syria there was no known instance of Moslems representing animals in ornamentation, that it was only in Persia and Morocco that earlier artistic instincts had made Mohammed's caution against the representations of living beings not an

absolute interdiction; but he evidently did not know enough of Mahomedan dogma to understand the point, and I found that he had never suspected there could be any doubt that a building which was the pride of the place, could have been raised by other than people of his own religion. His warmth convinced me that it was not well to push inquiry further. Beyond question the building was of crusading origin.

In the north about Damascus I knew that Moslem intolerance was then even less checked than in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, but I little suspected that I had now entered upon ground where in three years more any who would not abjure Christ would be treated as their predecessors had been in the days of the first Conquest.

On the mountains beyond when encamped on the height at Dahr al Akmar the cold was so wintry that the chance of getting over Lebanon to the cedars seemed precarious. From this point towards the metropolis of the ancient kingdom of Syria our descent was made in the face of a gritty and frozen wind which was very discomforting. The next stage was a short and descending one into the plain; the ground about was cultivated as gardens, the trees were full and even massive, the water flowed with royal largess over the road, even a landlord ought to have been satisfied with the nature of the plain. As an artist, I was disappointed. No mass of buildings showed above the line of the city wall, and having the designs for Tennyson's poems already in consideration, I had counted upon finding some delightful external views of the city appropriate. I came to the entrance of the "Street called straight," and inside all was rich with unexpected surprises. Economy and further experience in nomadic life were matters of importance, so I had determined to go to the khan, but when I saw the apartments available, I turned to the hotel, which after three weeks of wild tent life was truly luxurious. My bedroom was beautifully embellished with arabesque design; every rafter was artistically decorated

and harmoniously coloured. I loitered some time admiring all, lingered on the roof and in the courtyard, and then I had to get money for Issa and the muleteers.

Soon I came into pleasant contact with the Consul-General —afterwards Sir Henry Wood—who was full of information and anecdote ; he was at the time engaged in enrolling recruits for the Bashi-Bazouk service in the Crimea ; each man on being passed at Constantinople received a handsome number of English sovereigns, and was then consigned to General Pearson. That all Orientals look alike is only true, as it is with sheep, to the unpractised eye. Mr. Wood was not easily deceived, and had recognised among new recruits, notwithstanding a fuller skin, several whom he had sent on only two months before. On writing to apprise the authorities at Stamboul, it transpired that the Consul's letter first awakened attention to the fact of a desertion which on further examination proved to be quite general. Our interview being ended, Consul Wood went off to measure six hundred mules destined for the Crimea.

I was too much pressed for time to take any but mental impressions of this ancient and most picturesque city: lying away from any line of road frequented by Europeans in that day, it had escaped the rage for improvements and remained richer in orientalisms than any other town I had seen ; but I heard that two French silk mills had recently been opened in the neighbourhood, and already, as was seen in the market, the superb traditional patterns, exquisite in design and gorgeously harmonious in colour, were stricken and doomed : for, either from the idea that superiority in mechanics is supposed to be accompanied by greater excellence in taste, or from the greater attractiveness of meretricious design as seen in the barbarous gimcracks of Europe, the new produce was and is preferred to the old. The lowness of my purse would not allow me to make many purchases of rare things, and I did but roam about, indulging my staring propensities for four days, denying myself all time-taxing work.

Of the Moslem boy and his mother we never heard after he left us at the gates to find his home. Years later, I trust he said some words of expostulation to his fellows engaged in the massacre, and that at least he did not forget that he had been helped in the hour of distress by an infidel.

After I had paid my bill, in which attendance was heavily charged for, the landlord's brother and others pestered me so effectively for additional *backshish* that I found when I had left that I had been fleeced even beyond measure. Winding up the western mountains and looking back at the town, I was surprised to find that pictorially the prospect appeared less an earnest of the perfect heaven than the prophet Mohammed had found it. The plain was full of fruitfulness, with signs of having been the home of prosperous and happy men for periods long enough to leave their mark upon it, but being flat, it was as a map looked down upon, and withal scarcely coloured, for it chanced this morning that a thick haze turned all to grey. Proceeding beyond view of this backward region, our road opened towards mountains to right and left, and introduced an undulating landscape richly hued, the sky on which the distant hills were painted lay streaked softly with creamy films; while over this and the azure, floated shallop-shaped clouds as firmly modelled as the violet hills away. Further on we went through fields of rich earth, but herb-less and dry. Afar were whirlwinds stirring the still air, and eagles circling about the heights. Gradually we were led into a winding valley thick with trees, whose tremulous leaves the winter's breath had tinted amber pale and deep, and these against the cerulean sky formed a design which for arrangement was reminiscent of Persian decoration. Below were busy brooks winding among groups of grateful bushes. Our steps were then for a time on the banks of a stream which lent its own bed for our feet when from steepness or overgrowth the sides were impracticable. The near and distant landscape were sweetness to my mind. Towards the afternoon we came to rugged passes of rock

Amaryllis.

and mountain torrent, grand as ideal gorge in childhood's fancy. One cliff was breast high in its fallen fragments, and the stream beneath tossed about unbridled like a masterful horse ; it had evidently not forgotten a wild leap it had recently made, the place of which we soon reached, where all the tumbling tan-coloured waters fell and swirled, marbled in dancing foam ; it was spanned by a fragile bridge, and going over this narrow road we had to study our steps to avoid the hole where the keystones had dropped into the watery bed below.

It was a delight as we came to a partial opening in the hills to see more closely the tiara of high cliffs which we had gazed on from the slope of Merom. Here the highest crest of Anti-Lebanon was ranged along a continuing wall, jagged into sharp facets, now looking as though the primeval violence which had riven the eastern mountains from Lebanon had only occurred yesterday. Time's softening hand had no power over it. Under shadow of dark clouds we descended round a mountain to our left into the broad plain of Baalbec.

Ours was the road taken by the fugitive Christians who refused to the Arab conqueror Khalid abu al Walid either apostasy or submission. Abu Obeidah had given them with their young and invalids three days' grace to get out of reach of the malice of Walid, the superseded commander of the Moslem army. When they were reposing on the way to Constantinople and rejoicing in the assurance of safety, Walid, guided by an apostate on a shepherd's path across the mountains, came upon them, and slaughtered all, the betrothed of the apostate refusing his final offer of protection.

At night we camped at Zebedeen, in the front garden of a small stone cottage such as might have been found in Wales or Scotland. I was still unwell, and slept but little in the rainy night, starting often out of bed from fear that we should be too late for an early departure. In the dawn a final fall of rain drenched my tent, and while it was being packed I went inside the cottage,

where I found all the inmates shivering round a hearth fire.

Once started we kept close to a small stream for three hours, and then ascended a slope of Anti-Lebanon. Now, instead of looking up to heights, our prospect was of lower levels shut in by indigo mountains, the upper line jagged against dazzling snow clouds, the bases cut off by rolling plains, as I have seen the foundations of distant cliffs eclipsed from the low deck of a yacht, after a heavy storm.

I could not stop to make more than mental sketches, for the winter was coming apace from the north to take possession of Lebanon, and to bar its road ere I could ascend. With increased means, better health, and corresponding leisure, I promised myself to take advantage of my present investigation by returning to work in this neighbourhood. We passed through Anti-Lebanon, and climbed up over broken rocks to a narrow shelf of road made round the slope of a mountain which stood up on high like a mother above her clinging children, away across the plain stretching out of eye's reach, to left and right the range of Lebanon awaited us. It was the utmost object of my search in this northern Syrian journey. The mountains were said to have the least amount of snow they ever have, for the autumn sun had just done its utmost in distilling the frozen riches into drink for the thirsty plains, and the cold had not yet done more than replace by night the daily waste. The snow could be seen nestling in the hollows around the mountain's neck ; while on the heads of the peaks were coronets of immaculate white. The wind blew strongly, telling of the ascending height. I was alone, but with no feeling of desolation, not even when the sun declined in the sky, and the sunset had come. I had, indeed, good cause to be satisfied, for the golden rays lighted up honey-toned Baalbec. There were other Adrianic buildings nigh to the main temple, and cypresses were studded about, making obeisance to Baalbec like loyal servitors to their master ;

the pure verdure in the plain below received the lengthening shadows of the evening, as the day stretched his long and weary limbs down to sleep through his restful night.

We were greeted by the man at the khan, who undertook to give us a clean and comfortable chamber. Having seen this, and given orders for its preparation, there being still good twilight, I walked through the principal temple. The carving of all the ornament was indeed wonderfully gorgeous and artistic. In Palestine there was no classical pagan work so finished and rich as this. It was full of decorative character not known in Herod's time, indeed where Greek or Roman ornamentation was attempted at any period in Palestine the result is too often undeserving of close attention, defects arising from lack of artistic training in the sculptors. A small temple we had passed on the ridge, "Dahr al Akmar," was a miserable example of such slovenly workmanship. In the temple of Baalbec the god was indeed honoured, but while I looked, the Moslem call to prayer rang out from the village minaret, and proclaimed that the once glorious worship had been overthrown, as had the columns strewing the ground, like the slain warriors of a defeated army.

When I returned to my khan I was visited by a native Christian who brought a handful of curiosities to turn over ; one was the man's own double teeth, which he was ready to sell for a consideration.

After my supper, to escape further visitors, I went out and prowled about in the dark ; but the ground was treacherous and uneven, and the temple was hidden in the blackness. Staring aside over the chilly plain I peered into the emptiness, my eyes were drawn to right and left from the fancy that cloudy shapes moved about. Gradually the nebulosity was beyond doubt, although it disappeared immediately that it could be quite made out. When the phosphorescence became indistinct it exploded into sparks, and then I recognised that for the first time in my life I was looking upon an *ignis fatuus*. This interested me,

and made me peer the more intently, that I might better scan the waste of darkness. Two globes of fire on my left were singularly steady; I fixed my regard upon them, but ever they glared unchanged, except that they advanced nearer, and proved to be the eyes of an approaching beast. The muzzle of my gun was steadily held towards the animal as I retreated step by step, till

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RUINS OF BAALBEC.

I reached the door of the khan, where I lay down to sleep. The creatures of darkness, however, which come out from nooks and corners of ungarnished chambers allowed me but little rest. My compensation was, that I had the earliest morning for examining the ruins. I was told that Ibrahim Pasha had had the fallen stones built up into a mosque and castle, and the bewilderment caused me by this arrangement was more confusing than the disorder occasioned by successive earthquakes. I

stole time for drawing by sending the muleteer across the plain, with a promise to overtake him by fast riding. As I went on with my work, I heard the village forge beaten, the cocks crow, and the calling of the hours of prayer. About two I concluded that I must depart. In my final visit I observed that the keystone of the

TEMPLE AT BAALBEC.

arch painted by Roberts had dropped lower, and was tremulous in the wind. The fallen stones which formed the ceilings of the side porches had as centres some admirably carved heads of Apollo and Diana, and in one central circle there was a portrait head of Adrian, the donor. The keeper of the khan betrayed some disposition, now that I and Issa were alone, to rely upon our fear to exact extreme *backshish*, but I refused him and

rode away. We had counted too surely upon finding our road over the plain by a mark pointed out on the distant hills, but we lost our way, and had to retrace our steps considerably. The incessant demands for payment from fellahin whom we met, and of whom we asked the way or a drink of water, were vexatious, and we found we had been falsely guided. The horses, by dint of greater repose, and liberal green food, had become quite lively, and were fretful at the loss of their companions of the long journey. After some hours, when I was far ahead of Issa, our mules suddenly came in view, and my steed grew all on fire to join them. I had no objection to the straight line he preferred, until we were stopped at the brink of a stream twenty feet wide. Jerusalem horses are not trained to amphibious habits, so mine stuck at this unfamiliar obstacle; but he did not learn patience enough to go quietly along the banks to a crossing. Cumbered with a large sketch-book on my back, and a gun on my saddle, I was not disposed to humour him, so I turned him to the stream, using my spurs at the moment. We reached the middle of the rather deep and very cold water; there I found my animal had no more mettle left than was sufficient to get him clear of the weeds, and to plod through the mud on the further bank. When we landed, he made the rest of the road to his friends in a very sober mood. The clouds had covered up our beacon on the mountain line and shrouded the summits, which the following day we desired to cross; the sun was hidden, and the wind raked us as with cold fingers. About sunset the veil was lifted off Lebanon, but it had left a mantle of snow on all parts not exposed to the wind. In the west the sun encrimsoned the heavy pall of cloud, and deepened the slopes below into dark indigo, with a crimsony lustre like that of the solid lump.

We hurried our unwilling beasts forward, for it was already late when the ascent from the plain was reached; few people were about, but we found Dahr al Akmar

before it was quite dark. It appeared an abandoned labyrinth of cattle yards, and the "clean inn" which had been strongly recommended to us defied our search. No lights were visible anywhere, but when we raised a shout a man appeared out of the ground and said, Yes—he knew the master we inquired for by name; thereupon he became our guide through many turnings between stone walls, and had not the rain been proof that the lane was open above, we might have thought ourselves in the Catacombs. He stopped at the door of a yard. I could look over the walls; the yard had all the litter incidental to the pounds used by draft and other animals. It was difficult to understand where all the "comforts" I had been assured of could be found. No house at all could we discern, but after frequent knocking a man unexpectedly emerged from the distant corner, and came forward, while the voice of another published the fact that the "khowaghat" had arrived. We were evidently expected, the gate was unbolted and we were invited in. I said, "I was told you kept a hotel."

"It is so," he replied, and he beckoned me forward to the other end of the yard where a corner was thatched in a rough way; we alighted and went to the shelter. The low door in the inner house wall was open, and inside glowed a warm fire, lighting up what was evidently a large underground chamber. It thawed my chilled soul to see the flickering flame, and I asked the man whether I could have a similar room for myself alone, and whether my men and animals could also be accommodated indoors.

"Perfectly," he replied, and I went back expressing my content, and bringing my horse into the yard. As I returned to the protecting alcove there was a great stir inside, and I waited near the door for the announcement that all was ready. There could be no complaint of want of life-sounds now, for the noise was that of a market-town; and presently were hustled out of the low door numerous broods of cackling fowls; followed by two lowing oxen, an ass or two, some mules and a horse;

and at the tail of these, rushing like a wether newly belled, came a leader followed by a small flock of sheep.

"Stop," I shouted, "I saw only men and women in the firelight."

"Yes," said the host, "we are all coming out." And behind him, appeared a family of some twelve or more people aged and young, all leaving their glowing hearth. It was needful to assume quite an angry tone to arrest the exodus.

"I will not allow it. Let them go back, and you come and talk to me."

The landlord approached, still pleading for his plan, but I turned towards the sheltering lean-to, where was a truck on wheels, and an old ram mangered by a halter. "Can you put that ram elsewhere and move the cart?" I said, and in spite of remonstrance, I took the vacated nook for my lodging. The tent being suspended on the two outer angles with a lantern hanging on the wall, and Issa's cooking-fire kindled outside, I was perfectly satisfied with the exchange.

To employ the time profitably now, while the dinner was being cooked, was my next object. I was wet through and muddy; and as I had to change my clothes, it seemed desirable to enjoy the abundance of water, which I could not always procure for a good bath. Two large buckets were therefore brought, and soon I was busy, making up for the cold of the water by rubbing and scrubbing and breathing the faster. While thus occupied for a while, in addition to the cheerful sounds of frying and ordinary talking of my company, I heard a boisterous altercation going on between Issa and certain rollicking strange voices. Abating my stampings, and brisk towelling, I called out to Issa to explain the cause of quarrel.

"Why, these people are so unreasonable, ya effendi, hearing that you were having a bath all the men, women, and children came out to look through a hole in the tent. But they can't all see at once, and I want those who were here at the beginning to go away, and make place for

others, but they won't; and those behind are laughing and quarrelling with those in the front, and I threaten that I will turn them all away if they can't agree."

Mauvaise honte, I think, quite spoilt my talents as a performer when I knew that I was acting in public; but, in any case, perhaps the remainder of the entertainment could not have been so diverting as the earlier part of the play. I enjoyed my supper, unconscious if strange eyes criticised my manner of eating; and after an hour or two's reading tucked myself up in my trestle bed, not less confiding in the permanence of comfort in my quarters, because the rain made increasing music in many pools close at hand.

On waking, my first inquiry was whether the storm of the night had, or had not, shut up the road to the cedars. The opinion grew, as daylight came, that it would be found just practicable; and accordingly we hurried our departure, and got well on the road before full daylight came. There was no sun, but every object behind us showed out in the greatest clearness; and with a colour, the fuller and richer, for having no glare to blanch its surface. It is an equivalent for the enchantment of sunlight, one of which we have much in England; but in a climate so perseveringly dazzling as this, the cloud-screened light, when it occurs, is a great delight and refreshment. Anti-Lebanon during the night had passed from summer to winter. Lebanon could only be seen below the clouds, and the muleteer pointed out that the increased snow was decisive against the attempt to ascend, that it was the beginning of the winter snow, which would stop travellers from crossing until May, but I would not heed these croakings. We left all luggage behind in the head muleteer's care, and took with us only enough for a day. We found, throughout the climb, a thick covering of rich earth on the rock which made bad weather a great obstacle to the firm footing of animals; and at first we met many stalwart fair-haired men loading their asses with wood for winter fuel. We had to grip hard to prevent the

saddle from slipping backwards, and as the road grew steeper, showers of rain and sleet warned us to lose no time in our climbing. When we reached the region of snow, the cold was to me only pleasant, but the Arabs covered their eyes and mouths with handkerchiefs and burnooses. When our horses had to rest for fresh breath I noted the plain below, all squared out to the farther slopes like patchwork. About ten o'clock we came to the level of a canopy of cloud resting like a ceiling on the verdure bosoms of the range, and reaching across to the eastern slopes. Higher still in our climb we looked down on the upper surface of this drooping covering, and through several gaps could again be seen with perfect clearness the villages, streams, and temples as separate pictures. Now we got on faster afoot. I dismounted and left my horse to keep the track by himself. About noon we reached the utmost height traversed by the road, and presently came in view of the western landscape ; the mountain summits for a few miles fell to a plateau some eight hundred feet below, a mile or two in front of us we saw an opening, forming a gulfy ravine which descended to the Mediterranean plain seven thousand feet below, and the sea beyond with the horizon stretching its straight line across from the arc formed by the mountains to left and right, as the cord extends from point to point of an inverted bow. To the right lay a group of what looked like small mountain firs, these we were assured were the cedars ; the snow reached close down to them. I shouted to my men to catch my horse, which had wandered in their direction, but he enjoyed his liberty, and on my taking up the chase, led me many devious tracks ere he was secured. A short ride then brought us under the trees, some twelve of them were indeed mightily trunked and limbed. I had lately read that a French savant had calculated, from examination of a transverse section of one of them, that its age was five thousand years. The rest of the trees are so much smaller in girth,

that according to this calculation, they would be but a century or two old.

We sat down here and ate our luncheon of bread and olives. The majestic beauty of the landscape before us made me regret that I had not brought our animals with us, as we might have gone on the Beyrout coast from the point we had reached. I observed that a small church was in course of building near at hand, and there were signs, in the presence of men, who were collecting broken branches and fallen cones, and in the broken mallets of previous encampments, that a painter might comfortably tent in the place. All the people were Greek Christians, and singularly polite and honest looking. They replied to my questions, that they never broke off any of the living trees, because the cedars were "the Lord's."

The clouds had drooped down ere we arose to return, but no storm broke upon us until we had passed the ridge, and then, as we led our horses with toilsome care down the steep descent, we were assailed by snow and drizzle. When we got into the saddle again there was a three hours' ride to our cheerless shelter, which we regained at dusk.

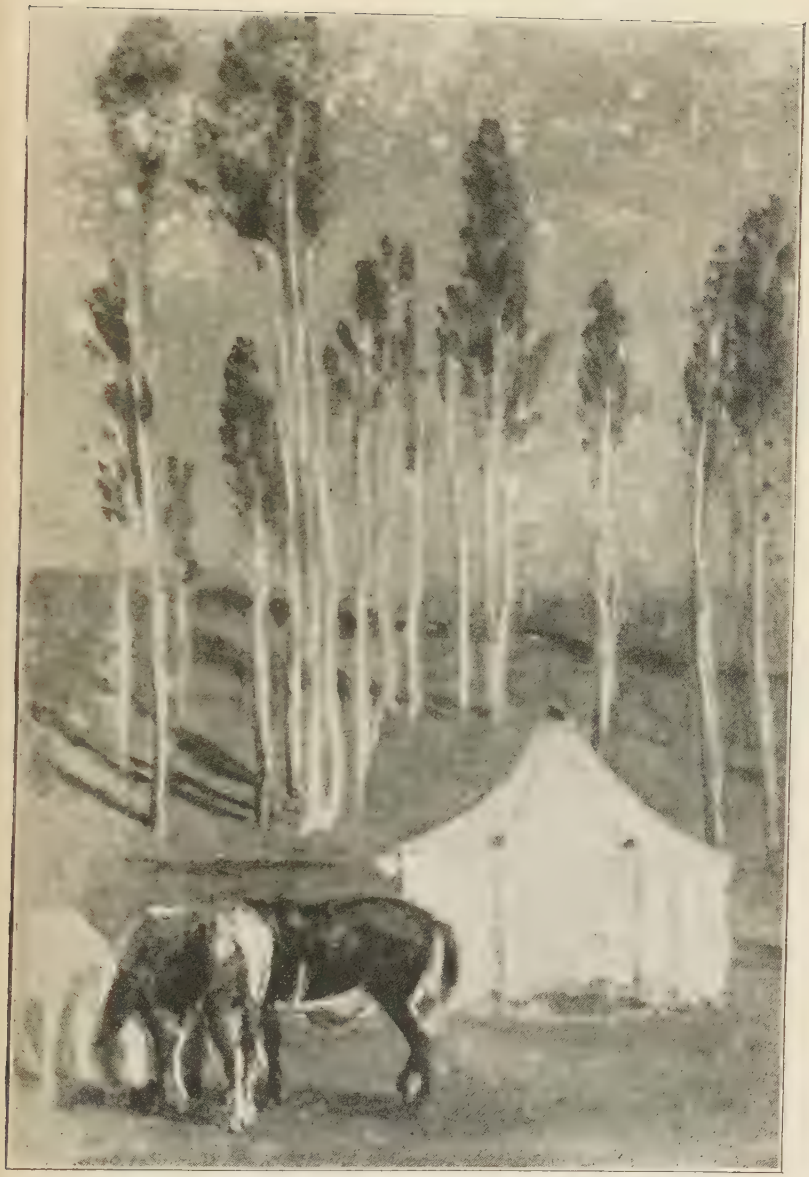
For consolation, I had the satisfaction of having fulfilled a long-cherished desire. I felt it the true education of an artist to see such things, convinced, as I have ever been, that it is too much the tendency to take Nature at second-hand, to look only for that poetry which men have already interpreted to perfection, and to cater alone for that appreciation which can understand only accredited views of beauty. The object of this journey had not been the transferring of any special scene to canvas, but rather to gain a larger idea of the principles of design in creation which should affect all art. I was but pursuing in my chosen region the principles which my fellows and I had agreed upon, and which they were to follow in their own ways at home. After supper I finished the evening with reading some pocket

volumes of cherished authors, whose pages were illumined by a lantern hung up in the corner of my bivouac.

My way northward by land had now ended. I turned to the south. Our road did not always lie at the base of the mountain range, for by striking across the plain, and sometimes passing through chilling meandering waters we often saved a great detour. My climb of yesterday had made my knees feel weak. We were in a well-watered plain and lunched at the side of a brook ; in the evening we encamped at Zahle with a running stream at our side. Resting the next day, I took the opportunity to walk about and observe the folk. They all looked well and comely, and some of the girls were beautiful ; they were merry, and amused themselves good-naturedly at the solitary Englishman walking through their village and making his salutations.

This happy home of peace and innocent mirth was soon after to be the centre of carnage, a place of revelry for incarnate demons !

During all the first half of the century there had been a full recognition of the might of England, and of her ability to punish outrage on Christians in Turkey, which had kept the worst spirits of evil afraid to show their heads. Britain's power had been exhibited so strikingly under the eyes of Egypt and Syria, that in the Arab's proverbial talk they held it to be more than merely of this world. At Aboukir Bay under Nelson, at Alexandria under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, at Acre under Sir Sydney Smith, the Moslems had followed the course of British victories, and they noted the further course of the Napoleonic war with wonder, and epitomised their conclusions by saying that Apolyon (the name they gave Napoleon) had overcome every nation, but England had destroyed him. The traditions of the previous generation had prepared young and old in 1837 to see Ibrahim Pasha defeated at a stroke, and when Sir Robert Napier arrived at Acre, exploded the powder magazine in an hour, and then with his marines drove



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HALT FOR THE NIGHT, ZAHLE.

out the Egyptian army, all was looked upon as matter of course. This confirmed the earlier estimate of England's masterfulness, so that when she with her allies took up the cause of Turkey and declared war against Russia in 1854, the expectation of the Mahomedan world was that every defence of our enemy would at once vanish before the army and navy. Now, our long-retarded and still incomplete triumph had marred our prestige, and it was easy to see that we should have to fight for it all again in the East. The French had escaped commissariat disasters in the Crimea, and their regiments had figured in telling manner at the end of the long-continued Inkerman battle, so such respect as was still entertained by the bulk of Mahomedans for Christian forces was transferred to our rivals, whose prowess had not before been so fully recognised by them. The massacre in the Lebanon was the earliest outcome of the diminished fear of Europe in the minds of Druse and Moslem. The Persian War, the Chinese War, and the Indian Mutiny came as the price of our loss of prestige, and when it was seen that the issue proved that the God of battles had not forsaken us, and that we undoubtedly vanquished all our enemies, the rulers of the East felt again that savage instincts could not be indulged without count of a severe reckoning with Christendom.

Going along the road that led to Beyrout, which was to be my place of embarkation for the seat of war, it was natural for me to speculate on the future prospects of our arms; this national question occupied my attention in alternation with the thought of what the members of our fraternity had done and were doing, and how my best friends would care for the small store of work I should be able to show them. My curiosity was the greater, as, having assured them post by post that I was on the point of starting for home, I had received but few letters for the last few months.

While I was still proceeding south, the snowy peak of Hermon ever seemed to accompany me, and for a day it

was my marching companion, but when I reached the road from Damascus I had to leave it behind, and the sea was then my attraction, entertaining my eyes and drawing me on to Beyrout.

Again in mountainous regions we passed companies going to Damascus, and we came upon a small tribe of bedouin pitching their simple tent over the next ridge; farther on we encountered a woman, one of their party,

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CONSTANTINOPLE.

who was wailing bitterly over her prostrate husband. She turned, begging us to come to her help. I dismounted, and, procuring the brandy flask from Issa, I poured some down the fainting man's throat. When he revived he was suspicious that it was forbidden drink, and pushed it from him, saying it was "fire." Assuring him that it was but medicine, I gave him more, after which he arose and walked to his friends.

When I reached Beyrout I had to settle accounts with honest Issa, the most truthful and trustworthy Arab I had

met. In fulfilment of my promise to Graham, I sent him by Jaffa back to Jerusalem with the tents and animals. Long before I again trod the soil of Palestine the good fellow died.

I took my berth in the Messagerie boat *Le Tancred*, which had come to Beyrout on its way to Constantinople. The vessel was crammed with Mahomedan passengers. Five hundred returned pilgrims from Mecca were enough to cumber the deck, but in addition there were one hundred and five Bashi-Bazouks on their way—not per-

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SMYRNA ROADSTEAD.

haps for the first time—to join General Pearson's contingent, and also about fifteen Syrians going to the Crimea for the land transport service, amongst whom—as his mocking fate would have it—was my unvaliant Oosdoom servant Issa Nicola. Unbidden and unknown to me was another fellow-traveller, the cholera.

Ours was a memorable journey, and its annals are doubtless written in the records of the society to which the vessel belonged. There was much adventure on the yellow-flagged way; the main event can scarcely be classed as belonging to artistic story, so I will not retard the resumption of the Pre-Raphaelite history by

W. H. H.

YOUTHFUL DESIGNS—LEIGH HUNT'S "CAPTAIN SWORD AND CAPTAIN PEN."

entering here into a sea yarn. Yet to give honour to whom honour is due, I feel bound to declare that had it not been for the sagacious valour of Lieutenant Pigeon of the ship's company, the Bashi-Bazouks in an attempted mutiny would have prevented the good vessel, and every European passenger upon it, from ever arriving in the sweet waters of the Bosphorus. I finally parted with the brave man in Kasatcha. When I arrive in the regions beyond the final harbour of this life's journey, he will not be the last comrade of its voyage that I should care to greet. I made a drawing of him for his good wife in Marseilles. Constantinople delighted my soul by its excessive beauty and picturesqueness. Why, unless staleness be the inducement, the exhibitions should be full of pictures of Venice, already divinely represented by Turner, and why there should never be any illustrations of the Byzantine city, it is difficult to understand.

The spectacle of Christian nations contending in blood together in the Crimea was of humiliating sadness, and filled me with greater desire to develop the war subjects from Leigh Hunt's *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, which I had designed at nineteen, but, alas! I never gained freedom to put my idea upon canvas.

CHAPTER IV

1856

It is said that Jealousy is Love, but I deny it ; for though Jealousy be procured by Love, as Ashes are by Fire, yet Jealousy extinguishes Love as Ashes smother the Flame.—*La Reine de Navarre.*

In January I returned from the Crimea to Constantinople, and thence in another eventful journey by way of Malta to Marseilles. I had not quitted the city on the Bosphorus before news of the armistice had arrived. This being regarded as a prelude to peace, a large proportion of the officers had leave to return to England, so all the ships were crowded. I travelled from Marseilles to Paris with many English officers and officials. It was a pleasure to see them looking forward to the honours they had won ; I had been away the full time of the Black Sea campaign, and I was led to consider the difference of our nation's regard for their work and mine. I also had been trying to do the State some service, but alone. The soldiers' struggle was of immediate benefit, while of mine the value, if any, would be discovered only in the future. I admired the wisdom of rewarding service that could be estimated at once, and in leaving such work as mine to find any honours it might possibly deserve in the far future.

I had met my friend Mike Halliday at Pera coming back from the Crimea, and we travelled together to Paris. Thence we took second-class fares, and in doing

so had our interest aroused in a fact of some historic moment.

Opposite to us sat two buxom Scotchwomen, exultant in a matter about which they talked so openly

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CEMETERY, PERA.

that it was evident they courted inquiry as to their cause of pride. I therefore asked them who were the "Emperor" and "Empress" of whom they spoke so much.

"Oh, the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie, of course," they replied.

"What have you been seeing them about?" I asked.

"Oh, the new Prince, of course."

"I have just come from Constantinople, and I did not know there was one," I said.

"Now only think, as if he was a bairn yet! but we're engaged to nurse him when he is born. Oh, she's such a dear, and the Emperor's quite another, and we've just got time to go back to Scotland to get our clothes and return," they answered.

"But if it should be a Princess instead of a Prince?" I suggested.

"Oh," they chorused, "of course it won't be; the Emperor and Empress have quite made up their minds that it must be a son."

Thus the affairs of princes, as of mice and men, are settled for them.

In the Crimea, Halliday had seen much of John Luard, who a few years before had left the army to become an artist, and was now staying behind with a former mess-mate in his hut, to complete a picture of its interior. This erstwhile son of Mars had been placed with John Phillip, to initiate himself into the service of Apollo; Phillip soon recommended him to the care of Millais, who took him into his close friendship and guidance. Luard had lately been painting in Millais' discarded studio in Langham Place, and Halliday advised me to go and knock up the servant there for the spare bed. We arrived in London about 3 A.M., and I left my companion to go to his lodgings, while I went to Langham Chambers. To my surprise my excellent friend Lowes Dickinson opened the door, welcoming me with as great cordiality as any long-lost wanderer ever received.

I had been away over two years. It was now the beginning of February 1856. Halliday and I took a house together in Pimlico, in which we each found a studio, and arranged another in an upper room for Martineau, who, from diffidence, had not got on well

with his work without an adviser. Halliday, who had been originally nothing but an earnest amateur, had been taken in hand by Millais, and under this guidance the picture "Measuring for the Wedding Ring" had been finished at Winchelsea.

This history is not one of personal or family affairs foreign to the progress of the reform of art by the members of our Brotherhood and its circle; I would avoid as much as possible to speak of the many other interests which come into the life of every man. But an artist, however devoted to his pursuit, cannot but have his right hand arrested or accelerated by the private circumstances of the family to which he belongs, so that I must say that the legal troubles suffered by my father had now seriously undermined his health, a fact which involved me in duties demanding close attention.

One of my sisters had been attending a School of Art, and had determined to adopt the profession; I had therefore to give her personal superintendence of a continuous kind.

No tangible combination now showed itself among the working and the sleeping members of our Brotherhood; neither was there any professed tie between us and the outside adherents of our reform. For two years there had been no night excursions, no boating, and no corporate life of any kind. In earlier days it seemed as though we could always trust one another, if not for collaboration, at least for good-fellowship and cordiality; it proved, however, that these, too, were things of the past never to be revived. When I called upon Brown and asked him about Gabriel Rossetti, he told me that he was in Oxford, where the University "had thrown themselves at his feet" in recognition of his poetic and artistic accomplishments; he added that he was not, as some people said, engaged to Miss Siddal, but that she stood in the position of pupil to him, and that she had done some designs of the most poetic character; and that she had recently been entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Acland at Oxford. Brown's feeling of

mistrust of the Academy and that of the Rossettis, as he reported it, was now more deep-seated than ever, and he dwelt on the idea that we should no longer try to propitiate the Body.

The loyal contribution of works by Millais and myself year by year to Trafalgar Square had not been enough to negative the suspicion on the part of our elders which the frequent diatribes of our noisy anti-Academy members excited ; for the satirical tone adopted by the literary entourage of our Brotherhood was constantly bruited about, doing them no harm, but provoking severe penalty upon us who were still relying upon Academy toleration. Gentle Christina Rossetti's sonnet is an example of the tone of hostility to the Academy prevalent in her circle from the beginning. This not only conveyed the idea that the Institution was one to which reform in due time would be wholesome, but that it was a power altogether destructive to the true spirit of art, and one which it had been our secret object to overthrow. The sonnet had been written upon the election of Millais as an Associate two years previously—

> The P.R.B. is in its decadence :
> For Woolner in Australia cooks his chops,
> And Hunt is yearning for the land of Cheops.
> D. G. Rossetti shuns the vulgar optic :
> While William M. Rossetti merely lops
> His B's in English disesteemed as Coptic.
> Calm Stephens in the twilight smokes his pipe,
> But long the dawning of his public day :
> And he at last, the champion, Great Millais,
> Attaining Academic opulence,
> Winds up his signature with A.R.A.
> So rivers merge in the perpetual sea ;
> So luscious fruit must fall when over-ripe :
> And so the consummated P.R.B.

Brown was full of projects for the bringing together of the original Brotherhood and its subsequent followers to act as a power in the profession, which in his view it had now failed to do.

I had desired to see the members of the Brotherhood and those immediately connected with them in order to learn the position of our affairs. It had already been apparent that the result of our ill-considered combination would fall far short of our original expectation.

Deverell had been so hindered by family troubles that he had not been able to do any important work after his probationary election, and at his death no proposal had been made to fill the vacancy. William Rossetti had now entirely given up the practice of drawing, and on account of the ridicule of the critics Gabriel Rossetti had not resumed public exhibition. Millais and I, therefore, were left with our following of new converts to represent our cause. Woolner had come back from his Tom Tiddler's Ground without much heavier pockets than he started with, having, indeed, nothing more than a chance in a public competition at London for a statue of Wentworth to be erected in Melbourne, and some small patronage for medallions and busts, gained mainly by the introductions of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Patmore. It was impossible, therefore, to resume the dream that a tangible Brotherhood still existed. One example of the result of our movement may be cited in an attempt made to repeat the system of the Cyclographic Society, in which certain accomplished amateurs—Lady Waterford, the Hon. Miss Boyle, and others—were to take part. A handsome folio was made, and in due course was sent to Gabriel for his contribution, but there its known history ended.

Several men outside our Body were openly working on our lines. Ford Madox Brown with his picture, "The Last of England," was now altogether adopting our principle. The picture of "Work" was also being conducted on our plan, but it still was some years from completion. Wallis was painting his never-to-be-forgotten "Death of Chatterton"; Arthur Hughes was moving forward in remarkable poetic power, as shown by his "April Love"; Windus of Liverpool was also an independent convert, exhibiting

some ingeniously dramatic pictures, after his "Burd Helen"; and Burton, with his "Wounded Cavalier," in the next Exhibition gained deserved repute.

Many followers were admired chiefly for mechanical skill, and in some cases this was of a very complete kind, although wanting in imaginative strain. An increasing number of the public approved our methods, perhaps the more readily when no poetic fancy complicated the claim

Henry Wallis.

DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

made by the works. Time could be trusted to do justice to the relative values of poetic and prosaic work, though, as Hogarth said, "posterity is a bad paymaster."

One sure mark of the increasing estimation of our movement was shown in the continued apportioning of the £50 annual prize at Liverpool to artists working on our principles. Millais had gained this in 1852 for "The Huguenot," in the following year it was awarded the second time to me, for "Claudio and Isabella," and it was again obtained by Millais in a subsequent year. Mark

Anthony was also favoured for a landscape which bore strong traits of our manner, and Madox Brown in 1856 for his "Christ washing Peter's Feet," and again in 1857-8 for his "Chaucer in the Court of Edward III.," gained the prize. Further, the Royal Society of Fine Arts in Birmingham had accorded the prize of £60 to me in the year 1853 for my "The Strayed Sheep."

In addition to these influences upon our Body a circumstance of great portent must now be treated unreservedly.

So many persons were, and some still are, under an unworthy impression concerning the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin and the re-marriage of the lady to John Everett Millais, that it has been, to all friends of either who know the truth, painful to leave the circumstances ever open to misinterpretation. Mr. Ruskin in his *Preterita* avoided the subject, and so the story remained untold, but it was only a question how long it could remain so. In the meantime, those who knew what had happened were becoming fewer, and the danger of a permanent misunderstanding was increasing until Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his conscientious monograph on Ruskin, so far broke silence that henceforth further reserve would involve injustice. Happily, the fuller truth exculpates every one involved from all but error of judgment. To understand the situation it must be realised that John Ruskin, as has been publicly stated, while still young in manhood had been deeply wounded by the disappointment of his affections, and it was only after a visit to Switzerland and some stay there that a serious weakness of his lungs which had supervened was overcome. On his return his parents watched his condition with devoted care, and were glad the while to exercise hospitality towards the daughter of Mr. Grey of Perth, one of their relations; she in her young liveliness seemed to distract their son's brooding sadness. It was for her that he first wrote the story *The King of the Golden River*. The juvenile guest showed

Arthur Hughes.

APRIL LOVE.

an untiring interest in the art questions which her cousin was pursuing, and with his life-long delight in young people, he took her about with him to exhibitions and galleries, bestowing constant attention on her pleasure and instruction. The good mother and father rejoiced at these signs of distraction from memory of their son's former grief; and the mother, fondly feeling herself justified, told him that she had the authority of his father to say that they had regarded with continual delight the gentleness shown to his cousin Euphemia, and she assured him that they hoped he would himself see that his attachment to her was of a tender nature, and that he would no longer delay to make them all happy by declaring his affection for the lady. The son avowed surprise and regret that this construction should be put upon his attentions to his cousin, and said that, since it was impossible his feelings towards her could ever be of warmer character, he felt forced by his mother's action to discontinue the interest which had proceeded only from a desire to aid her improving taste. The mother thereupon begged him to forget that he had been misunderstood, and asked that as Effie knew nothing of this appeal to him, he should not make any difference whatever in his behaviour to her. The threatened interruption to Ruskin's attention to Miss Grey did not therefore occur, and his gentleness towards her was so unremitting that, as time went on, the parents again began to entertain hopes that their son could be induced to marry. Once more the mother spoke to him, this time much more pressingly, and assured him that (although he did not recognise the fact himself) she and his father were convinced that he was deeply enamoured of his cousin, and that, if once he gave up his reserve, she would accept him, and as his wife be a centre of delight to all of them. She besought her son not to delay acting on their wishes. Ruskin still held that it was impossible he could ever be in love with his young cousin, but agreed that if they in spite of this candid confession still desired him to act on their conviction, he would be obedient to

their demand; and accordingly he made his proposal, which the young lady was guilelessly persuaded to accept. It can cause but little wonder that this marriage, which was contracted at Perth, did not prove a happy one.

It was on distant terms that the two passed six years of their lives. Mr. Ruskin was ever ceremoniously polite to Mrs. Ruskin, and, doubtless, many regarded them as the most enviable of couples. She was always elegantly attired and adorned with exquisite jewels, and was admired for her beauty and *bon esprit* wherever she appeared in company with her genius-endowed partner, but observant visitors not infrequently remarked upon the absence of signs of deep affection and intimacy between the couple. After my first acquaintance with Ruskin, he invited Millais and me to stay with them for some months at the Bridge of Allan, but I was forced to relinquish the engagement. Millais, with some other guests, was, however, detained in this neighbourhood till late in the autumn, painting the wonderful portrait of Ruskin himself. Mike Halliday, returning from Scotland, reported that Millais on occasions had openly remarked to Ruskin upon his want of display of interest in the occupations and entertainments of Mrs. Ruskin.[1] Remonstrances grew into complaint, and gradually the guest found himself championing the lady against her legal lord and master. It was in the mood thus engendered that he parted with the pair in December 1853, when he returned to town in time to see me off on my Eastern journey. Ruskin still gave sittings to Millais in his own studio for the completion of the portrait. In the following summer Mrs. Ruskin left her home without notice one morning and went direct by train to her father's house at Perth. She had been six years under Ruskin's roof. Mr. Grey, a Writer to the Signet, immediately took steps to have the ceremony of marriage declared null and void. Ruskin did not appear to contest

[1] It is needless to enter into further details of the words spoken at the time.

the evidence, and accordingly the lady was liberated, and both released from their false position. Millais, to protect the lady from any possible misconception, determined that he would not see her until a twelvemonth had passed from the date of her flight from Ruskin's house, and on its anniversary in 1855 he was married to her, in her maiden name, in her father's drawing-room at Perth. The new state of things was not really in opposition to Ruskin's desires, but now that it was attained, many friends would insist that he was an injured man, and certainly he had to suffer constant annoyance from the intermeddling of the vulgar officious.

The breach thus occasioned was unfortunate to our Body. It became obvious at once that no one could, for some years at least, be cordially intimate with both Millais and Ruskin. Millais was my first and far greater friend. He had in the course he took towards the lady he married behaved in a thoroughly honourable and straightforward manner, and I could have no choice but to follow my inclination and temporarily lose the gratification of my sincere desire for further friendship with Ruskin and its many advantages. A bitter controversy arose in society about the case, and I always did battle for my earlier friend, and certainly the misconstructions and falsehoods that had to be confronted were many.

Soon after my return to England I went down to Oxford, and found all my Syrian boxes there. Mr. Combe, after the arrival of the painting of "The Scapegoat," had indefatigably written in turn to all those who had given me commissions; but each had replied that the subject was not one which fitly represented me. One art lover in the North, after expressing this opinion, wrote that he should like to have the work sent to him for a few days, but my friend had not felt authorised to accede, and thus I was still the proud owner of the picture and also of a fast-dwindling exchequer. I was glad of the opportunity of unpacking my pictures and drawings to obtain the judgment of my friends. Two or three

months' separation from the works to a great degree dissipated the prejudice nurtured of familiarity with them, and my new judgment was a benefit to me. It relieved me to believe that the amount of painting achieved was not altogether so disappointing as I had feared, and I found that the parts finished in "The Temple" subject interested my friends greatly.

My little reserve of money in Mr. Combe's hands was almost expended in setting up my new home. An optimistic dream was to bring "The Temple" picture to completion before showing it to anybody. I obtained from influential directors introductions to the masters of Jewish schools, who allowed me to select two boys as sitters, and from these I painted the child with the fly-flapper and the boy kissing the veil of the "torah" in the picture. I found a model for the youth with the harp in a young Hungarian Jew, but was soon stopped in my desperate attempt to advance by finding that I had already overrun my balance.

I had to raise money as quickly as possible. Pot-boilers are so called because they keep the kitchen range alight. The water-colour drawings I had made in the East did not at first command purchasers. The prejudice ruling that an artist should do only one kind of subject was always standing in my way. At that time picture-dealers told me there was a great demand for replicas of works of mine exhibited years ago, which when they first appeared had been much abused; I therefore took up the original studies of these, and elaborated them into finished pictures. These works escaped diatribes of the critics which always met any works incorporating a perfectly new idea, and thus timid purchasers were not frightened. I first took up an original sketch for "The Eve of St. Agnes," which was sold to Mr. Peter Miller of Liverpool.[1]

When in Syria I had received a proposal from two engravers of £300 for the copyright of "The Light of the World," but I had not felt sure that they would do

[1] Now the property of Mrs. Munn.

the work satisfactorily, and refused to close with the offer. Gambart now asked me to make a price with him for the design. I asked him the sum hitherto mentioned; but he objected on the ground that there was the chance of the public not liking the print, and then no one would divide his loss, while if it became popular, photographers throughout England would pirate the work, and the prosecution of each would cost him £70; the only penalty to them would be the loss of a simple camera. In France, where the law treated piracy as a penal offence, the publisher was safe from such a violation of his rights, and so could pay the artist better. With this conclusion to the debate the business ended for the time; but in a few months the monetary pressure upon me became more stringent, and I was induced to accept £200 as my reward.

Ford Madox Brown painted the background of his "Work" from a picturesque part of Hampstead Road, high up towards the Heath. One of the strongest marks of all exhibited Pre-Raphaelite painting, from the time of my "Rienzi," was that the background was not done either from conventional fancy or memory, but from Nature, and if it could be avoided, not indirectly from sketches, but direct from the scene itself on to the canvas of the final picture. Ford Madox Brown's background for "Pretty Baa Lambs" was the first out-of-door figure painting that showed signs of his conversion to our principles. In its original form —changed some years later—the scene had been copied from a view on Clapham Common, with a very low horizon. The background consisted mainly of blue sky and a few red cottages, small and distinct, on the fringe of the grazing land. This was a mark of his change of style, and "Work" was still more so.

To follow our method more religiously he had taken a lodging near his chosen background. For an easel he constructed a rack on the tray of a costermonger's barrow, above the canvas were rods with curtains suspended, which

Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B. D.C.L.

could be turned on a hinge, so that they shrouded the artist while painting. When all was prepared, Brown himself wheeled the barrow to the desired post; and forthwith worked the whole day, surrounded of course by a little mob of idlers and patient children, who wondered when the real performance was going to begin. Once a passing ruffian hurled a stone across the road, so that it should splash into a puddle close to him. Brown was naturally indignant; but ere he could act in any way the companions of the offender turned upon him, and covered him with contempt, asking why he should hinder another from getting his living. In 1856, when the background was completed, and he was painting on the figures, he told me that Ruskin was patronising Rossetti and was using his influence with Mr. M'Cracken, Lady Trevelyan, and other of his friends to buy drawings off him. It was evident that Ruskin was not disposed to hold out the same helping hand to Brown himself, or to express sympathy for his work. There was a great difference between our refusal of Brown in early years as a nominal "Brother," and our welcoming him as an outside convert like other men whose work we thoroughly admired, so that when he joined with Rossetti to get up a collection of small works for a private exhibition, I willingly contributed some Eastern landscapes. Rooms were secured in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; and when all was arranged I went to a private view. Rossetti was there, and immediately on my arrival called me to come and see "the stunning drawings" that the *Sid* (the name by which Miss Siddal went) had sent. I complimented them fully, and said that had I come upon them without explanation I should have assumed they were happy designs by Walter Deverell.

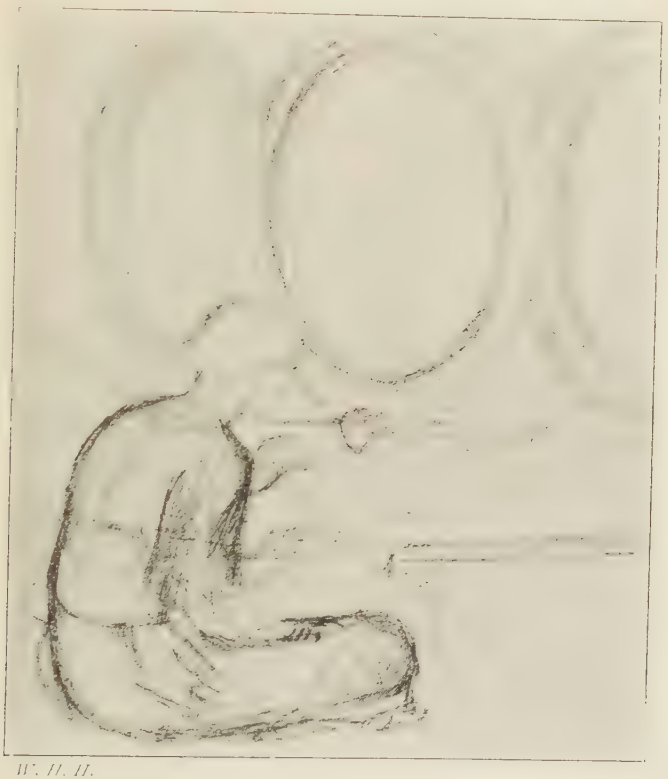
"Deverell!" he exclaimed, "they are a thousand times better than anything he ever did." I had thought that to compare the attempts of Miss Siddal, who had only exercised herself in design for two years, and had had no fundamental training, to those of Gabriel's dear deceased friend, who had satisfactorily gone through the drilling of

the Academy schools, would be taken as a compliment, but Rossetti received it as an affront, and his querulous attitude confirmed me in the awakened painful suspicion that he was seeking ground of complaint against his former colleagues.

EXPERIMENTAL DESIGN FOR "COPHETUA."

In non-painting days I was now preparing designs for the illustrated edition of Tennyson. Millais had in Scotland already done the greater part of his set for the volume, and was still increasing his store. The publisher, Moxon, called upon me with many repinings that the book was so long delayed. I was steadily fulfilling my undertaking to do six illustrations and no other work, until

they were completed. He revealed that his heart was sore about Rossetti, who having promised, had not sent any drawing, and now, when Moxon called, was "not at home," and would not reply to letters.



W. H. H.

TRIAL SKETCH FOR "THE LADY OF SHALOTT."

As the price to be paid for each drawing was £25, and Rossetti was in pecuniary straits notwithstanding continual aid from his brother, his aunts, and Ruskin, it was difficult to account for this apparently determined neglect, so I took the first opportunity to see him. He avowed at once that he did not care to do any because all the best subjects had been taken by

others. "You, for instance, have appropriated The Lady of Shalott, which was the one I cared for most of all," he pleaded.

W. H. H.

TRIAL SKETCH FOR "THE LADY OF SHALOTT."

"You should have chosen at the beginning; I only had a list sent me of unengaged subjects," I said. "You know I made a drawing from this poem of the 'Breaking of the Web' at least four years ago. It was only put aside when the paper was so worn that it would not bear

a single new correction. A friend and his wife came to my studio, I showed them this embryo design, with other drawings in my portfolio, and the lady expressing a violent liking for it, begged it of me, reminding me that I had

W. H. H.

DESIGN FOR "THE LADY OF SHALOTT," FROM WOOD.

never given her any design for her album. My protestations that I was dissatisfied with the drawing, except as a preparation for future work, were of no avail, and I yielded on condition that it should not be shown publicly, and that it should be mine when needed for future use. I

have ever since been nervous lest this immature invention should be regarded as my finished idea, so I was glad on reading the list of poems chosen for the Tennyson book to find this one at my disposal. My new drawing is now far advanced. I had determined also to illustrate the later incident in the poem, but that I will give up to you, and I'll relinquish any of the subjects that I have booked

W. H. H.

DESIGN FOR HAROUN AL RASCHID.

besides this, that you may have no cause for driving old Moxon to desperation."

Gabriel then saw the publisher, and the matter was arranged, exacting however, it seems, a stipulation that his price should be five pounds more than any other designer was receiving. So often however did the poor expectant publisher get disappointed in the delivery of each block, that it was said when, soon after, Moxon quitted this world of worry and vexation, that the book had been the death of him !

The illustrated volume was in the end a commercial failure. Those who liked the work of artists long established in favour felt that the pages on which our designs appeared destroyed the attractiveness of the volume, and the

W. H. H.

DESIGN FOR HAROUN AL RASCHID.

few who approved of our inventions would not give the price for the publication, because there was so large a proportion of the contributions of a kind which they did not value.

Messrs. Fremantle in 1901 [1] brought out an edition

[1] *Some Poems by Alfred Lord Tennyson.*

of the poems with our illustrations alone. Mr. J. Pennell, an American popular writer on art as well as an accomplished black-and-white draftsman, has stated in his introduction to the volume that our drawings were based in style upon examples of those executed for books by Menzel in Germany. To speak candidly, the only examples of modern German drawings that could have influenced us would have been those published in the early fifties, many of which were of some passing edification to us although we only saw them in shop windows and had no knowledge of the artists' names. We knew more intimately Richter's designs in German almanacs and periodicals, as also the two woodcuts, "Death as a Friend" and "Death as an Enemy," by Burkner. I remembered all of these with appreciation, but had no thought of imitating their manner. All were too strictly in outline for our own practice at that time (1856), except perhaps Burkner, who was for us, however, too much an imitator of Albert Dürer's manner. I highly valued the Nuremberg designer; his fluency in the method he had settled upon for expressing himself was a delight to me, but the amazing regularity of his shading gave a sameness to all the textures of his picture which made his manner extraneous to my aims. Millais, it may be assumed, had the same judgment, and, wisely or not, we followed our own instincts in our methods of expression. Whether Millais or Rossetti had seen Menzel's illustrations, I am unable to state, but Millais and I had not the time to go about to stray exhibitions, to booksellers' shops, or elsewhere, to find examples of unknown Continental work, among which I am independently assured Menzel's is of high order. Rossetti certainly had more disposition to rout out new publications, but he never spoke to me of Menzel's achievements, and to this day, except for two water-colour drawings which were exhibited some years since by the Old Water-Colour Society, I have never seen a scrap of this artist's work.

The Exhibition season drew nigh. Millais came up

to town with a great store of work. It was indeed a delight to me to see him happy after bitter troubles, and now talking joyfully of his home. He, more than any one to whom I had shown my "Scapegoat," approved, understood it, and was touched by the pathos of the subject, and was encouraging too about my unfinished work; and as I was until a day or two before the sending-in day foolishly counting upon completing "The Lantern Maker's Courtship" for the Exhibition, he good-naturedly volunteered to sit for the Englishman riding on the donkey. As Millais was leaving my studio, we heard Ruskin being ushered up; but a meeting was avoided.

John Luard, who earned the love of our circle at once, had come back with his first picture, which he had done in the Crimea. It represented an officer opening a newly-arrived box from home, and taking out from it a folded miniature of some one, sacred for his eyes alone. Concealing his interest from his companions, he is painted as furtively putting the portrait into his breast. It was in the studio in Langham Place that Luard's picture was seen, and here Millais showed his new works.

During the war it had become a scandal that several officers with family influence had managed to get leave to return on "urgent private affairs." Millais had felt with others the gracelessness of this practice when such liberty could not be accorded to the simple soldier, and he undertook a picture to illustrate the luxurious nature of these "private affairs." A young officer was being caressed by his wife, and their infant children were themselves the substitutes of the laurels which he ought to be gathering. When the painting was nearly finished the announcement of Peace arrived. What was to be done? The call for satire on carpet heroes was out of date; the painter adroitly adapted his work to the changing circumstances, and put *The Times* in the hands of the officer, who has read the news which they were all patriotically rejoicing over; he with a sling supporting a wounded arm to represent that he had nobly done his part towards securing the peace.

The second picture was of "Burning Leaves." It may be said to be the first of a series of inventions of his, in which great consideration was given to the posing of the figures, so that while not unapt for the task engaging them, a certain poetic dignity breathes through their arrangement. In our walk to Long Ditton in 1851 he had anticipated the sweet reminiscences of this incident. His third picture was of a Highland soldier in the trenches at Sebastopol reading a letter from home. While I was feeling the difficulty of re-establishing myself in the favour of the public, the amount of work that he had completed for exhibition acted as a new reproach to me. A few visitors came to see what I had brought from the East, they had all naturally expected to find some large figure picture, and when I showed "The Scapegoat" many expressed incredulity that this was the only finished canvas, and decided, as others had done, that the subject was not *in my line.* Some approved my water-colours, but no one then offered to buy any. Augustus Egg's prophecy was fulfilled that I should have to re-make my reputation from the beginning.

Mr. Gambart, the picture-dealer, was ever shrewd and entertaining. He came in his turn to my studio, and I led him to "The Scapegoat."

"What do you call that?"

"'The Scapegoat.'"

"Yes; but what is it doing?"

"You will understand by the title, *Le bouc errant.*"

"But why *errant*?" he asked.

"Well, there is a book called the Bible, which gives an account of the animal. You will remember."

"No," he replied, "I never heard of it."

"Ah, I forgot, the book is not known in France, but English people read it more or less," I said, "and they would all understand the story of the beast being driven into the wilderness."

"You are mistaken. No one would know anything about it, and if I bought the picture it would be left on

EXPERIMENTAL DESIGNS FOR "ORIANA."

my hands. Now, we will see," replied the dealer. "My wife is an English lady, there is a friend of hers, an English girl, in the carriage with her, we will ask them up, you shall tell them the title; we will see. Do not say more."

The ladies were conducted into the room.

"Oh how pretty! what is it?" they asked.

"It is 'The Scapegoat,'" I said.

There was a pause. "Oh yes," they commented to one another, "it is a peculiar goat, you can see by the ears, they droop so."

The dealer then, nodding with a smile towards me, said to them, "It is in the wilderness."

The ladies: "Is that the wilderness now? Are you intending to introduce any others of the flock?" And so the dealer was proved to be right, and I had over-counted on the picture's intelligibility. To console Gambart for his disappointment at the unmarketableness of my picture, I introduced him to Halliday and his picture of "Measuring for the Wedding Ring," which he at once purchased. It was destined to achieve a great popularity; indeed, an English engraving and a German piracy gave it a transient European reputation.

The clergy avowed interest in my picture. I wished with all my heart their stipends had been large enough to enable them to become patrons.

While the picture representing "Azazel"[1] was being exhibited, the public accepted without demur the traditional interpretation put upon it of its being the unhappy bearer of the sins of others, and foredoomed to suffer. However, there was a school of theologians, with Spurgeon amongst them, who denounced the work as heretical in its signification; to them the goat should be the bearer of Heaven's blessings and represent the risen and glorified Saviour. Thoughtful readings of all the particulars connected with this sacrifice had led me to conclude that the common reading of the intention was more in accordance

[1] An alternative name for "scapegoat" in the Bible.

with the understanding of it at the time of Christ than that of these modern theologians, and that in this way the Apostles regarded it as a symbol of the Christian Church, thus teaching both them and their followers submission and patience under affliction. Jesus Christ had borne the sins of the Jewish people and had put to an end blood sacrifices for ever. He taught His disciples that the persecution He suffered would also follow them. His spirit had ascended to God, but His Church remained on earth subject to all the hatred of the unconverted world.

One important part of the ceremony was the binding a scarlet fillet around the head of this second goat when he was conducted away from the Temple, hooted at with execration, and stoned until he was lost to sight in the wilderness. The High Priest kept a portion of this scarlet fillet in the Temple, with the belief that it would become white if the corresponding fillet on the fugitive goat had done so, as a signal that the Almighty had forgiven their iniquities. The quotations from the Talmud which I gave in the catalogue preserve particulars of the manner in which this Israelitish rite was conducted at the date of Christ's ministry; that it was so conducted at a much earlier date is suggested by the passage in Isaiah: "Though your sins be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The general tenor of the Epistles accords with the reading that the new Church was to endure evil when Christ had departed, just as the innocent goat did after the sacrifice of the first goat. This is more exactly conveyed in the symbol of St. John in the Book of Revelation, in which the Christian Church is represented by the woman bearing a child, confronted by the "Great Red Dragon" who strives to devour it; but the child being caught up into heaven, the woman takes flight into the wilderness, into which the dragon pursues her with a flood cast out of his mouth. The whole image is a perfect one of the persecution and trials borne by the Apostolic Church, and perhaps by the Church, as subtly understood, to this day; and it can scarcely be doubted that the driving

away of the Scapegoat into the wilderness, pursued by a flood of execrations, was a type in the evangelist's mind when he wrote the Apocalypse. Of necessity there must ever be a limit in such comparisons. The repetition of the ceremony year by year was relied upon to explain the undying atonement brought to the Jewish people by the vicarious expiation wrought by the sin-laden goat when driven into the wilderness.

The following quotations will show in what temper the press was disposed to encourage the art patrons of the day to welcome my picture :—

Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of the "Scapegoat" is disappointing, although there is no doubt much power in it. The distance is given well, the colour is very good, the mountains are lovingly painted ; in the eye of the Scapegoat, too, as it comes to drink of the waters of the Dead Sea, there is a profound feeling, but altogether the scene is not impressive, and were it not for the title annexed it would be rather difficult to divine the nature of the subject. A much more successful work of Pre-Raphaelite art is one near it by a young artist named Burton, etc. etc.—*Times*, May 3, 1856.

At the R.A. Banquet the picture which perhaps arrested the most general attention was Mr. Hunt's "Scapegoat," the scene of which is taken from Oosdoom, on the margin of the salt-incrusted shallows of the Dead Sea, and has the massive mountain range of Edom as a background. The power with which the artist has succeeded in conveying on his canvas the awful sense of desolation consonant with this fine Scripture subject was the theme of eloquent eulogy on the part of more than one member of the Episcopal bench. The impression produced on other beholders by this striking work, however complimentary to the skill of the painter, did not repress the lively wit of a very distinguished legislator who excited some merriment by his good-humoured *bon mot* suggested by the recollections of a recent Parliamentary debate, that Mr. Hunt's picture was an excellent portrait of Lord Strafford de Redcliffe.—*Times*, May 5, 1856.

The Pre-Raphaelites are few in number, are not much more than usually schismatic, and aim more at breadth than even finish.

"The Scapegoat" (398), by Mr. Hunt, is a picture from which much has been expected, not merely from the original feeling of

the painter, but from its being a Scripture subject, and one the scene of which is laid in a spot of prophetic and awful desolation, where it was actually painted. It was one of Wilkie's theories that Scripture scenes should be painted in the Holy Land, a theory which Raphael and some others are quite sufficient to disprove. We do not, however, find fault with the desires of realisation which at the present day, either from a wish for novelty or from a tendency to idealised materialism, is grown almost a passion with our young artists and poets. The question is simply this, here is a dying goat which as a mere goat has no more interest for us than the sheep that furnished our yesterday's dinner; but it is a type of the Saviour, says Mr. Hunt, and quotes the Talmud. Here we join issue, for it is impossible to paint a goat, though its eyes were upturned with human passion, that could explain any allegory or hidden type. The picture, allowing this then, may be called a solemn, sternly painted representation of a grand historical scene (predominant colours purple and yellow), with an appropriate animal in the foreground. We shudder, however, in anticipation at the dreamy fantasies and the deep allegories which will be deduced from this figure of a goat in difficulties. . . . Though not swept in very boldly, brute grief was never more powerfully expressed. We need no bishops to tell us that the scene is eminently solemn. . . . Still the goat is but a goat, and we have no right to consider it an allegorical animal of which it can bear no external marks. Of course the salt may be sin and the sea sorrow, and the clouds eternal rebukings of pride, and so on, but we might spin these fancies from anything, from an old wall, a centaur's beard, or a green duck pool. For delicacy of detail we should mention the love of painting displayed in the clefts of the mountains which are photographically studied. Though the effects are strong, with the green water and yellow sky, we do not quarrel with them because they are probably strictly true to the scene, however strange and apparently unnatural.—*Athenæum*, 1856, p. 589.

No. 398, "The Scapegoat," by W. H. Hunt. This work has been placed prominently before the public on the line, and the painter, as one of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, has attracted some share of public interest. It will be necessary to inquire into the merits of the work. The scene, we are told, was painted at Oosdoom on the margin of the salt-incrusted shallows of the Dead Sea, and the mountains closing the horizon are those of Edom. The subject of the picture is simply a white goat wandering exhausted and thirsty amid the salt deposit on the shore. . . . The animal is an extremely forbidding specimen of the capriform-

ous races, and does not seem formed to save its life by a flight of a hundred yards. If narrative and perspicuity be of any value in art, these qualities are entirely ignored here. There is nothing allusive to the ceremony of the Atonement, save the fillet of wool on the goat's horns, and this is not sufficiently important to reveal the story of the scapegoat. There is nothing to connect the picture with sacred history. There is no statement, no version of any given fact; a goat is here, and that is all. The ceremonies to which it is intended to refer, but does not, must be read in the Talmud. Had the picture been exhibited as affording a specimen of a certain kind of goat from the hair of which the Edomites manufactured a very superb shawl fabric, there is nothing in the work to gainsay this. It might be hung in the Museum of the Zoological Gardens as a portrait of an animal that lived happily and died lamented. There is nothing in the work to contradict it. The artist went to the Dead Sea to paint the scene, but there is nothing there so red and blue as the mountains of Edom. The only point in the picture that has any interest at all is the deposit of salt. This is interesting if the representation is true; for ourselves we have often heard of this, but we have never seen anything like a truthful picture of it. The picture demands no more elaborate criticism than this, notwithstanding it attracts scores of gazers. It is useless for any good purpose, meaning nothing, and therefore teaching nothing, although it exhibits large capabilities idly or perniciously wasted.—*Art Journal*, 1856, p. 170.

Mr. Millais must have been staying at the village which Goldsmith immortalises as "Sweet *Auburn*, loveliest village of the *plain*," for plain people with red hair seem this year his idiosyncrasy. About all his pictures there is a red-haired inflammatory atmosphere very eccentric and unpleasing. Though true to texture, his drawing is now frequently coarse and careless, his colour treacly and harsh, and his shadows are heavy and disturbed. As usual he displays powers of original and poetical thought, but does not resort to violent contrasts or forced situations. He paints as if in defiance of his opponents much broader, and attempts to hit the popular tastes by selecting subjects of the day, one picture being a war scene, and another referring to the peace.

His best and most original personation, his smallest and least cared for, is entitled "The Child of the Regiment" (553). . . . Very exquisite is this little gem of a thought. Would that we could say as much of that disagreeable pretentious "Peace Concluded" (200). The thought in this is commonplace. . . . "The Blind Girl" (586) is another study of red hair, and really

coming after the "Rest," rather excites our gall. . . . We must protest, however, against sweetmeat rainbows of lollipop colours, raw green fields, and lace-up boots ostentatiously large. . . . "The Cavalier and Puritan" (413) by Mr. Burton is the most remarkable Pre-Raphaelite picture in this year's Exhibition. . . . This is distinctly a step forward with Pre-Raphaelitism, because it is a combination of Dutch detail and Italian breadth in a modern poetical subject of the painter's own invention, and one of universal passion and interest.—*Athenæum*, 1856, p. 590.

The Pre-Raphaelites deserve to be noticed by themselves. Millais contributes several works of very various merit. The best is "Autumn Leaves" girls burning these leaves—and here may at once be seen the advance made in his style. Compare the leaves with the straw in the ark of several years ago. There every straw was painted with a minuteness which it was painful to follow. Here the leaves are given with great truth and force, but the treatment is much more general and the work more vapid. Throughout all his works the same increasing insipidity of touch may be seen; but in all of them will not be seen colour as good as in this work or expression so true. All his subjects this year are children, and he has caught their little ways and looks with wonderful ease. The "Portrait of a Gentleman" is capital, "The Blind Girl" is painful, "The Child of the Regiment" is sweet, the "Peace" is very bad and very good. The textures here are rendered with great skill, the children, too, are very life-like — the right arm of the girl in black, the dog too is good, with its one eye turning to look at the spectator, but the principal figures are very bad, and the whole meaning poor. The symbols of the lion and the bear, and so forth, are very puerile. The lady is holding on we know not how, and the gentleman is shaking her hand we know not why. — *Times*, May 3, 1856.

Millais' pictures all attracted great attention, and Ruskin in his *Notes* praised "Peace" beyond limit.

My "Scapegoat" began its new career in a gratifying place on the line. At the Royal Academy it was whispered there had been great opposition to this favourable treatment, but Mr. Cope, who was on the Council, generously championed the picture, and would not yield to any proposal on the part of its detractors that it should be put up high. This being a secret, I was never able to thank

my good protector. The price of the picture was 450 guineas, with copyright reserved. From the first it won great attention, on the opening day many members and amateurs manifested their interest in the scene and in the subject, but no one offered to buy it. After a month Sir Robert Peel wrote to me saying that he would give me £250 for it, and that it should be hung in his gallery pendant to a picture by Landseer; but the reader will understand how impossible it would have been for me to go on living on such a system of business as that on which my acceptance of the terms would have been based.

CHAPTER V

1855–1856

Accepting all that happens and all that is allowed as coming from thence, wherever it is from whence he himself came. — MARCUS AURELIUS.

This is the everlasting duty of all men, black or white, who are born into this world. To do competent work, to labour honestly according to the ability given them ; for that and for no other purpose was each one of us sent into this world ; and woe is to every man who, by friend or by foe, is prevented from fulfilling this the end of his being.—CARLYLE.

Cock, cock, cock, cock, cock, cockchafer,
If you won't come, I won't have you.

Child's Rhyme.

LEIGHTON, it will be remembered, had appeared (from study in various continental cities) as a comet, but at once took up his course here as a planet. I gathered from my friends that on his arrival in 1855 the Academicians had been glad to hail his "Cimabue" with loud appreciation, the more because its continentalism separated it from Pre-Raphaelite pictures. Influenced by the glowing accounts of his last work, I looked with the greater attention at his painting of "Orpheus and Eurydice" in 1856, and I found much to admire in it as an indication of the author's power, but I was in a minority in most society circles, where it was declared to be a decline from the promise of the previous year.

On Leighton's arrival in London from Rome, Berlin, and Paris, the young architect Cockerell invited me to meet him at a bachelor dinner. I was charmed with the new painter's graceful and easy air ; it was that of a happy youth who had been ever surrounded by idolising friends, a youth who had never suffered the rubs of life, and so had absolute happy confidence in himself. This spirit offended many who had approached him with the strongest disposition in his favour. Had he had nothing behind his happy self-assurance I too should have perhaps felt disenchanted enough to smile, but I had seen that which made me recognise full warrant for his handsome estimate of his powers, and this, with his acquirements and good looks, of a kind that grew ever more dignified with age, inspired me with an affection for him which I never lost, notwithstanding occasional frank differences between us. His genius, seen in his work, gave me continual delight, the free-handedness with which he was able to keep up the campaign against public prejudice, stubborn even to innovators of his suavity, made life seem the easier.

With fast increasing pressure I had to take counsel with myself as to my course. The small original sketch of " The Light of the World " was but little advanced. I could complete this from the finished picture without expense or time spent in arrangement, or in the search for materials, so that now the picture having won reputation, I should be certain of not having to wait for a purchaser of the smaller painting. My friends at Oxford were ever hospitable and helpful, so I went to them, and worked from the picture day by day.

While I was thus engaged, the Member of Parliament for the city determined to resign, and surprised all by bringing down Thackeray as ambitious to stand in his place. They addressed a public meeting and issued the usual placards, which advertised Thackeray's Liberal principles. Mr. Combe was a determined Conservative, but his wife, while echoing his political sentiments, mollified

FREDERICK LEIGHTON, AGED 21, BY HIMSELF.

her spouse towards the author, by her ardent appreciation of Colonel Newcome, and I dwelt upon the greatness of Thackeray's teaching and influence, which was taken approvingly; I accordingly wrote to tell him that my friends, although not of his party, were personally inclined towards him, and that it might be prudent for him to call with a view to gaining their support. The next morning the cards of the retiring and the proposed member were brought up to me in the absence of both my hosts. I reported Mr. Combe as a lover of painting and a patron of Millais, Collins, and myself, and at their request I showed them the pictures of the house. Thackeray then asked, "What are you doing here?" I returned, "I am working at the first study of an original picture of mine." "Where is it?" said he, and on their expressing interest, I led them to my painting-room. When in front of the easel there was silence, which awakened in me bashful regret at my invitation. "Ah me!" he pondered aloud, "I assume that we must regard this painting to be your *magnum opus*." The words were not unkindly intended; had I been in better spirits and not afraid of want of eloquence, I might have asked him to explain his sentiments on the picture unreservedly. I winced under the suspicion that he regarded the work as prompted by narrow sectarianism or insincerity, and I was ashamed that he who had taught me so much should think me capable of either feeling. Mr. Combe firmly refused his vote to the Liberal side, and the majority of electors were too slow to appreciate the great teacher.

After a full month's strenuous labour my task was done. Before the end, my good mentor, Mr. Combe, in our evening walks on Port Meadow, talked much about the difficulty of my monetary position, and urged that I was wrong in not soliciting election by the Royal Academy. Three years before, as a refutation to the provoked suspicion that our movement was intentionally inimical to

that Institution, Millais and I had put down our names. In the election of 1852 both of us were passed over; I had not expected election, but my compeer was at first very indignant, and wrote to me at Fairlight to declare that he would never have anything more to do with the Body. I knew he was likely to go about declaring this intention, so I wrote immediately, saying that while after the "Ophelia" and the "Huguenot" it was monstrous that his claim should be overlooked, it was most desirable he should not hastily make so important a resolve; that he knew I would always support him in an independent course if after deliberation it seemed to him wise, but I felt strongly we ought to take full time to consider the matter before we declared any such intention. A second letter from him crossed mine on the way, saying that Mr. Leslie had called, explaining that it was the rule against admitting any candidate under twenty-four that had prevented Millais from being elected, and that he was sure to be chosen the next year, whereupon he said he was appeased. In 1853 he was made a member, and our combined school loyalty having been thus expressed, I did not again become a candidate.

The unjust treatment of Millais by the hanging committee in the first year after his Associateship, and the determined bitterness of the Academy against our disciples, had convinced me that the Institution, conferring as it did life-memberships, enabled those of the Body whose first reputation was never justified by later productions, to strengthen a scheming minority whose interest it was to keep the prestige of the Institution for their own advantage, and to delay for years, and sometimes for ever, the acceptance of artists of independent power, so that it became a solid hindrance to the best interests of art.

When the Academy had first been founded, the full number of sixty members could not be made up from British artists, and it was supplemented by many foreigners.

At that date, therefore, there remained no able outsiders aggrieved. The numbers of the profession since then had increased so much that the institution now contained only a section of competent English artists. In every respect a revision of the original laws was needed, especially as to lifelong membership. When a single large-minded artist was elected, his attempts at reform were resolutely ignored. It was proved that a healthy renovation, to suit altered circumstances, could not come from within, for the hinderers of progress were too numerous. Maclise and E. M. Ward had taken the first opportunity at a Council to lay down their views as to the necessary alteration to be made, but their motions had been received in blank astonishment and the question whether there was "any further business to discuss," so that all would-be reformers ceased to bestir themselves. Linnell's example, with that of others, had been of good service to us, for they had gained public regard despite the enmity of the Institution, and had quietly gone on exhibiting at the Academy, leading courageous patrons to feel that election to the Body was not the only stamp of superiority. For these reasons I wished to remain an outsider, hoping that in some way I might thus, with the help of others, do a wholesome service to the profession. Further talk on the question with Mr. Combe proceeded thus :—

"You remember how they treated Millais with his 'Fireman' last year ; their behaviour proved how little his election was a mark of their repentance or of any change in them, beyond a conviction of the need of separating us, the active Pre-Raphaelites. I would not imply that any of the members are intentionally dishonest ; on the contrary, many are men of high honour, but an Institution so entirely unchecked in the exercise of power was not framed for ordinary humanity, least of all for men who find constant difficulty in obtaining support for themselves and their families by their profession. Yet it is impossible to ignore the enormous advantage of

Ponte Vecchio.

membership in a pecuniary sense to either competent or incompetent artists."

Mr. Combe, knowing this, and also how slow the world of patrons was in getting reconciled to my new work, strongly argued with me against my resolution of holding aloof from the Academy. The matter was not settled until the eve of the last day of July, and as the morrow was the final day for applicants to the Institution to subscribe their names, my good friend pressed me not to let the opportunity pass. It was undeniable that I could not afford to court the perpetuation of my difficulties, so I undertook to go to town in the morning to enrol myself for the winter election.

There were many other affairs I had to attend to; when I arrived at the clerk's office of the Royal Academy it was nearly striking four, and the official, to my surprise (although I knew he was a very masterful underling), was shutting up his door. To my request for attention he declared that it was too late, and refused to take my name. I would not bandy arguments with him, but at once set off to Mr. Knight, the secretary, who was fortunately at home. I acquainted him with the clerk's refusal, and told him that the man had objected that it was too near four o'clock for further business. Mr. Knight, glancing at his watch, interjected, "Why, it is now only a few minutes past four, the clerk's excuse is unjustifiable," and he at once promised that my name should be inscribed, adding pleasantly that he could say sincerely that he hoped I should be elected.

Independently of the contentment felt at having acted on the advice of a good friend with sound practical judgment, I was glad that I had put to the test the estimate which the Academy set upon my claim to recognition. I had now nothing further to do in this matter than to wait for the result of the election several months later. When the Exhibition was just closing,

I received a communication from Mr. Windus that he would buy "The Scapegoat" for 450 guineas, if I would forego my claim to the copyright, and this I agreed to do.

I had been continually hearing of Watts' personality from friends, but so far I had not seen him. A common acquaintance brought me a cordial invitation from him to come to his studio. It was a wonderful home in which he lived, both for its surroundings and its inmates. It had, in Addison's days, been a farmhouse, but as London had come near to it the farmer had gone further afield, and its closeness to town had made it a delectable family home. A still-remembered duel, in which one combatant had been killed, occurred in the beginning of the century in the handsomely elmed grounds. The present occupant, Mr. Prinsep, had been there a few years on his retirement from official life in India, but he still served as a Director of the East India Company. Watts had been brought there when he was ill, to be nursed into health by the impulsive kindness of the hostess, and he became so great a favourite with all the family that he built a studio and remained. At the time of my visit he had two painting-rooms, and a third in course of building. It was indeed a delight to see a painter of the day with such dream-like opportunities and powers of exercising his genius. It was more than a happy combination, for one may safely assert that nowhere else in England would it have been possible to enter a house with such a singular variety of beautiful persons inhabiting it. The sisters of the lady were seen in all their dignified beauty in Watts' fine portraits, and other beautiful sitters had been attracted to his studio, as was witnessed by their delightful portraits upon his walls.

At the date of my visit the beautiful Emma Brandling, afterwards Lady Lilford, was a cherished guest. I had known her brother, Henry Brandling, as a student at the Academy, and I had heard Charley Collins speak of

her with worship. The father of this young lady had made a noble sacrifice of his wealth by supporting George Stephenson in the expenses of his sturdy struggle to be allowed to endow the world with his beneficent invention. A portrait by Watts of the lady at that time will prove how much admiration of her grace was justified. Watts' likenesses were not *flattered*, a phrase which always means that the real strength and character are taken out, no peculiarity was softened down, the very fulness of personality was given; but it was the incarnation of the soul rather than the accidental aspect. The drawing of heads, such as that of Mr. Wright of Manchester, of Layard, and others, now in the National Collection, which were then on his walls, are not second to those of the greatest painters, Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, or Vandyck, the great English portraitist. In respect to his fulness of rendering of the human form, I was fain to regard Watts as an ideal Pre-Raphaelite.

He soon came to see my oft retarded picture. I felt ashamed of its smallness, but he had the catholicity of interest for other work than his own that all true artists retain.

On leaving Little Holland House I was cordially urged by Mrs. Prinsep to repeat my visit, and on doing so I became acquainted with her sisters. Mrs. Cameron was perhaps the most perseveringly demonstrative in the disposition to cultivate the society of men of letters and of art; her husband, like Mr. Prinsep, was an East India Director.

One day when Woolner and I happened to be going to dine at Combehurst on Wimbledon Common, Mrs. Cameron kindly asked us to stay on our way at her house at Roehampton, as "the great Tennyson" was there; there could be no stronger attraction, as I had repeatedly been prevented from meeting him. Woolner's admirably executed medallion sketch had led me to expect a man of somewhat haughty bearing, but he whom I met

was markedly unostentatious and modest in his mien, as though from the first courting trustfulness; his head was nobly poised on his grand columnar neck, rarely held erect, but inclined towards whomever he addressed with unaffected attention; he was swarthy of complexion, his black hair hanging in curls over his domed head; he had a great girth of shoulder, resembling many a Syrian Arab I had met. As I entered he turned and said, with a ring of simple cordiality, slowly, in sonorous voice, "I have been wanting to know you for some while. I am told that you never received my letter thanking you for the Latakia tobacco which you bought at Baalbec from the farmer who had grown and dried it. I felt I wanted to recognise your kindness of thinking of me and to say what good flavour the tobacco had. The letter had my name outside and should not have miscarried. I was always interested in your paintings, and lately your illustrations to my poems have strongly engaged my attention!" After some general talk he said, "I must now ask why did you make the Lady of Shalott, in the illustration, with her hair wildly tossed about as if by a tornado?"

Rather perplexed, I replied that I had wished to convey the idea of the threatened fatality by reversing the ordinary peace of the room and of the lady herself; that while she recognised that the moment of the catastrophe had come, the spectator might also understand it.

"But I didn't say that her hair was blown about like that. Then there is another question I want to ask you. Why did you make the web wind round and round her like the threads of a cocoon?"

"Now," I exclaimed, "surely that may be justified, for you say—

> Out flew the web and floated wide;
> The mirror crack'd from side to side;

a mark of the dire calamity that had come upon her."

But Tennyson broke in, "But I did not say it floated round and round her." My defence was, "May I not urge that I had only half a page on which to convey the impression of weird fate, whereas you use about fifteen pages to give expression to the complete idea?" But Tennyson laid it down that "an illustrator ought never to add anything to what he finds in the text." Then leaving the question of the fated lady, he persisted, "Why did you make Cophetua leading the beggar maid up a flight of steps? I never spoke of a flight of steps."

"Don't you say—

> In robe and crown
> The King stepped down,
> To meet and greet her
> On her way.

Does not the old ballad originally giving the story say something clearly to this effect? If so, I claim double warrant for my interpretation. I feel that you do not enough allow for the difference of requirements in our two arts. In mine it is needful to trace the end from the beginning in one representation. You can dispense with such a licence. In both arts it is essential that the meaning should appear clear and strong. Am I not right?"

"Yes," he said, "but I think the illustrator should always adhere to the words of the poet!"

"Ah, if so, I am afraid I was not a suitable designer for the book." This I said playfully, when he returned, "You don't mind my having spoken my conviction so frankly?" To which I replied that I was only too honoured by his having treated me thus candidly.

When I returned to town after my Oxford work, I found the Brownings had come to London, and soon Gabriel and I were invited to spend the evening with them. When the appointed hour approached I had a return of ague upon me, but I would not allow myself

to lose the opportunity of meeting the poet; he and his wife were extremely unaffected and genial. Browning was taller than he had been described to me, perhaps about five feet six, robust and hearty in his tone of interest in all questions discussed, but I felt some self-reproach in so faintly recognising in him the stamp of a man as elevated above his fellows as his noblest poems proved him to be.

Mrs. Browning was also small, and, with this, fragile; she betrayed nervous anxiety in her eager manner, so that the supersensitive tenor of her poems seemed fitly embodied in her. Her hair was brought forward in ringlets on her face in a manner quite out of fashion, and thus helped to make one feel that she disregarded all changes of mode since her youth. The special interest of the evening was the production of a poem by their son, aged about six, the subject Leighton's picture of "Orpheus and Eurydice." It was, even taking the child's parentage into consideration, a wonderful example of precocity.

Gabriel seemed throughout the evening over apt to break in with jocular interruption to the conversation, as though claiming proprietorship in the company present; it was easy to yield to him in this whim, since it happened that we were all his debtors for the first knowledge of the works of our new friends.

Soon after my concession to the prejudices of fortune in becoming a candidate for Royal Academy membership, my dear father, who had become enfeebled of late by the worry caused by legal but inequitable claims connected with the property he had bought, suddenly determined to go to the seaside for his usual holiday. The resolution was so immediately acted upon, that it was decided he should go alone, and that my mother should follow the next day; it happened that a thunderstorm, which had ever had a fascination for him, was at its full force when he arrived at Folkestone; he learnt that a ship was in the agonies of wreck on the rocks, and deciding on

a lodging only to deposit his luggage, hastened to the cliffs, where he stood in the pelting rain for hours, entranced by the tragic spectacle ; returning to shelter he felt cold, and, refusing food, went to bed. On my mother's arrival the next morning he was feverish, and the doctor's verdict was that he had contracted inflammation of the lungs ; he returned to town seriously ill, and despite the constant and kind attention of Sir Richard Quain, we soon had to recognise that he was past all human aid.

While in attendance upon my father, I was gratified by a declaration from him that he was at last thoroughly satisfied that my independent course in adopting my profession was justified. "I had hoped to see you with a substantial fortune before you in the city," he said, "but you have proved your passion for art to be so strong, that you work even against unforeseen difficulties ; this shows it is your natural occupation. Your profession provides fortunes but for few. I had hoped to see some indication by now that you would be one of these, but your pictures evidently do not meet the taste that is in vogue with picture-buyers, and you spend so much thought, time, and money upon them, that what would be a good price for the works of most others is but poor payment for you." All I could do was to assure him that I was certain of my course, and that his confidence made me accept the penalty with patience and without fear, and I thanked him for the admission, that the anxiety I had caused him had not been wantonly or idly given, and conjured him not to fret about the prospects of the family. I watched him until his life ebbed away, and he sank in peaceful spirit into his last sleep.

About the end of the season, Seddon called upon me to ask advice about a new idea of his that he should return to the East, to make use of the knowledge he had acquired there for the painting of landscape, as the most likely means of enabling him to secure reputation. I had no doubt that the plan was the best that offered for him. He left soon after, and we heard of his arrival

at Alexandria and his advance to Cairo, whence he wrote to me of plans he had made, but soon news came of an attack of dysentery, and then came an interval of no letters, followed by his death. Great sympathy was expressed for the widow and child, and Rossetti proposed that each of his painter friends should take up one of the unfinished works of the deceased, and bring it to completion. Brown, with generous enthusiasm, put this proposal into execution on a very embryonic painting of Penelope, but the other pictures were left without additional work, partly, perhaps, because most of them could be finished only in the East. As I was hard pressed by my own work and had given time to complete a water-colour of his when he left Syria so suddenly in 1854, I did not take part in this work. A meeting was held, at which Lord Goodrich presided, and Ruskin made an address at the Society of Arts, in which, misled as to the true workman, he said that while beforehand he had only regarded Seddon as a landscape painter of great promise, he now saw by the "Penelope" that he was also a great figure painter; this was the prelude to much generous laudation of Seddon's landscapes; it was resolved to appeal to the public for subscriptions as a testimonial to Thomas Seddon. A sum of £600 was collected, and out of this £400 was voted for the purchase of a picture of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives.

It was impossible for me to attain the object, according to my father's wish, of teaching my sister to paint in my bachelor home at Pimlico. I had, therefore, to find a fresh house. J. C. Hook was giving up the class of Venetian subjects which he had hitherto executed with grace of form and sweetness of colour; he now devoted himself to landscape and seascape, and for these he proposed to live in the country. His house on Campden Hill was now to let, and I determined to take it, in pursuance of Sir William Gull's advice, after curing me of Syrian fever, that I should always live on high ground.

I sent the finished replica of "The Light of the World" to an exhibition at Boston, undertaken by a collector of Turner drawings much spoken of by Ruskin; my picture was sold for 300 guineas.

At a dinner to which Lady Goodrich was kind enough to invite me, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were amongst the guests, accompanied by Henry Bruce, afterwards Lord Aberdare, who had undertaken to draw out the Chelsea sage. There was a large company, some of whom I did not know. Mrs. Carlyle was the lady allotted to me. She sat on my left, and Carlyle was exactly opposite. Mrs. Carlyle assailed me for my opinion anent the marriage of Millais with Mrs. Ruskin; I defended him strenuously, saying that the lady had ceased to be Mrs. Ruskin by the nullification of her marriage as declared by the Scotch Court. Millais had not run away with her, I said, but had waited to claim her in her father's house, a full year after the day she left Ruskin. "If because husband and wife are not in accord they should separate, many marriages would be annulled," she argued.

I had not been able to turn to the lady on my right, nor had I been able to listen to the torrent of talk on the opposite side of the table, which proceeded almost exclusively from the modern seer.

When the ladies rose from table and we were again seated, I found that the man on my right was rather short, with thick black hair growing up, in what, from French Revolutionary times, was called the Brutus fashion; he sidled up to me, and in an undertone inquired if I knew the name of "the gentleman who talked so much." "Yes," I whispered, "he is Thomas Carlyle"; then after a short pause he inquired, "What does he do?" "He is the celebrated writer." At this my new friend muttered, "Ah, yes. He's the atheist!" "No," I corrected him, with voice directed low, "you are thinking of another man of the same name who has been dead some years. He was a professed atheist.

Thomas Carlyle says it is better to have Mumbo-Jumbo than no God at all." My interrogator then asked me to tell him what works Carlyle had written. I spoke of his translations from the German, of *The French Revolution*, of *The Life and Letters of Cromwell*, of *The Latter-day Pamphlets*. To satisfy his curiosity still further he drew himself up to scrutinise the object of his inquiry. At the moment Henry Bruce spoke across the table to my neighbour, "Sir Colin Campbell! my friend Mr. Carlyle is at the present time engaged upon a history in which acquaintance with military life is much called for. I am quite sure that if you would be good enough to recount to us some of your own adventures in the field, it would be of value to Mr. Carlyle, and of not less interest to the rest of us." This appeal helped me to identify my quiet neighbour, and I looked at him with suspense; his reply was curtly conclusive, "But I've nothing to tell."

"Sir Colin," returned Mr. Bruce, "it is reported in the history of your campaign in the Peshawur district, that when in command of 700 men you had marched through a defile and had debouched into the plain, you were suddenly informed that a force of 30,000 native troops were only a couple of hours behind you, and that they were hastening to destroy your company. You then, it is said, immediately turned your troops about and made them scale the heights and march unseen until you were in the rear of your enemy, and then you, to their great dismay, appeared on the heights and surprised them by a bold descent on to their rear. The enemy, concluding that there must be a large army in front, were seized by sudden panic, became confused and disordered, and were then quickly defeated by your small contingent. Now, may I ask whether this account of your action is correct?"

Sir Colin Campbell had no choice but to reply in some form; while all were intent on listening he simply said, "Well, there was nothing else to do."

The persevering Mr. Bruce could make nothing more out of the taciturn hero. He then appealed to Carlyle to say what he thought of Froude's defence of Henry VIII. in his *History of England.*

"For that matter," replied the Chelsea philosopher, "I cannot say much, for I have not yet read it, but I've always esteemed Henry to be a much maligned man. When I look into that broad yeoman-built face and see those brave blue eyes of his, as they are seen in the Holbein portrait, I must conclude that an honest soul resided within his sturdy body." Raising his voice then to a treble, he continued, "He certainly had much trouble with his wives. I won't pretend to decide anything for or against his divorce from Katherine, or the execution of the others; whether or not they deserved it depends upon evidence that I have not seen: this is a personal matter; but the great charge against the man is, that he had seventy thousand men hung for no ostensible crime whatever, merely because they were rogues and vagabonds. Now that seems like a serious incrimination, but then we have to consider the state of the country at the time. Until thirty years before the whole country had only a waste population ready to be engaged on one side or the other of the York and Lancaster wars, to cut one another's throats. Such a national fury it is difficult to quench. Stalwart rascals were roving about, ready to do any unholy thing, and a good ruler was bound to eradicate marauders of all kinds. Henry would not tolerate them. He ordained that any man brought up who could not prove that he gained his living by useful work should be branded with a hot iron, and for a second offence ordered straight off to the gallows."

Carlyle's emphasis had gradually subsided, but again he raised his voice, saying, "If any one here would like to come to me at Chelsea to-morrow morning I would undertake to lead him to a spot, a hundred yards from my door, where we should find thirty vagabonds leaning

against the rail which divides the river from the road, and although these men have never been, as far as I know, convicted of any particular crime whatever, I will not hesitate to affirm that they would be all the better for hanging, both for their own sakes and for every one concerned. Now, if you'll consider with me that I am only pointing out the case of one particular parish in London, or a part of it, and if you will calculate the number of parishes there are in the metropolis alone, and then extend your view over the whole country, you will agree that seventy thousand men was not by any means an extravagant number of irredeemable ne'er-do-wells whose suppression was put down to poor Henry's evil account." The silent guest, the slayer of hundreds in open warfare, who had interrogated me, stared with wide eyes at the eloquent talker as he condemned this number of hapless men to death, while in fact he would never have killed a fly. Underlying all his idea of justice was the law that if a man will not work neither shall he live. The judgment upon the negro question in Jamaica was actuated by this feeling, and he seemed more impelled to enforce the principle, because there were many *doctrinaires* prating that men should be encouraged to regard labour as a degrading affliction rather than an ennobling blessing. It was the more interesting to me to remember the above colloquy, when a few months later Sir Colin Campbell was called upon by the Government to go out and "do," when "there was nothing else to do," what he did in quelling the Indian Mutiny.

Every time I visited Oxford I heard more of the sensation Rossetti was making there. Ruskin was taking the responsibility of directing the architect Woodward, who, with his partner Deane, was engaged in building the new Museum, and it was still said that Rossetti would return to Oxford to paint some of the walls. But as the building was not yet ready, and the rooms of the Union built by the same architects were advanced to the stage at which the bare walls were temptingly

smooth and white, Rossetti had volunteered to paint upon them the story of King Arthur with no other charge but for the materials. Arthur Hughes was helping him in this enterprise. It was in character with Rossetti's sanguine enthusiasm that he induced many undergraduates, with little or no previous training, to undertake to cover certain spaces. Edward Burne Jones, William Morris, and Spencer Stanhope were persuaded to take part in the work, the last only, having had any preliminary training. I saw my name inscribed on a fine blank panel, and nothing would have delighted me more than to have contributed my share to the decorations, but I had too many stronger claims to allow me to undertake this mural work. Some of those connected with the Council of the Union, I heard, saw little to be grateful for in the generosity of the young decorators, and expressed themselves discourteously; perhaps it was this, coming to Rossetti's ears, that disenchanted him with his design, for he left it abruptly half-finished and returned to town, refusing all allurements of Ruskin and others to carry it further. Without previous experience of wall-painting, and disregarding the character of the pigments, the work of the group was doomed to change and perish speedily, and nothing of it now remains. Rossetti had lighted upon remarkable undergraduates of great genius, to which choice band was added Swinburne of poetic genius.

Calling one day on Gabriel at his rooms in Blackfriars, I saw, sitting at a second easel, an ingenuous and particularly gentle young man whose modest bearing and enthusiasm at once charmed. He was introduced to me as Jones, and was called "Ned."

Although what Rossetti had painted at Oxford had not pleased the persons most immediately concerned, his reputation grew there with those reputed to be connoisseurs in taste. The fame that his poetry had won for him enlarged the faith in his art powers. His five or six years of seniority over his disciples gave him a voice

of authority over them, and Ruskin's ever-increasing praise perhaps did more than all in spreading the idea of what his brother calls his "leadership." Retirement, therefore, from the outward struggle was no longer a disadvantage, but a boundless gain to him, for when any uninitiated commentator on the works of Millais, which appeared year by year, expressed his opinion about the progress of our reform movement, he was at once told that what Millais or any other had done towards it was only a vulgar reflection of Rossetti's purpose, that Rossetti disapproved of public exhibition, and that his studio could be visited only by a favoured few.

From this time he avoided Millais, Woolner, and myself to a degree that proved to be more than unstudied. Woolner did not accept this new attitude passively. He told me that on the occasion of a walk with Gabriel in the fields at Hampstead the latter spoke of his position so much as that of originator or head of the Brotherhood that Woolner, although, in allusion to his mediævalism, he had habitually addressed him as the "Arch Pre-Raphaelite," said, "I wasn't going to humour his seriously making such a preposterous claim, so I told him that it was against all the known facts of the case. At which he became moody and displeased, and so went home alone." This is a sad page of my record, but in friendly combinations for a particular object such revulsions from harmony, which could not have been foreseen, are in accordance with the experience of all ages.

In furnishing my new house I was determined, as far as possible, to eschew the vulgar furniture of the day. Articles for constant practical use were somewhat regulated by necessity; but in the living rooms I could exercise control. For ordinary seats Windsor chairs satisfied me, but I kept these in countenance by a handsome arm-chair of old English form, and devised an ornamental scroll and shield, with my monogram to give it individuality. A more independent effort

R. Spencer Stanhope.

THE MILL POND.

was the designing of a chair, based on the character of an Egyptian stool in the British Museum, to serve as a permanent piece of beautiful furniture. All these were excellently made by Messrs. Crace ; to these was added the sideboard given by my generous friend, Augustus Egg, in recognition of my love of pure form in furniture. In course of time I added to these a Portuguese cabinet and a Spanish one for my studio. I had here to restrain further expenditure, still, I had done as much as I could to prove my theory that the designing of furniture is the legitimate work of the artist. When I showed my small group of household joys to my P.R.B. friends the contagion spread, and Brown, who idolised the Egyptian chairs, set a carpenter to work to make some of similar proportions. In showing them he proposed to introduce his newly-found carpenter to me as a much more economical manufacturer than my own, able to make me a sadly-needed table. He offered his own excellent design for one, which, with a few substantial modifications, I gratefully accepted. After this the rage for designing furniture was taken up by others of our circle until the fashion grew to importance.

It was now evident that progress with "The Finding in the Temple" was to be in slow steps, for with my increased responsibilities I had to busy myself with any small replica work that dealers were waiting to take. One welcome boon was the sale of the copyright of "Claudio and Isabella" for two hundred pounds, which gave me breathing space for a short time.

The bachelor parties organised by Henry Vaux, the Assyriologist, were of value, not alone for their entertainment, but also in the opportunity they afforded to meet so many of the men who were marked out as the peaceful soldiers of the coming era, and who in one way or the other were emulous to engage in the campaign of the world, to bring in fuller knowledge, wisdom, and refinement. We were all self-appointed, with little care how long deferred official recognition might be, or if it came

at all ; but we each had an earnest desire to be accepted by one another, and to decide who were the competitors bearing the credentials of mutual recognition. Music intoxicated us above selfish considerations. As the celestial rhythms of Purcell, Handel, Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin floated through the room, the notes breathed inspiration to pursuers of the higher ideals.

SIDEBOARD AND CHAIRS.

A life school had been started at Kensington, to meet three evenings a week ; the early list of members included Barlow, Augustus Egg, Frith, Leighton, Val Prinsep, John Phillip, to which the septuagenarian student, Mulready, was eventually added. Often at the beginning and end of each evening there was a good deal of "banter" between a member of the Academy who openly ridiculed the aims of our reform and myself ; one evening he reminded me that the Council of the Academy had met the previous

night to elect the new associates, and my playful railer undertook to supply news of the result. He spoke across the room thus, "I was very nigh last night doing you an injustice; in the list of candidates was the name of one Hunt,[1] and the question was started whether you were the painter named. I declared that I was sure it could not be so, as you had told me you regarded the elections as actuated by great prejudice and narrowness of spirit, and that you had instanced some artists who ought to have been elected, mentioning specially Ford Madox Brown, and that when I had asked whether you intended to compete you stated distinctly that you would not stand while he was left outside; after I had said this the voting proceeded and the choice fell upon others. The ballot was announced, and when all was supposed to be settled, Mr. Knight got up saying he had just learned that the voting had taken place with the understanding that the name of Hunt was not that of the Pre-Raphaelite, and that this was a mistake, because you had yourself left your name with him; on this it was decided the votes should be re-taken; it was done, but as you only gained one vote the result was all the same."

"It was four or five years ago," I replied, "when I spoke to you of Brown's claim, he then exhibited frequently at the Academy, he had been known since 1844 as an important artist; since 1852, when his picture of 'Christ washing Peter's Feet' was hung up near the ceiling, he has only appeared once at the Academy with a picture called 'Waiting,' three pictures that he sent in 1854 were rejected, and he has determined never to send again, or to desire the honours of the Academy. I have gone on steadily sending there, so the case in relation to Brown and myself is changed; however, the decision is in accord with the policy of the schemers in the Institution, who elected Millais to break up our combination. They would now keep me paying court to the Academy until I

[1] The admirable landscape painter, Alfred Hunt, was then only a new exhibitor.

had been induced to give up all originality. I am not made of such stuff, I shall not stand for election any more, unless the Academy be fundamentally reformed, ceasing to be introelective, with membership for life. Instead of this there should be proportionate control by the general profession, and a quinquennial curtailment of membership. Only with such differences could safety be obtained from the manœuvres of those members who know that their fortunes would be doomed by the admission of artists with original ideas. I do not underrate the Academy's power against outsiders, but at this time it is not quite what it used to be. With men like Linnell, Watts, Brown, Rossetti, and Leighton outside, I hope we shall be able to stand. I am grateful to the Academy for the benefits I received from it as a student, and I have great admiration for several of your members, but their little word has but weight against the intriguers within its walls, who pervert the honourable objects of the Institution. An Academy to justify its existence should lead public taste, not follow it."

My assailant here said, that he knew many who on being disappointed had declared that they would never again be candidates, but on the next opportunity had stood for election.

The result of my experiment as a candidate only made me more resolved patiently to go my own way, and trust for some good to come in the future, far or near, from my independence. What it might be I could not tell, but I still intended to follow the example of those outsiders who still exhibited at the Academy.

Were I to be silent about my rejection by the Academy it might be thought that I was anxious to have the world forget. In publishing it I disavow all sort of resentment against the body for their treatment of me. I had dared to think for myself and to make no promise of amendment; in punishing me they acted according to their light. Undoubtedly it made a great increase of trouble in the struggle to overcome the prejudice of patrons, but I had

the consolation through all of feeling that the value of the recognition which my works did or might gain from the public without the Academy's fashionable cachet was more likely to last and to increase in future days than it might do, did it come with encouragement from the powers in authority. I must run the risk of egoism in saying that I thought my claim a strong one. If I am wrong, later generations will justly silence my pretensions with forgetfulness. The unerring future not seldom reverses the verdict of the once-reigning world.

My application of 1856 was made after I had exhibited annually, with two exceptions, since 1845—that is nine times, and in some of these years I had contributed three and four pictures, most of which had attracted as much attention as any works exhibited. I had patiently taken severe treatment so long, that the rancour the Academy had indulged in early days might well have died out. It was not the majority of its members who entertained bitter hostility ; it was the crafty activity of about a dozen men, whose names would not now be recognised as those of artists at all, who directed it. Privately I was on friendly terms with many members. It was then necessary for candidates to offer their names annually. I continued to exhibit at the Academy for many years pictures not secured by dealers for special exhibition, and I did so until I found that the unwritten law was, "Love me all in all or not at all."

Plants which grow afield are scourged with frost and bleak winds and do not early captivate the eye, but when acclimatised, they blossom and bear full flavoured fruit, while the exotic plant is cold-stricken and dies, if the temperature of the conservatory is lost. Yet, as the art world was constituted, with all its prejudices, there could be no blinding one's eyes to the increasing difficulties of my present position. A new associate of the Academy immediately received an accession of demand for his works, and had I been distinguished by the badge of Academy favour, I could have counted upon the prejudice

against my work by rich collectors being turned into approval and patronage. My position now was like that of a huntsman pursued by wolves, having to throw away his belongings one by one to enable him to keep ahead of destruction.

all his contributions, and drove off with them in a cab. In balloting for new members the decisions were directed by prejudice—not against the candidate, but his nominator and supporters. Notwithstanding this dissension, the little exhibition was a very notable one. Burne-Jones there—for perhaps the first time in public—displayed his wonderful faculty of accomplished design in drawing and colour, and astonished all by his extraordinary advance since he had been in Gabriel's hands. Leighton here exhibited a pathetic and exquisite outline of a simple group composed of a deformed likeness of the Godhead mournfully looking up, as he passes by, at the statue of a beautiful Antinous, and oh, the pity of it!

Leighton had been placed originally, as he told me, under a German painter, whose portrait is in the Uffizzi. He considered that this pupilage had been a serious misfortune to him, which he had made great effort to counteract in his subsequent practice. What was the source of his later style was not explained. His first exhibited painting was distinctly continental, but it reflected the best type of the fashion abroad; and it would be difficult to point to his definite teacher, though, when Carbanel's works were seen, it was impossible not to feel that the same influence had affected both. The work of both may be classed as of courtly classical character. The party in the Academy which had been most hostile to our movement at first greeted his work with loud acclamation of praise, but noting that the continuance of this generosity would involve them in danger of another innovation on their humdrum domains, they bestirred themselves to oppose him also, and when these circumventing members were in power they treated Leighton's contributions in a manner that would prevent them from attracting attention. His pictures for a few years were unequal, and occasionally he fell below the level of his first work. Yet while feeling for new possibilities he never lost his way. His power might be compared to that of an elegant yacht of dainty and finished capacity

The Tuscan Straw Plaiter.

for pleasure service, without pretensions to serve as a transport carrying men bent on tragic purpose, but one to sail among summer islands and bring back dainty cargoes of beautiful flowers and fruits. He may eventually win even greater recognition for some of his best work than he has yet gained. He deserves comparison with the accomplished of any age, perhaps even more for his sculpture than for his painting. In his early days he had the advantage, seized most wisely, of his father's support, in the final years of his life it could not but be regretted that the weight of official duties interfered with the full exercise of his genius. Loyalty to innate classicalism was his religion, and in the end of the fifties it was still difficult to decide how far he would develop. Once, when I went round to him at Orme Square, where he had six paintings ready for Exhibition, after I had made my sincere congratulations and was hurrying away to my own work, he caught me at the door saying, "Now I want you to return and tell me which of my set you most approve." I pointed out three or four that were distinctly decorative. "And have you no words to say for these others?" he asked. "Very many, of envious admiration for the charming ability with which they are done," I replied. "Now," he returned with unconcealed pain, "I call this mortifying. You pick out for praise those which have cost me no serious effort whatever, and those which I have really expended my deepest feelings upon, you only praise as being done with facility." I declared with warmth that I perhaps was wrong, but that I was sure he would find many fully as appreciative of the one set of pictures as I was of the other.

Every season his treatment at the hands of the Academy became more severe, and this continued till, in 1863, when giving evidence before the Royal Commission as to the condition of the Academy,[1] I instanced the way in which his paintings in the last Exhibition were disadvantageously hung, as convincing illustration of the

[1] See *Blue Book*, 1863.

manner in which certain artists were pursued with injurious prejudice. Soon after this, he began to surmount Academic displeasure, and was elected a member of the Body. But in anticipating the story of Leighton's first decade, we have gone some years beyond the last days of the Hogarth Club.

A year or two before this, meeting me one day, Leighton spoke excitedly, saying that on finding out, as he did at some meeting at which I was absent, that the real object of the Hogarth Club was to attack and upset the Academy, he had at once sent in his resignation. He concluded by saying, "I would not believe this was your intention until one of the members asserted it in so many words. I will have nothing to do with any such programme, and utterly disapprove of it."

I told him that he never heard me say anything of the sort. I wanted no one to shape his course by mine, that I would go the way that seemed to me right and proper for myself, innocent of plots. "As to the Club," I said, "my connection with it is eminently passive."

When the Hogarth broke up, Brown came and rated me severely for being the cause of its ruin. "In what way?" I asked, "I've tried to avoid all the quarrels; and in fact the little I did in exhibiting and attending was really only in compliance with your expressed desire."

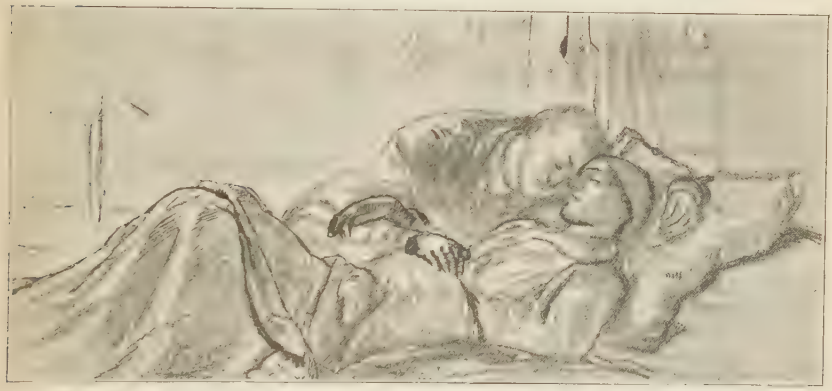
"That is exactly what I complain of. You made it too evident you had no interest in the Club," he said.

The next Academy season came round, and I had no contribution ready; so precious life sped, making my dream of returning to the East an ever-increasing mockery to me.

Mr. and Mrs. Combe now agreed that I had been right in my judgment of the course that I should take towards the Academy, and they then told me what had induced them the more to wish me to court the protection of the powerful Institution. Mrs. Combe in the previous year had been in London on the artists' show day, and Mrs. Collins, the widow of the Academician, undertook

to take her to the leading studios: as they entered the room of one of the favourite members, crowded with amateurs and picture buyers, the artist received the lady he knew with, "Ah, Mrs. Collins, now you are the very person to tell us whether it is true that Holman Hunt has found some fool to give him 400 guineas for that absurd picture which he calls 'The Light of the World'?"

"It is quite true," was the reply of the lady, who had a spirit of humour now not unmixed with asperity. "And



W. H. H.

THE WIFE'S DEATH.

you will perhaps permit me to introduce you to the wife of 'the fool,' who will confirm the statement."

As a further illustration of the spirit of the art world of that day, the following story will serve.

A picture dealer with a large business was entertaining a bachelor party, and a *posse* of painters in one corner were inveighing against the errors of Pre-Raphaelitism, when one of the company, the more remarkable that he was a member of the Academy, took up our cause, and declared that he approved our greater exactness in the rendering of outdoor nature, and that so far was he converted by our example that he intended in the picture that now occupied him to paint the vegetation

out of doors direct from nature. The room was evidently an effective whispering gallery, it carried the words to the opposite side, and almost as quickly the host strode across, saying, "Well, Mr. P——, you were painting your present picture for me; after what I've heard I decline it."

Nevertheless, established artists who had been adverse were converted to the principles which we had advocated and practised; more than one of the best men had painted with truth from nature, with acknowledgments to us, and there were but few members who had not attempted to mend their ways in respect to thoroughness, and franker attention to the great masters.

Too often I had to be reconciled to the sight of my "Temple" picture turned to the wall while I was giving my time to work which would pay next quarter's bills, for when the insult of my non-election was bruited abroad, the verdict of adverse critics became more unqualified. I had no choice, therefore, but to persevere with replicas and with illustrations for poorly-paid current periodicals and books.

It will be seen that the election of Millais had not brought him a full measure of justice, but it had the advantage of persuading picture-buyers to believe that the judgment which had condemned him at first was now appeased by some imaginary submission to the arch authority of the recognised institution on matters of art, and the early hesitation in purchasing his original works was greatly put aside. I had still to suffer the disadvantage of my more than two years' absence from England, and change of subject still hampered me.

When Henry Vaux's gatherings came to an end, Arthur Lewis started more sumptuous smoking evenings at his chambers in Jermyn Street. At the beginning of the sixties he took possession of Moray Lodge on Campden Hill, a house with spacious gardens and lawn in the lane leading to Holland Park; on the left-hand side of this lane stood the house which had belonged to the Marquis of

Bute, and which was now tenanted by the amateur painter, Sir John, and Lady Constance Leslie. The second house belonged to Lord Airlie, the third to Lord Macaulay, and the last was that of the Duke of Argyll. The gates leading to these had posts surmounted by lamps, which at night spread a stately but sombre light over the road. The lane narrowed, and was barred to all but pedestrians beyond this point. In summer, when garden parties were given, and on "Moray Minstrel" nights, it was a merry crew that greeted one another as they drove up to the Lewis domain. The host always welcomed his guests with cheery greetings. He was a widely accomplished man and an ardent lover of music. In his boyhood he had desired to be a painter, but his father, at a turning-point in his life, explained to him the lucrative nature of the silk-mercer business he would be rejecting, and this decided him to forego his artistic enthusiasm; but he indulged his taste as an amateur, and in time became able to produce excellent etchings and studies from nature. He sat the saddle like a master, and his accomplished driving of his four-in-hand made many passers-by pause and turn. He was a cordial host, but however late his hospitality kept him at night, he was always seen arriving from Campden Hill by 8.30 at his place of business. At Moray Lodge his taste was proved to be of good character by a fine group in bronze of "The Wrestling Duellists," executed by a Swedish sculptor, which Lewis had selected from a great Exhibition, and also by some paintings, prominent among which were Arthur Hughes' poetic picture entitled "April Love," the first picture seen here by Joseph Israel of a drowned fisherman carried from the boat over the beach by his companions, and a small picture by Millais of a Highlander reading his letter from home in the trenches.

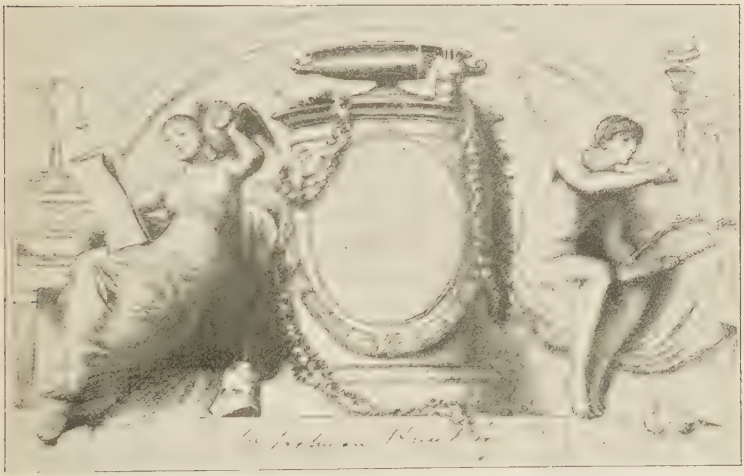
One signal, even national, service which Lewis rendered was the counsel he gave to a widow who appealed to him to exercise his power to introduce her son to some business career, the more desired because of his

great love of drawing, and the consequent danger that he might become an artist. Lewis, on seeing the designs of this boy, proved to her that it would be unjustifiable to prevent him following his bent. This was the beginning of the artistic career of Fred Walker, one of the most poetic painters of the nineteenth century. His life, by Marks, is an excellent memoir, but the

FREDERICK WALKER'S DESIGN.

man was so important that any additional reminiscences from the observations or records of friends are of interest. He was a small and fragile man, not more than five feet four, and truly delicate in the double sense of the word. His face was beautifully modelled, of a classical build, not apparent to the casual observer, owing to an occasional marring of his complexion, resulting probably from incessant smoking and late hours. Observing the feebleness of his frame, one naturally desired to remonstrate with him about the overtaxing of his fretful constitution

by feverish habits. Once or twice when I met him in the street in the small hours of darkness, he seemed to suspect possible admonitions, and hurried by as though to evade them. He was constant as a guest at Lewis' parties, and was ever conspicuous in a knot composed of Calderon, Storey, Wallis, Du Maurier, and Stacey Marks; the two latter often delivered humorous recitals. Burne-Jones, who was then steadily growing in reputation in private circles and at the old Water Colour Society, was



FREDERICK WALKER'S DESIGN FOR INVITATION CARD.

an occasional visitor; and later the youthful W. B. Richmond. It was a strange mixture of company that might be found at these meetings in Lewis' house, for the entertainments became famous, and men of all classes were pleased to go into Bohemia for the night. There might be seen Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Lord Houghton, Edmund Yates, Millais, Leighton, Arthur Sullivan, Canon Harford, John Leech, Dicky Doyle, Tom Taylor, Jopling, the first winner of the Wimbledon prize, the Severns, Mike Halliday, Sandys, Val Prinsep, Poole the tailor, who helped to found the renewed French

Empire, by lending £10,000 to Louis Napoleon, and Tattersall the horse-dealer.

On Sunday afternoons I not infrequently went to Sydenham to visit my friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Grove and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phillips, and we would pass the afternoon lounging in the courts and grounds of the Crystal Palace, with which Fergusson and Grove had been connected from the beginning, and had helped to make it the wonder it was when newly established. At my hosts' table many friends met who adjourned by a ten o'clock train to the Cosmopolitan Club in Berkeley Square, where free and friendly converse often continued till morning's small hours.

Although I refused myself autumn holidays or visit to the country not necessary for painting accessories in small pictures, the "Finding in the Temple" remained sometimes for months without a single day's work added to it. Season after season thus went by, while others were steadily adding to their fame. Millais appeared in town with three pictures, the most important of which was the "Knight crossing the Ford"; this was notable for poetic conception and realisation direct from Nature herself. That portion of the world of men who never recognise poetry unless it presents itself with a strong likeness to something already sanctified by usage were slow to see in this picture how sterling a poet the painter was. I was sure, however, that one oversight in the work would be a stumbling-block to undiscriminating appreciation. When first I saw the picture at the studio it struck me that the horse was glaringly too large; the room was full of visitors and I did not argue the question then, but in the evening I would not give up my candour, and I assured Millais that the exquisite beauty and the idea of the painting would be seriously marred to the impatient world if the work were exhibited without correction. He fought every inch of the ground, not liking that the exhibition of the work should be postponed for the proposed alteration, and the success promised for the picture delayed till

next year, but eventually relented so far that he promised to go down and see the Guards exercising the next morning, thus to check the relative size of horse and rider, and if he found the proportion so much out as I said, he would keep the picture back. The next evening I inquired what he had decided. "Oh," said he, "as to those Guards, I never saw anything so ridiculous in my life, and with a Society pretending to exist for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals! Every soldier ought to be prosecuted, for all had their feet nearly reaching the ground like old-fashioned dandy-horse riders; they ought to be compelled to get off and walk, and not torment the poor little creatures they bestride. No—I will tell you I have been talking to Tom Taylor about it, and he has written a verse in imitation of an old ballad. The size of the horse will now be a merit."

In this resolution the picture was exhibited with the following verse:—

> The goode hors that the knyghte bestrode,
> I trow his backe it was full brode,
> And wighte and warie still he yode,
> Noght reckinge of rivere:
> He was so mickle and so stronge,
> And thereto so wonderlich longe
> In londe was none his peer.
> N'as hors but by him seemed smalle,
> The knyghte him cleped Launcival;
> But lords at borde and groomes in stalle,
> Cleped him Graund Destrere.

On its appearance a storm of ridicule arose, and Ruskin in his *Academy Notes* was unboundedly denunciatory. There were but few independent enough to disregard the voice of the majority, and one who did so was Charles Reade the novelist, who bought the picture at the end of the Exhibition for £400, the painter for his own satisfaction erasing the horse and painting it again of smaller proportions. Late in that season a caricature of the picture appeared in print-sellers' windows with some verses underneath, indicating that the horse was Ruskin

bearing on his back Millais as the knight, with Rossetti and myself as the two children being carried over the stream. I saw a crowd in Fleet Street trying to settle that Sir Robert Peel was the knight, the child in front Disraeli, and the hindermost Lord John Russell; but as the street spectators had not seen the original picture, they could not see what the satire was. This drawing was done by Frederick Sandys on a new system of etching which soon entailed the destruction of the plate, so that the impressions are now, I believe, rare. Another print satirical of our school had appeared some time before, in which the wicked artists were represented as porcelain poodles, but the point was so difficult to make out, that the public gave it up, and so did the print-sellers; still these pasquinades all tended to keep up the rancour against us.

Ford Madox Brown, acute with certain angularities, as he presented himself, was esteemed most by those who knew him best. He had often had differences with others, which sometimes ended in quarrels, but he was one of those dear and highly endowed fellows from whom, early in intimacy, it was easy to determine never to take offence, though I could not shut my eyes to his curious crotchets. About this date Mr. and Mrs. Combe, with whom I had spoken warmly of him as one they ought to know, and who, I felt sure, were disposed to appreciate him, came to town quite suddenly, as was their wont, and asked me to go out with them for the day. I took them to his house, and was sorry to find he was not at home. As I was speaking with the servant, his daughter Lucy came to us, and on introducing my friends, I said I had been anxious to show her father's works. At which Miss Madox Brown assured me we might all venture upstairs, and that she would show the paintings. The principal picture was "Work." They greatly admired its execution, but it was not, I knew, of a kind they would wish to possess. The other paintings helped to increase their interest in the painter;

W. H. H.

THE LENT JEWELL (ILLUSTRATING DEAN TRENCH'S POEM).

but afterwards I received the following letter from Brown :—

. . . . . .

> And as I have never derived anything but disgust (except in the case of personal friends) from artistic meetings, I mean to keep at home and never talk of art or show my pictures except to those who I know come to buy. I am obliged to tell you this, because I have now made a strict rule in the house, that no one is ever allowed in my studio while I am out—which, were it not explained to you as part of a general plan, might on some future occasion take you by surprise or appear unfriendly.

The soreness that he thus revealed was a great bar to the possibility of making my friends of service to him. We have already seen to what lengths of generosity in the recognition of a competitor's merits Brown could go ; it is not unfair now to his dear memory to show how, under stress of continued rebuff, he could allow himself to express mistrust and suspicion at acts which could only have been directed by kindness on the part of his friend. I had proposed that he should allow me to offer him as a candidate for the Cosmopolitan Club, but this also failed. The following story serves as an example how the gentlest and kindest of men can be soured by continued ill-treatment, neglect, and misunderstanding. One evening I met him at Patmore's, and in walking home from Finchley, I made inquiries about the progress of his protracted picture "Work." He thereupon told me that he was wanting the two intellectual workers contemplating their brothers labouring with bodily strength to be Rev. F. D. Maurice and Thomas Carlyle, but that he found the latter difficult to obtain as a sitter. Whereupon I said that perhaps I might help him, because Carlyle had promised that he would give me the opportunity to paint his portrait, and the sittings were to be given when first I was free, and that under this obliging bond I might ask the Philosopher to sit to Brown in the interim. A few days afterwards I received the following letter :—

May 1, 1859.

My dear Hunt—The evening at Patmore's when you mentioned the fact of your having obtained a promise from Carlyle not to sit for his portrait to any one else than you, and at the same time offered to speak to him on my behalf, I was taken so completely by surprise that I made an immediate resolve not to say a word on the subject till I had time to revolve the matter in my mind and make sure of the circumstances. I must now beg as a favour that you will not mention my name on the subject to him. I should have doubts of the success of your mediation; and indeed, from the step you have taken, you must be aware that the chances of my ever getting him to sit for the portrait of him in my large picture are now smaller than ever (if only from the mere disgust of being so frequently requested as a subject for an art he despises), and such as they are can only be bettered by their being worked against yours and not possibly in unison with. Remains, of course, to you the right of pushing your interests in the matter how and when you like. However, I must pay you the compliment to tell you frankly (and only in the case of such an old friend as you could I take *direct* notice of such a thing), that your practice has been a *leetle too sharp* in this case considering the stake I had in the matter.—Believe me ever, yours most sincerely, Ford Madox Brown.

The fact of Brown's continuing difficulty was that when Carlyle saw the preparatory sketch of his face on the canvas, he was not flattered, and had no desire to help the artist with the grimacing distortion of his features, which gave Brown his fond opportunity of representing a gap in the upper row of teeth, a defect which I must say I never detected in the philosopher, even when haranguing most vehemently. I can only believe that Brown must actually for the time have persuaded himself that, instead of my having Carlyle's promise before I went to the East two or more years ago, I had gone to Carlyle after he had revealed his wish to introduce him into his picture.

The building of the Oxford Museum was progressing without gaining much admiration from any one. Ruskin had already in his writings upon architecture pointed out in unanswerable manner that the old carvings in porches,

on cathedral columns, and choir stalls had been executed by the Gothic ornamentalists from their own invention, uncontrolled by the architect. It was determined, in pursuance of this idea, to employ stone-masons to work independently on the Museum. Alas! it had not been well considered that the ancient carvers were, in taste and training, contemporaneous with the builders. In the nineteenth-century Museum at Oxford the architect had endeavoured to make himself a fourteenth-century man; the carver chosen was an amusing Irishman named O'Shea, an unmitigated nineteenth-century stone-chiseller of great cleverness, who had previously perhaps only carved tombstones to suit village taste, and cornucopias of flowers for summer-houses. O'Shea became the admired of the enthusiasts who watched the decorating of the spaces destined to be enriched, yet a few unconverted ones would not be charmed with the work in any degree.

When I went to Oxford now it was to get brief repose by painting landscape from the Godstow meadows. I had but few collegiate friends remaining, these always moving on, but I generally visited my valued friend Dr. Acland, and with him I went to the new buildings, which I watched with the greater interest as Woolner had accepted a commission to carve a figure of Lord Bacon there; Tupper also had in hand one of Linnæus; and Munro had a third (all possibly working in hope of future patronage, for the pay was less than meagre). Mr. Woodward, the architect, could not be very energetic in his supervision owing to weakness from an advanced stage of consumption. While Ruskin was absent Dr. Acland was left as supervisor of the decorative work. One morning O'Shea was busily engrossed chipping to his heart's content at an ambitiously composed but not very well prepared design, when the President of Trinity, one of the unconverted trustees of the building, which in his eyes every day displayed some new eccentricity, paused as he passed below. "What are you doing there now, sir?" he

demanded in a loud, querulous voice. "Eh, your honour? in faith it's some cats." "How dare you destroy the University property in such shameful manner! Come down this instant. I will have no cats there; you shall not do another stroke to them. Come down, sir." Such a tone disconcerted the much-appreciated mason; but now there was no question of remonstrances or justification, and soon he was on the ground, incredulously contemplating his despised *chef-d'œuvre*. In his chagrin he bethought him of Dr. Acland, his possible defender, and hurried to the house in the Corn Market, where he explained his grievance. The young doctor was thoroughly perplexed; this he avowed after careful consideration, and dropped into a brown study. O'Shea, driven back on his own resources, suddenly had a brilliant inspiration; he jumped up, exclaiming as he rushed out, "I've got it, your honour." In the evening the President of Trinity was again walking round the building for further supervision, and to his astonishment found O'Shea at the same frieze hammering away as determinedly as before. The President was out of all patience. "You impudent fellow there, did not I tell you this morning that I would not permit you to disgrace the University Museum with your detestable cats?" "Yer did, your honour, but, an' if you plase, they are not cats any longer, they're monkeys." And so as monkeys they remain to this day.

My good friend Mr. Thomas Fairbairn was one of the Council of the Manchester Loan Exhibition, and a guarantor. The collection was partly hung by my true defender, Augustus L. Egg, who had placed all my pictures well. Mr. Fairbairn had taken great interest in my Eastern work as well as in my earlier pictures, and invited me to stay with him and to visit the collection. I walked with him into Manchester every morning, and we talked frequently about art and artists. Before starting one day he showed me some marble busts of members of his family, and inquired whether they were not very good. I spoke of Woolner, who had just done the bust

of Tennyson, but otherwise had had little opportunity to prove his ability, and I pointed out to what a low level sculpture had sunk. "You are now in a position to take a leading course in art matters," I said; "were it not so, I should have avoided lowering your satisfaction in these family portraits, which are fair examples of the sculpture of the day. But you ought to have better works of art, and I think I shall convince you that you can get much superior work from a fellow-student of ours who was one of our Brotherhood; his name is Woolner, and I must tell you more about him." Fairbairn laughed good-naturedly, replying, "That you shall." And as we went along I told him of Woolner's early struggles; of his competition for the Wordsworth statue, and the disappointing verdict upon it; of his emigration to the gold diggings, and his resumption of artistic work in Australia; of his return to England, and fresh disappointment over the Wentworth competition, and of his present position. I dwelt upon the excellence of the Tennyson bust, and of the medallions and heads he was then doing in his studio, and urged Fairbairn to let me take him, when next in town, to see Woolner. He was interested, and revived the subject frequently. On an early evening after this talk, when we had retired to the smoking-room, my host began thus: "I have thought over the case of your friend the sculptor, and have spoken of it to Mrs. Fairbairn, and she is much interested. You know we have two children who are deaf and dumb; it was a great affliction to us at first, but as they grew up, and the singular difference of themselves from the rest of the world struck them, a confiding affection for one another showed itself in the children, which brought us great consolation, and my wife and I often confessed that we should like to have some memento of the sweet sympathy in their isolation. We have now agreed that we will have a marble group done of them by your friend, and when you go home you may prepare him for our visit to give him the commission."

I could only say that this would be a splendid oppor-

tunity for Woolner to prove his powers, and that I hoped he would make a great success.

I had suggested to Woolner that the weakness of his claim for just recognition consisted in his having nothing of an imaginative kind to show on full scale, and I had urged him to undertake some simple group that would prove he had the power to express beauty in dramatic interest, but he had pointed out that he had no patron. When I urged that I made pictures and trusted to find the patron afterwards, he would not allow that he could do the same, because no one took notice of a mere plaster cast of a design, and he could not afford to risk the cost of marble and assistants' work.

So important a commission from Mr. Fairbairn was more than I had expected to obtain for Woolner, but my generous friends when the large group was advanced, even exceeded their original proposal by commissioning the sculptor also to make busts and medallions of Rajah Brooke, of Sir William Fairbairn, the great engineer, and other important friends.

Woolner was in some respects a mystery to me. I had been championing him in many quarters, and had often cited him as an example of the injustice done to English sculpture, by the rage, then as ever rampant among the dilettanti, for adoring foreign sculptors. Marochetti really had the support of all the aristocracy for public commissions, and once I heard in a club a talker of great influence declare, that since our climate or our nature made it hopeless to produce a native genius, we should aim at gaining honour,—as our predecessors had done in the cases of Torrigiano and the painters Holbein, Antonio More, Rubens, Vandyck, and others—by giving our fullest appreciation and support to so great a sculptor as the Italian who had come to live amongst us. I said that it was by such folly that there was temporary ground for saying that the country which had produced Flaxman was incapable of genius. Such

prejudice clearly existed in Canova's time, but it was not shared by him, since he expressed surprise that in all the London circles to which he was invited the great English designer—renowned all over the Continent for his excellence—was never met. Marochetti had executed effective statues abroad, and had done some striking works in England, where perhaps a certain strain of theatricality did not lower the estimate formed of him. Assuming for the nonce that the unqualified admiration which the English extended to him was fully justified, it cannot be denied that had the Baron commenced his career in a country where all the commissions for statuary were given to foreigners, he would have had no opportunity of attaining the position he had now won.

I often instanced Woolner's bust of Tennyson as distinctly better than any male head Marochetti had ever done, and no one ventured to dispute the point; but when they asked me what Woolner could show, or what designs could be seen of a poetic kind, I had to confess that my friend had never had an opportunity of realising female grace and beauty.

Woolner, when introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn, had perfectly charmed them by his enthusiastic responsiveness. He went down to Manchester shortly after to make sketches for the group.

The works of our school were received so favourably by the Manchester potentates that I assumed they had become converted to our views. Once when talking to my host about modern art I did not hesitate to refer to our school as Pre-Raphaelite in contradistinction to others. He stopped the conversation with a serious countenance and said: "Let me advise you, when talking to Manchester people about the works of your school, not to use that term; they are disposed to admire individual examples, but the *term* has to them become one of such confirmed ridicule that they cannot accept it calmly!" As the thinking circles in London had so generally ceased to adopt this tone, it

was enlightening to me to find that the prejudice still lingered with such rancour in the North. F. Madox Brown's picture "Christ washing Peter's Feet" was among the works exhibited, being well seen, although above the line. The body of the Saviour, originally nude, was at this time clothed. I wrote to him saying that I thought if he came to Manchester he might make valuable friends; but on his appearance I was sorry that I had pressed him to come, because it so distressed him to find his picture not on the line, a vexation I had not anticipated.

It would be too confusing to trace in successive steps the details of Rossetti's actions when he had diverged from the combination with the original P.R.B., I therefore continue his story when he had exchanged us for new and younger friends, which anticipates a period of some years. After the publication in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* of "The Burden of Nineveh," Ruskin's appreciation of Rossetti's powers was justly widened, so that instead of claiming for him a sort of equality with Millais and me, as he did in the beginning of his acquaintance with Gabriel, he henceforth spoke of Millais and myself in his notes on the Royal Academy, and elsewhere, as quite secondary in comparison with his newer *protégé*. Millais and I had no leisure to read every pronouncement on our works that was published, we therefore did not heed the terms in which Ruskin compared the different members of our school. It is needful to point this out, or it might be asked why we did not at the time challenge the statement of Rossetti's leadership. For my part, not then contemplating the duty of historian to the Brotherhood, I did not feel called upon to heed Ruskin's verdict. Indeed, I should never argue the point, for it is a matter of small importance which of the three was the originator of our movement, provided that the desired object was attained. But what makes the question vital is, Whether Rossetti's inspiration of ideals and manner of work did represent the original purpose of Pre-Raphaelitism? I do not disparage the genius that Rossetti showed in his

painting any more than that of his poetry, but I shall have to pursue this subject further to prevent a misunderstanding as to what Pre-Raphaelitism was, at the time it was established.

Each laudation by Ruskin of Rossetti was soon bruited abroad by his privileged disciples. I had remonstrated unreservedly with Ruskin over his criticism of the "Sir Isumbras," to argue with him about any special criticism was within my right, but it was not in my province to take up the general question of his judgment of our relative merits; he, as any other arbiter, could formulate his independent opinion and publish the same; critical opinion, as such, I knew would eventually find its proper level. Rossetti was in this turning period of his life making some admirable designs, his Cardiff Cathedral altar-piece was executed at the turning-point from his first severity of style to a more sensuous manner.

Carlyle asked Woolner at this time what was the truth about Ruskin's statement that Rossetti was the greatest genius of the age, and Woolner expressed his bewilderment. Rossetti's undergraduate followers, not having known of the stages of his tardy development as a painter, were easily disposed to ignore any facts which militated against claims to his priority among us.

The spirit of discord was now no longer disguised, and there was no conclave existing to direct the true interests of our reform movement. We had hoped to hand on to later generations the heritage of our own experience; this dream of corporate heredity could no longer be, but there were traditions already secured. In our first start it cannot be said that Gabriel's proselytizing passion had resulted happily, but in these days of disintegration, the men upon whom his choice fell were of the strongest artistic nature, although through the University prejudice of the day, their tendency was for revived Gothic, which Rossetti's mediævalism accepted with more welcome than Millais and I would have approved. Constrained as we had been and still were, we had, however, not left our

effort to re-establish art craftsmanship without record, nor without foundations for further extension.[1]

During my patient struggle about ways and means, which I fear to dwell upon unduly, my visits to the Cosmopolitan Club and a circle of literary and artistic friends were a refreshing distraction to me.

Kensington often then rejoiced in a throng on their way to Little Holland House, who were happy in the certainty of there meeting the most interesting leaders of English society. The days of the old India Company were not yet numbered, and naturally the house represented all matters of East Indian concern to an unlimited degree. The national interests in India alone would have impelled senators of all grades to throng a home where the last questions of Indian affairs were discussed, but Watts's numerous friends added to the charm of the company. Aristocrats there were of ministerial dignity, and generals fresh from flood and field, appearing in unpretending habit, talking with the modesty of real genius, and adding an interest to life such as nothing else could give. Mrs. Prinsep was cordiality itself, and surrounded by her sisters, could not but make an Englishman feel proud of the beauty of the race. In the season the company was received out of doors, played bowls and croquet on the lawn at hand, and tables with tea, at which Mrs. Prinsep presided, were placed under shady elms, where in the summer time the dinner table was occasionally brought out, many artists were present, and literary stars shone in brilliant scintillation.

To enter into the spirit of the times it is necessary to read what had most recently startled the world of letters. Thackeray's *Lectures on the Four Georges* had been greatly admired on one side, while on the other the book was a grave cause of offence. The wife of General Fox, a handsome and natural daughter of William IV., surprisingly sweet tempered, explained her views to be those of most courtly people, that such sarcastic strictures upon

[1] See Chapter xxii.

the "Georges" should never have been delivered while many of their children still lived. It was a pleasure to survey the handsome and very amiable features of this lady. Charley Collins said that to talk with her was like conversing with an old-fashioned half-crown.

One Sunday afternoon, coming along the path from the gate to the house, Thackeray met his old Carthusian schoolfellow Lord Wensleydale. Thackeray saluted him, and Lord W. studiously turned up his head and affected indignation towards the unsycophantic author. Thackeray stopped, and before his quondam friend had got out of hearing, affecting serious concern, but yet in tones of playground raillery said, "Dear, dear me, I'm afraid I've greatly offended my Lord Tuesdaydale!"

Children romped over the lawn, diverted from their play for the moment when a certain peer came in followed by a string of twelve French poodles, his own hair curled to match their fantastic coiffure. With such unparalleled success as these representative parties had, it was inevitable that the jealous should have their fling at them. One comment was that "Mrs. P.'s tea-gardens were very popular." Indoors, Joachim and Hallé played, while Piatti and Garcia took their parts, and men were enraptured with Watts's work. Old Thoby Prinsep's hearty laugh filled up the intervals, and was equal to any music. The son, Arthur, was going out to join his regiment in India. Anxious talk there was soon after of mysterious discontent amongst the sepoys. This continued for a month or two, when suddenly news came of the outbreak of the Mutiny. A cloud of fear spread over the house, but Mrs. Prinsep, the mother, still clung to the hope that her son's regiment would be loyal. But word arrived that its sepoys also had killed nearly all their officers on the parade-ground; and this was followed by news that Arthur had galloped off, followed by numerous shots, and losing his shako, had to ride for three days through the burning sun, being refused succour and even a covering for his head by the villagers he passed on his way. These

tidings came from a friend who was then on the station nursing him for sunstroke, from which his glory of hair had not saved him. Every one grieved for the family, and Thackeray wrote some touching verses, which he presented to the mother with his own hand. The music was listened to in silence, and many a father could be seen resting his head upon his hand, the tears defying concealment as they trickled down his fingers. The veteran Henry Taylor, dramatic poet and Government official, was a constant presence in the throng, and shared in sympathy in both personal and national tribulation: he was of statuesque aspect and of demeanour somewhat dramatic. The hearty Tom Hughes, fresh in his "Tom Brown" laurels, and his happy wife shed a cordial spirit about them as they hailed both old and young.

Canvassed as Thackeray was in general society at that time, in his own home he was a figure of loving interest. Once when I had been dining with him, seeing a marble bust of him as a boy, I remembered the reported remark of the housekeeper at Charterhouse (after his pugilistic encounter with Venables). "You have destroyed the good looks of the handsomest boy in the school," she said to his antagonist on seeing the bruise which Thackeray's face had received. The bust was well modelled and carved, and admirable for its open expression. It registered the form of the nose, the sinking of the bridge which distinguished his handsome, dignified face. When I had silently decided this, Thackeray noticed me and exclaimed, "I know what you are wondering at; you want to know whether the bust was done 'before or after'! Well, it was done before." This being so, one could see that his antagonist was properly exonerated from the heavy charge made against him at the time.

Tennyson's unflinching truthfulness of nature was more impressive at every intercourse. Once when he came up in unceremonious guise for a short engagement in town, and was staying with blue-eyed Venables at his chambers in the Temple, suddenly he was invaded by

the not-to-be-refused Mrs. Prinsep, who declared that her brougham was waiting at the gate in Fleet Street to take him back to Kensington. Excuses of want of evening dress were all in vain. He was told that he should have a smoking-room to himself and that he should be invited to see no guests but those of his own asking, so he had to capitulate and be driven westward. At once I was summoned to join him. After some talk he unwarily descended into the garden. There the numerous company proved it to be a gala day, and Tennyson thoughtlessly approached the hostess, who was welcoming a quick succession of guests. Soon he was engulfed in the stream, and Mrs. Prinsep took occasion to present a gentleman as "the Editor of the *Midnight Beacon*." Tennyson silently blinked at him with his head craned. The lady felt need of overcoming the awkwardness of the position, and ejaculated, "Mr. Tennyson is delighted to make your acquaintance!" Tennyson, with the stranger still standing waiting, turned to Mrs. Prinsep and said inquiringly but without petulance, "What made you say that? I did not say that I was delighted to make his acquaintance"; and this query dispersed the little group with the best grace each could assume, leaving Tennyson unintended master of the situation.

The Poet Laureate did not come down from his room again until dinner was announced. He had expected nothing but a family gathering, but it proved to be a large party correctly attired at a long table, and the kind hostess appointed that I should sit immediately opposite to the unconscious lion of the evening, to prime him about the guests and their talk. Every one peered in turn to see the writer of *In Memoriam*, but there were other interests, and soon the hubbub became deafening. Tennyson addressed his sonorous voice to me, saying, "In this company there ought to be Lady Somers, whose beauty I have heard so much extolled. I can't see her anywhere, is she here?" and he looked searchingly along the table. It was a delicate question to answer with

full voice, but I did my best. Tennyson soon showed perplexity, put up his right hand, waved it from side to side, saying, "Your voice sounds like the piping of a little bird in the storm."

Such refreshing change and distraction gave me the more courage to meet the difficulties which obstructed my progress with the Temple picture. My day was an exhausting one; at nine I began my painting, in the course of the day I had to spare time, which frequently extended to an hour or two, directing and amending my sister's practice, and that of the friends who painted with her. When I returned to my own easel, to save my quickly-drying paint, it was needful to exert myself the more determinedly and to continue thus until the darkness stopped me. After dinner I sallied forth to the Life School, and took up my book illustrations. I then had to engage in very extensive correspondence, and not until, in addition, I had attended to housekeeping, had my day's work ceased.

It has been recorded that in the first days of our struggle anonymous and insulting letters came to us. Some nameless correspondents were now of different spirit to these earlier writers; they professed sincere interest in my first works, expressed regret that I should allow so long a time to go by without producing other pictures, and argued in a touching vein of compliment that I owed a duty to the world which I ought not to neglect. My unknown admirers, however, seemed to be poor, for they never concluded their letters with an offer of a commission!

It is not mere art gossip to state that during this period some young adventurers had been doing a roaring trade in manufacturing Pre-Raphaelite pictures for second-class picture dealers at comparatively handsome prices. The success of our imitators tended to make mere acquaintances argue that if the followers had such good fortune the leaders must be affluent; and frequently I was appealed to by honest but impecunious

students and artists for help with advances of money under the conviction that I was a wealthy man. One young man came to me relating that he was in debt, and much wanting £10 to pay his rent. I could not spare this sum, but advanced half the amount. In another month he appeared again with a light elastic step, saying gaily that again he had come to tax my purse. At this I had to reveal something of my real position. He expressed the greatest astonishment, saying that every one spoke of me as "rolling in wealth."

Continual non-appearance at Exhibitions was seriously diminishing my prestige; friends also were expostulating, for I had been unable to contribute any subject picture to the Exhibition of 1857, so it was in 1858 and 1859, while all my compeers were gaining fame by annual proofs of their genius. This so disheartened me that at times I questioned whether I had not been in error in relinquishing the idea I had entertained in 1851, of abandoning the pursuit of art altogether.

CHAPTER VII

1858–1859, 1860

There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness Poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers.—Jean Paul Richter.

Once, when I had been confessing to Woolner that I was worn out with work, Mrs. Tennyson sent me an urgent invitation to come and stay with her and her lord at Farringford. I put aside all obstacles and went. It was the noon of summer, and every mile of the journey soothed my tired spirits. On this occasion I saw Mrs. Tennyson for the first time. She was a fitting lady to be helpmate even to such a man as the kingly Poet. I was struck by her bearing an exalted likeness to Queen Elizabeth. She had two beautiful boys with dusky golden locks, full of frolic and fun. The house had not long been built; it was furnished with comfort, but devoid of expensive luxury. Tennyson told me it was paid for with his first earnings. He said that an American to whom he had mentioned this fact, had said, "Ah! had the opportunity been known in the States, the money would have been subscribed for you with a handsome margin, and they would feel honoured to do so, even now." Said Tennyson, "Had this been done, and the money forwarded

to me without any previous knowledge of it, I would have written over the door—

Populi Americani donum."

He was intent on questioning me about the East, and we spent most of our time in his study talking.

On some small panes of glass which would have had no outlook but on bare brick, Tennyson had tried his hand on colour decoration (young Millais, it will be remembered, had for the same object painted subjects of knightly and saintly story). The poet had introduced writhing monsters of different sizes and shapes, swirling about as in the deep. This had been done with remarkable taste and judgment. The paints, which in amateur hands generally have an abominable habit of negativing one another, had here been most happily combined to make mysterious tints, and the definition of forms had been judiciously relinquished when only a general suggestion had been achieved. Thus the pigments had not lost their preciousness by over-elaboration, which would have destroyed the decorative quality. His absolute kindness and candour were illustrated by his interest in a page-boy, who occasionally came into the room. When the boy was out of hearing, Tennyson once asked me whether I had made out his real character. I confessed I had not given him any thought, and could not fairly express an opinion. "I ask you," he pursued, "because I have altogether lost his respect." "His respect," I blurted out, "how?" "Well," continued the poet, "when the boy came into the house, I thought that perhaps I might make his life more interesting to him, and I asked him whether I could lend him any book. He looked bewildered and answered, 'No.' Thinking the reply might proceed from shyness, I enumerated several books that I thought might be attractive to such a lad, but he would not borrow any! From that attempt to treat him like a fellow human being, I have lost all his esteem. Had he gone to Mr. ——'s, my neighbour, he would have had

no attention paid him, the master would scarcely have noticed him as a stranger in the house, and the boy would have respected him as a proper master ; because I departed from this rule, he despises me altogether. My house is not so grand as others in the neighbourhood, so the boy concludes that I am not a real gentleman, and he shows his low estimate of me by his grumpiness. There are no doubt men of the lowest class without education at all who are of excellent common-sense, and even superior judgment, and there are men who have had all the advantages of good position and education who are imbeciles. Withal the old feud between the conquered Saxon and the Norman still operates ; this boy has the bitterness of the Saxon. He is ready to do his work, black the boots, or brush the clothes, but he resents the show of kindness as condescension from a Norman master."

Astonished, I replied, "Isn't it a question whether the boy has ever heard about the Conquest?"

"It is very possible he has never heard of it, but he has inherited the bitterness of feeling, and he acts upon it," persisted the mournful master, so the matter dropped.

One morning we went up to the beacon on the cliff, and after enjoying the wind for an hour or so, he inquired of me whether I could detect what a flying creature could be that we saw in the distance. I said, "I too have been watching it some minutes. I believe it's an eagle."

"That is scarcely possible, we don't have eagles here," he said.

But I said that I had seen too many of the royal birds to be deceived as to their flight and form. When it passed over our head Tennyson was convinced, and a few days later I read of an eagle being shot in Hampshire.

Tennyson's short-sightedness, which made him bend his head forward when reading, had probably contributed to his bearing, which was the reverse of defiant. At first

acquaintance with the poet, I thought that later in my knowledge of him I should see some phases of the reined-back pose of Woolner's bust, but this I was unable to do. A casual example of the pains he took to overcome the disadvantages of his short-sight occurred, as we descended to the house. A shining fragment in the path arrested his steps. He stooped, picked up the glittering morsel, and placed it in his right hand close to his eyes, rolling it in the palm with the forefinger of his left hand, he then saw it to be a portion of a large pebble lately splintered to bits. The outside surface was still thickly encrusted with a concrete-like shell, but the shattered part was in facets of pale ruby colour, resplendent in its transparency. "Many of the most priceless jewels," he observed, "are disguised as this lustrous crystal was, till the violence came which broke it up. No one would have suspected, in seeing this unsightly stone lying with clumsy boulders, that inside there could be such a gorgeous gem." And when he had exhausted his examination of its varied phases, he carefully put it back into the path saying that it ought to be left there, that others might feel delight in seeing it. When we were near to the house, the luncheon bell ringing, he stopped and pointed along the road, asking whether there were not excursionists waiting to intercept our approach. I said that there were some apparently inoffensive people near the house. Hearing this, Tennyson turned aside and went a long way round to escape observation, telling me by the way that when he was doing any work in the garden, he would hear voices saying, "There he is—look," and half-a-dozen heads, male and female, would appear in a row above the wall. A man had once got into the garden, and when they were at luncheon, the intruder was seen with flattened nose against the window-pane, and was heard to say, "You can see him well from here."

On one occasion he spoke with lively pain of a review of one of his recent poems in an important journal. This, it seemed, had not only condemned his versification with

the assumption of a masterful judgment, but had made a comparison of his poem with those of a period when all society was corrupted, leaving the reader to adopt the suggestions which such comparison was sure to convey. I had seen the review, and had contemptuously put it behind the fire. Tennyson bemoaned that other copies had escaped the flames, and had gone forth with their poison. He looked upon perverse criticism as a constant discouragement to writing, but I remarked that he gave too much attention to stings of such small insects as the writer of the scandalous article. "The man probably has a personal grudge against you," I said, "and being lifted to the throne of Jupiter he uses his thunder without scruple, many, be assured, pass by his malicious nonsense unnoted. It is doomed to forgetfulness, to that limbo to which all spitefulness, and the authors thereof, are bound in the end."

"Yes," said Tennyson, "but when I have earnestly tried to sift out of the store of deeply imprinted impressions the reflections that present themselves as having living value, it is natural that I should be discouraged from all hope of influencing them when a man, who is evidently educated, and has some knowledge of poetry, being entrusted with a position of authority, misinterprets my purpose and makes it convey a meaning odious to my whole soul."

"Such a state of things is indeed disheartening, not to say more," I reflected, "but somehow good work, like all truth, does get recognised in time; the whole of history is made up of wrong verdicts revised."

"Yes," he said, "but while the grass grows the steed starves is true also."

"But," I urged, "the ordeal of professional criticism upon art is apparently a decree of modern Providence; and on the whole the complications entailed upon our branch of art are more arduous than on yours; you may respect the faculties of your reviewer in his degree of literary proficiency. Our reviewer gives no such proof of his knowledge of the subject he

descants upon; he has the pen of a ready writer, and this, with some chit-chat about Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy,' or some other worn-out gossip or phraseology, is his only diploma. Among the lovers of art there are many who are not influenced by such oracles, and these often declare their admiration of a condemned work, but they are generally young professional men, too poor to be patrons, while the rich collector is often timid as to his own judgment, and wants only that which is popular at the time. Thus the painter may be wrecked in his career for want of support. Poets who are too good for their immediate day have to suffer a penalty from the displeasure of their too hasty judges; but there remains for them also independent connoisseurs who could not afford to buy pictures, yet can purchase a book. But perhaps from an impulse to make the wrong you suffer less bitter, I am dwelling too egotistically on the grievances of my own profession."

His laments were anon varied by recitation, or rather intonation, of poems to which I had made special allusion; his organ-like voice gave these with the fullest grandeur.

Sir John Simeon frequently called at Farringford and discoursed of the experiences and observations of his naval life, all which interested the poet as much as myself. One day, when out for a stroll, we visited the descendant of the officer to whom Cromwell had consigned the care of Charles the First when a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, and who, from scruples as to his right to be the king's gaoler, gave up his appointment.

I had been abroad when Tennyson one evening in town had read *Maud* to a company including some of my friends; but when at Farringford I had the opportunity of listening to other poems which he would speak of as having been composed by him on some subject which chanced to engage our passing attention. If I remarked that I had never read it, his reply was that he had never written the verses down but could remember them, and this he would do, without faltering a syllable, although

The Finding of Christ in the Temple.

often the words had been composed twenty or more years ago. Many poems he told me he had finished and retained only in his memory. Once I offered for his judgment the idea of a great monarch, who sees only the glories of his rule, and not the miseries that are concealed from his sight, likening him to the sun, which never sees the shadows produced by the interception of its rays. "Yes," he said, "the comparison is complete; I would have used it had it occurred to me, but now it would be Holman Hunt's and not Alfred Tennyson's."

After my visit I recalled to mind many matters which I should have liked to discuss with this king of gentle nature; the opportunity of being with him alone was precious and I valued it as a sacred privilege. I was profoundly impressed by the unpretending nature of this large thinker and consummate poet, who, deeply conversant with the character and forms of preceding singers of all races and time, yet adopted for his themes the scenes, moral feeling, and science of his own day and country. His simplicity of manner was by some dwelt upon as childish; there was a truth underlying the comment, for his frankness of speech was like that of a child, whose unembarrassed penetration surprises the conventional mind. My holiday brought balm and health to me, and I went back to my work with renewed zest.

It has been said that Millais was unreasonable in that he showed discontent at the want of substantial recognition of the more ambitious work he was producing; for example, when his picture of "The Vale of Rest" did not immediately find admirers and a purchaser, he was impatient, while the commentators say that in fact he had but little time to wait before the picture was sold. Time will, I feel sure, justify the answer I have to give to that reproof. This artist was so exceptional in excellence among those of any age or any country that the question is not whether he obtained a ready market year by year, but whether our nation was making proper use of

his genius. Before he was twenty he had painted a picture which bore signs of more capacious ability in conception, composition, drawing, colour, and technical qualities combined than any painter ever displayed at such youthful age. He had now been before the world in varying, but always great power for ten or more years, he had added to the glory of modern art, and he had a right to expect that he should gain in return the ampler opportunities of exercising his genius which the old masters had universally been afforded, instead of merely securing a tardy livelihood. But critics had hung about his heels, and often so far impeded him that, instead of large or laborious efforts, he had been forced to do humbler works that would more easily come within the taste and the means of the general dealer and buyer. In no other age would such an artist have been left without some national opportunity of exercising his genius. There were indeed painters and sculptors being employed to decorate the Palace at Westminster, but no public minister amidst the clamour that had been raised against our "heresy" would, however much he might have been instigated by his own taste, have had the courage to employ any one of us in public work, and Millais was never asked by any church dignitaries to paint for them. While his works were still vehemently abused by the press, those of artists of mediocrity were lauded to the skies, and certain of these painters were favoured by Parliamentary Commissioners of Fine Art. Now, persons of superficial reflection often say that Millais ought not under any temptation to have swerved from his higher inspirations, but great art cannot be produced even by men of the purest genius, if they are not supported by the country's demand for their work; the nation must be behind them, just as it must equip and provide for the soldier fighting for its cause. Raphael, when commissioned by the Pope to paint the "Stanze," was only twenty-five years of age, and there can be no sober doubt that he had not then done work of such original power as Millais had shown before he was that age.

Had Raphael died before his work in the Vatican was undertaken, his earlier paintings facile and obediently learned as they were, would have placed him only in the second rank of Italian artists. Surely a man of genius has a right to marry when he has established his commanding position, and being married he is called upon to support his family. Millais in this position found himself driven to despair and want of faith, in the possibility of teaching his countrymen the value of poetic art. "I have striven hard," he said to me, "in the hope that in time people would understand me and estimate my best productions at their true worth, but they (the public and private patrons) go like a flock of sheep after any silly bell-wether who clinks before them. I have, up to now, generally painted in the hope of converting them to something better, but I see they won't be taught, and as I *must* live, they shall have what they want, instead of what I know would be best for them. A physician sugars his pill, and I must do the same." There was a great rage at the time, under the direction of a certain leader of the rout, that painters should do works only of contemporary subjects. The incidents that are historically important are rarely recognised to be so till many years afterwards. On the day that rough George Stephenson arrived in London, no one saw that his coming was the most important event in Europe, that a complete change in the civilisation of all the races on the planet was thus heralded. Modern subjects that are paintable are generally of no historic moment. The demand for representations of trivial incidents was steady, and Millais being encouraged to seek these, often displayed great taste in their selection and treatment. His "Apple Blossoms" (1859) was an excellent example of this class, "Trust Me" had many pictorial excellences, and "My First Sermon" and "My Second Sermon" were endearing efforts of his power in this strain; but some which it is needless to instance, however excellent in workmanship, must have been done simply to meet the vulgar demand. Up to the year 1859

he painted in Perth, then he settled in Cromwell Place and finished "The Vale of Rest," and "The Love of James the First of Scotland."

We perhaps beyond other artists were saddened to hear that C. R. Leslie was in danger and had to undergo a serious operation which unhappily did not save his life. A few days after his death his son George Leslie called upon Millais specially to deliver a message from the dying artist. The charge was :—

"Go to Millais and tell him that the future of English art is in his hands, and beg him to exercise his fullest power to sustain its honour and glory."

This generous recognition of Millais and his aspirations marked a departure from the mistrust of most of the Academicians towards even that one of us who was a member of their own Body.

Watts up to this time had been treated with only prejudiced toleration, his pictures being put high up, in corners, and unfavourable places. Indeed it was said that one of the Academicians always remarked, "Oh, there's a Watts, let us sky it." In the year 1858 he determined to conceal his identity, and sent in two large portraits of somewhat unusual style for him under the name F. W. George ; these were admirably placed, and widely recognised. The following is a reference by Walter Thornbury in the *Athenæum* to P.R.B. works :—

EXHIBITION AT R.A., 1858

. . . In portraits there are the Pre-Raphaelite ones by a new name, Mr. George (we believe a mere masquerade), full of merit. . . . The two best portraits in the exhibition are by Mr. George (assumed name), really the works of Mr. Watts, a known cartoon drawer. They are Miss Senior (167) and Miss Eden (185). They are, in fact, great and daring experiments of introducing a Pre-Raphaelite finish of accessories into portraits—laurel bushes, box borders, gravel walks and flowers, instead of the venerable and immemorial books, curtains, pillars, and sloppy green distances. Paint furniture well and faces well, and the face will maintain the old superiority all the world over. Let Mr. Pickersgill paint red

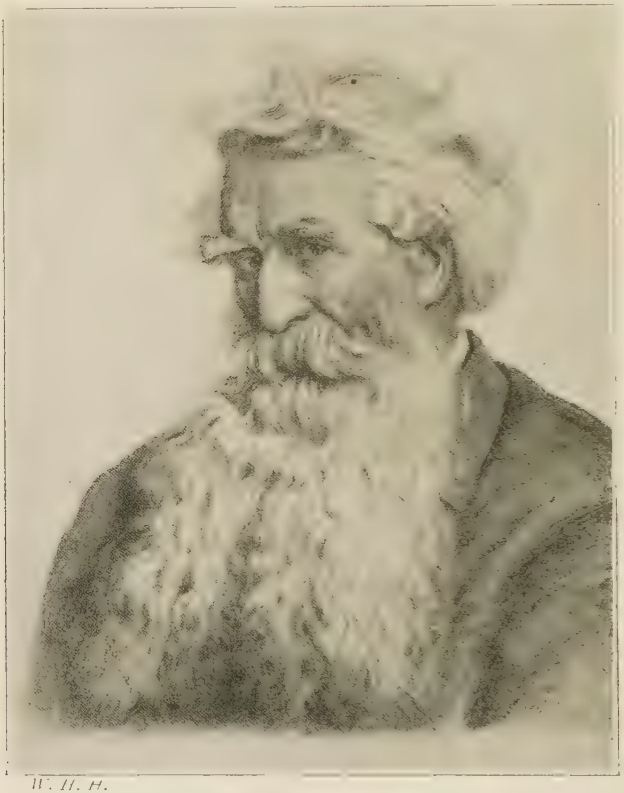
blobs and call them roses, for fear well-painted flowers should detract from his spotted, unfinished faces. In the one picture, Miss Senior, with a thoughtful, fine face, walks like a Miss Brontë's heroine down a garden, in a gown of a curious brown purple colour, every plait and fold carefully but not pedantically drawn. In the other, a lady is kneeling upon a chair, watering flowers, her figure cutting daringly enough with certain red and orange draperies against a wall of bright green. Oh remember, portrait painters, men of industry, talent, and perhaps still some faint, foolish, lurking ambition, if you do not paint more like Mr. George, the inevitable gravitation towards the garret or the broker's of your now applauded pictures!

EXHIBITION AT R.A., 1859

. . . Mr. Watts's "Isabella" (438) is a pretty portrait, painted in the manner of Sir C. Eastlake, turned, if it were possible, P.R.B. The painting is a little flat and over-cautious, but there is a great charm about it; it is the only good idealised portrait in the exhibition, and it is well and fairly hung too, which is miraculous.

When in finishing the landscape details of my sketches of earlier pictures, the doing of which most readily brought grist to the mill, I was glad of the opportunity of enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Combe. In the Colleges I found, what all returned truants experience, that much of the known life had vanished, leaving the background nought but a sad memorial of the past. I felt glad that the University Press was on the confines of the town towards Godstow and Wolvercott, where my painting ground lay. Mr. and Mrs. Combe were always angels of cheerful benevolence and piety. Attending constantly the Infirmary, where the patients were made intimate friends, the need of a chapel soon became evident to Mrs. Combe. The building of this they entrusted to Arthur Blomfield, and soon after its completion, finding the neighbourhood called "Jericho" increasing greatly in its population, they engaged the same architect to build a church and schools there, dedicated to St. Barnabas. A new duty, the consideration of which cost considerable anxiety, arose out of the question how Mr. Combe

could keep the University Press a continuing source of profit instead of loss, as before his management it had been ; the University had made him an M.A. in recognition of his improvement of their affairs. The looming trouble



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THOMAS COMBE, M.A.

which had to be met was the approaching cessation of the monopoly enjoyed by the University of the printing of Bibles and Prayer Books, so that the surplus earned by him, and threatened by this outer competition, might not be lost. He knew that no modern Parliament would continue the University privilege, and he was driven to

consider whether the papermakers' profit might not be saved by manufacturing it themselves, but the University was debarred from engaging in business. One way that remained was for him to make the venture himself, and

W. H. H.

MRS. THOMAS COMBE.

when the enterprise should become a sound undertaking, as partner to the University, to hand over the factory to the authorities as part of their established printing industry. There was a mill then out of use at Wolvercott, and we had wended our way there not infrequently in the character of searchers after the picturesque. Eventually the mill was

taken, adapted for the change of work, and a cheery manager, one Mr. Stacey, was installed in the little cottage. This had two rooms always reserved for Mrs. Combe's tea when she came over in the pony carriage. The neighbourhood was perfect for such work as I had to do, I rode over Port Meadows in the morning, and made the fields of Godstow my studio till sunset, when, generally, there was assembled a pleasant party with whom to return by twilight.

Still, for what seemed a long time there was doubt about this project in the Squire's mind—Mr. Combe was always thus called—and the difficulties became a subject of talk with him, although it never clouded either the master's or mistress's face to the recipients of their bounty, either at Jericho or at the Mill. Gradually I could gather that prospects were getting better, but they were not yet realised, when late in the year Mr. Combe said to me, "Come on my left side, I am not deaf there. I think under your circumstances, with so much real property existing in the far-advanced Temple picture, your horror of becoming a borrower is a virtue carried to the extent of a vice. You may get three hundred guineas for your little replica of 'The Hireling Shepherd' when it is finished, this will take another month or two, eh? But I gather the profit will almost be swallowed in rent and back claims. Well, what will you do then, unless you set to at some other pot-boiler? And so you will lose next season, and 'The Temple' will never be finished. Now you take my advice, Hunt. You really think you could finish it in another six months; I think so too. Well, borrow £300; that would keep you going, and when you finish and sell the picture, you'll get out of difficulties sooner than you would in any other way."

"But grant all this," I said, "you don't mean that Coutts would advance me the money on my unfinished picture?"

"No, but I could manage it easily now, and I should not want any security," said he, as he looked at me under

his eyebrows with a dart of merry triumph in a way that drove all further scruples from my mind.

I was now free on going back to town to work on the Temple picture for a longer period than I had been able to do since my return from the East, and was lavish in my arrangement, obtaining models far ahead for the remaining figures to be painted, and when my friends outside asked me whether my picture would ever be done, I could reply bravely in a way that defied bantering.

The position of ourselves in relation to Dickens was a delicate one. His attack in *Household Words* upon Millais' picture of 1851 had revealed the strongest animus against our purpose, and thus our partiality for him was exercised only by the reading of his works; but he was a great friend of Wilkie Collins and of his family, their good-souled mother, in the years of my absence, had arranged a meeting of Millais and the great author at dinner, it resulted in removing all estrangement, and in making Dickens understand and express his sense of the power of Millais' genius and character.

Millais always spoke of the meeting with satisfaction, but a letter written by Dickens a few days after the dinner needlessly and ungraciously endorsed the sentiments of the original violent article, and so again alienated the confidence of our circle from him.[1]

Wilkie Collins began his reputation by writing the life of his father, and by the novel entitled *Antonina*. He had made previous essays in painting; one example by him was exhibited in 1849.

The biography and his classical romance were the trial pacings of his Pegasus, and he was now exercising his powers in serial Christmas numbers and the like. At the time that he was writing *Mr. Ray's Cash-box*, Millais painted the admirable little portrait of the young author now in the National Portrait Gallery, which remained to the end of his days the best likeness of him. It will be seen he had a prominent forehead, and in full

[1] See *Life of Sir John E. Millais*, by his Son.

face the portrait would have revealed that the right side of his cranium outbalanced in prominence that of the left. Dickens contracted the closest friendship with Wilkie, and they were collaborators together in Christmas numbers—in this kind of work the younger writer became a favourite of the first order. Personally Wilkie was entirely without ambition to take a place in the competition of society, and avoided plans of life which necessitated the making up of his mind enough to forecast the future. In this respect he left all to circumstance; but although a generous spender at all times, he was prudent with money affairs. No one could be more jolly than he as the lord of the feast in his own house, where the dinner was prepared by a *chef*, the wines plentiful, and the cigars of choicest brand. The talk became rollicking and the most sedate joined in the hilarity; laughter long and loud crossed from opposite ends of the room and all went home brimful of good stories. When you made a chance call in the day, he would look at you through his spectacles, getting up from his chair to greet you with warm welcome. He would sit down again, his two hands stretched forward inside the front of his knees, rocking himself backwards and forwards, asking with deep concern where you came from last. If he saw your eyes wandering, he would burst out: "Ah! you might well admire that masterpiece; it was done by that great painter Wilkie Collins, and it put him so completely at the head of landscape painters that he determined to retire from the profession in compassion for the rest. The Royal Academy were so affected by its supreme excellence and its capacity to teach, that they carefully avoided putting it where taller people in front might obscure the view, but instead placed it high up, that all the world could without difficulty survey it. Admire, I beg you, sir, the way in which those colours stand; no cracking in that *chef-d'œuvre*, and no tones ever fail. Admire the brilliancy of that lake reflecting the azure sky; well, sir, the painter of that picture has no petty jealousies, that unrivalled tone

was compounded simply with Prussian blue and flake white, it was put on you say by a master hand, yes but it will show what simple materials in such a hand will achieve. I wish all masterpieces had defied time so triumphantly."

There was a portrait of his mother by Mrs. Carpenter, her sister, which represented her in youth and girl-like beauty, and it reminded me how she had said that when young, at an evening party Samuel Taylor Coleridge had singled her out and had talked with her for twenty minutes in the highest strains of poetical philosophy, of which she understood not a word, nothing but that it flowed out of the mouth of a man with two large brilliant blue eyes. She wondered why he should have chosen to talk to her. The unpretending portrait explained the riddle.

Wilkie's room was hung with studies by his father, and beautiful coast scenes of the neighbourhood of the Bay of Naples.

"But tell me, Holman," he said once, "what are you going to do with this wonderfully elaborate work of yours begun in Jerusalem? You must take care and get a thundering big price for it or you will be left a beggar"; I replied, "The truth is, my dear Wilkie, I am rather getting reconciled to the prospect looming before me that I shall not sell it at all, for no price such as those which picture buyers are accustomed to give, £1000 or £1500 at the most, would put me into a position to recommence on another Eastern design, and I have no inclination to work to enrich picture dealers and publishers alone. I have many reasons to think that the public will be really interested in it, although the canvas is not a large one; I wish it were three times as big, it would have cost me less labour; I am told it will make an attractive and remunerative exhibition, and this will persuade some publisher to buy the copyright. I have no doubt that it will help my position as an artist, and bring purchasers for my other works. I shall soon pay outstanding claims, and have this picture to the good, yet I don't want to

waste my time on business, and I should be very glad to find some dealer to take it off my hands."

"Now," he demanded, "what would really pay you fairly, as a professional man?"

"Nothing less, I assure you, than 5500 guineas—a price that has never been given in England for a modern picture," I said.

"Well, you ought to be able to get that; have you any nibbles?"

"Yes, nibbles of small fry but no bites; private people have asked me to let them have the first refusal of it. They certainly expect that I shall ask a handsome price; I shall not tell them till it is practically finished, and then I know they will be scared off and give it up, and only one will remain—Gambart, the dealer, who is prepared to go farther than the others, but ruled by the usual standard he will shy at my figures."

"I will tell you what you should do," he suggested, "Dickens is not only a man of genius, he is a good business man; you go to him and ask him to tell you whether you could not make the terms so that, keeping to your price, you will still get what you want from the dealer. Gambart is a sharp man, but being sharp, he knows better than to lose your picture, but you must give him the offer in a practicable way, and Dickens will tell you how to do this."

"But, my dear Wilkie, although Mrs. Dickens was kind enough to ask me to her house to see your 'Frozen Deep' acted, and though when I have met Dickens he has been civil and pleasant, I have no reason to think that he has any kind of sympathy for my art, and accordingly I could not expect him to like being appealed to in this matter."

"Don't you have any such thought. I will speak to Dickens, and you will see he will be very glad to help you," rejoined my eager friend.

Shortly afterwards Dickens asked me to come and see him in Tavistock Square. He was then forty-eight years

of age. By his early portraits he had appeared to be a good-looking beau of the last Georgian days, and the portrait painters had seized little that bespoke firmness under a light and cheerful exterior; but in these later days all the bones of his face showed, giving it truly statuesque dignity, and every line on his brow and face were the records of past struggle and of present power to paint humanity in its numberless phases. It was a poor criticism of him, current at this time, that he would never in the future write anything equal to *Pickwick*.

He received me with a pleasant welcome, and after a few friendly words added, "I am glad you are exact—we will proceed to business at once. How many years have you had this picture of yours in hand?"

"Six, with many intervals on smaller works, executed to bring grist to the mill," said I.

"Will you tell me how long a time you employed on it in Jerusalem?"

I did my best to explain.

"Your journey and stay there cost you a good deal of money?"

I entered into the facts.

"Now you have got the picture nearly finished?"

"I may complete it in good time for the next Exhibition season."

"What will be the sources of revenue for your dealer, should he buy it?"

"He will be able to exhibit it at a shilling a head in his gallery in London; we may average as much as £20 or £30 a day, taken at the door. The rent at the best season is of course heavy, and he has a canvasser paid partly on results, and a toll-keeper. I should calculate that a fifth of the revenue should suffice for this. The canvasser will take the names of all people willing to subscribe for the plate; the impressions will bring £3, £5, and £8 each. He will have to pay the engraver, say £800 or so, for his work, and then there will be the cost of printing and distribution. When this had been done he

would get further income by the sale of the picture itself. There will, however, be the doubt whether the public will look with favour on the work, which may offend. As far as I can judge in my own studio, however, there is no prospect of this, but distinctly the contrary. Mr. Gambart frequently points out that I must not consider that this picture will fetch a price that would be a commensurate payment for my time; he tells me that I shall have to make a sacrifice for this, and be satisfied with the greater reputation it will give me, and make my profit on other works."

Dickens smiled ironically and said, "Yes, we inspired workers for the public entertainment ought to think of nothing so much as the duty of putting money into publishers' pockets, but we are a low-minded set, and we want a part of this filthy lucre for ourselves, for our landlords and our tradesmen, who most unfeelingly send us in bills as though we did nothing for their pleasure."

I went on, "To venture the business myself would perhaps be the fairest for all, in that case the loss or gain would fall on me alone, but then a business man has opportunities for carrying on such enterprises which the artist has not, and a painter wastes his life in it."

Dickens then said, "You say you want 5500 guineas —you ought to have it, and I decide that a business man can afford to give it to you, and your business man I feel pretty sure *will* give it to you, but you must consider that he will not get his return immediately, and you must give him time; let him pay you £1500 down, another £1000 in six months, and the other sums at periods extending over two and a half or three years. You will find he will not throw away the chance, but do not let it drag along, tell him that you want to be free to make other plans."

I was much touched by his full attention, and thanked him most sincerely. In one respect I missed an opportunity from false pride on my part and timid reading of his nature. I ought to have said, "Now, will you do me the further honour of coming as far as Kensington to see

this painting of mine," but I let the door shut without saying this, and I never had again the opportunity of learning how far we differed or agreed in the purpose I was carrying out in this picture, of attempting to realise the actual history of the divine Man.

The Duchess of Argyll, who was my neighbour in Kensington, had in the most agreeable manner, two years before, called upon me, and taken a genuine interest in my work, and other persons of the great world asked to see it. Certainly the reputation of the picture had grown.

When it was so far advanced that it needed only deliberate judgment for the last balancing and ripening tones and touches, Mr. Mulready came and made kind comments upon the work, and later the President of the Academy and Lady Eastlake did me the same honour; it would not have been possible for them to have been more complimentary and kind than they were, and in the end Sir Charles paused, saying, "It has been said that you are resolved not to exhibit the picture, and I feel impelled to explain that in my mind it would be very wrong were you not to do so." I was astonished, for I had never had such intention as that which Rossetti acted upon in showing his pictures only in his own studio, and I frankly repudiated the construction of future intention, arising, probably, from my enforced abstention from public exhibition for the last three years. The President expressed his approbation of my reply, adding most unexpectedly, "I am able to assure you that the picture shall have a post of honour, and that it shall be placed with a rail in front, such as Mr. Frith's 'Derby Day' had, to protect it from the press of people." It was only then that I understood how I was responsible for the rumour he had heard, and I felt pained in giving my explanation, dreading the suspicion that I gloried in uttering it vindictively. It was, that with a picture which had cost me so much, I must look to the special exhibition of it as one chance of remuneration, and that I could not, therefore, send it to the Academy and lose what should be an important part

of the property to me. He accepted my explanation most courteously.

Meanwhile my energetic dealer, Mr. Gambart, was impatient to know on what terms I would sell it to him, but I would not reveal this until the end.

After, according to my promise, offering the refusal to the other private collectors who had asked for it, I told Gambart that I was ready to treat with him. "Now," he said, "you will tell me your price, but I hope you will come and dine with me, and we will talk it over after dinner." When I came up to the fire after the ladies had gone, pouring out another glass of wine, he said, "Now then for this secret of yours. What is your price?"

I stated it.

"Oh, but it is impossible, no one ever heard of such a sum."

"I quite admit that," was my reply. "You are called upon only to consider whether you can afford it."

"It is quite impossible," said he, "but you must take less."

"I won't abate a farthing," I said. "Now let me understand, shall I conclude that you give it up?"

He waited and then said, "You must take time to consider."

My reply was, "I am called very obstinate by my companions, perhaps they are right; whether or no, you must not expect me to take anything less than I have said."

"Well," he said then, "leave it open for a week."

My response was, "The Exhibition season is nigh."

"Yes," he returned, "and I shall have to make up my mind soon that I may calculate how much money I have to spend on pictures going to the Academy."

In the end I gave him three or four days, and this led to his acceptance of my terms. To finish a long task and send it forth to the world is a greater lightening of the heart than many men apprehend. In this case there was a very magnified sense of relief.

The picture was ready towards the middle of April,

and ere the last touches were dry, private view cards had been sent out for an early date ; Gambart had stipulated that I should be present ; the attendance was extremely large and there seemed to be every prospect of an enthusiastic recognition of the work, yet the signing of our agreement had been deferred.

Millais came with me to the gallery on the morning of the first public day ; it was early, and we were alone, my friend was full of generous recognition without limit, and said of "The Temple" picture (when seen for the first time in its frame designed by myself with ivory flat, in what I meant to be semi-barbaric splendour) that the work looked "like a jewel in a gorgeous setting."

The hour had come for the public to arrive, and still we were the only persons present ; as we wondered, a timid lady presented herself at the half-opened door, with apologetic mien, she inquired where she should find the picture which she had been told was on exhibition there, and we asked her in. Very few others came, and it turned out that the business people had put no notices at the door, and not a single newspaper had a line of advertisement to inform the public. This I corrected promptly, and the visitors began to arrive in numbers of eight hundred to a thousand a day.

One morning the attendant recognised as the Prince Consort a gentleman who was leaving the gallery after trying in vain to see the picture. He approached His Royal Highness, and asked to be allowed to send it to Windsor for the inspection of the Queen. The Prince expressed his pleasure at the proposal, and accordingly, to my surprise, when I arrived in the evening, the announcement was on the door that my picture was removed by command, after which it came back with a gracious message of appreciation.

Gambart employed Signor Morelli to make a drawing of the picture in black and white for the use of his engraver, and it was a wondrously exact and elaborate transcript of the original. To make the tracing for him,

which I could not leave to other hands, I often was at the gallery at half-past five in the morning.

Disburdened of all my anxiety in launching my picture, one day I went earlier than usual for the full gathering of the Cosmopolitan Club. Thackeray and an intimate friend alone were there; as I approached the great man, he ejaculated, "God bless my living soul! here we are in the presence of the happiest man of the day. I hope that what I hear is true that you have sold a picture for 5500 guineas?"

"It *is* true, I'm glad to say, that I have now signed an agreement with Gambart," I returned.

"Now, you are still a young man," he continued, "and to have got so handsome a sum for one picture, and that I hear not a large one, is a truly wonderful piece of good fortune, and I congratulate you heartily; you have cause to be jubilant."

"But," I said, "I must not allow you to assume that I have suddenly become a wealthy adventurer; I began the work years ago, and to do it I had to risk not only my little store of worldly goods in going to the place, but also all the chances of success which I had gained before leaving England, and in truth the difficulties I had to overcome cost me so much, that ten or twelve paintings might have been done in the time. I am sure that I understate the case when I say that other men of my age have been saving more than I shall get at the best, even when this business is finished."

"But," urged Thackeray, "I thought it *was* finished."

I explained that I had yet received only a goodly earnest of the money, that I had to pay some heavy debts connected with the picture, while still the outstanding balance was withheld. "Painting subject pictures," I said, "is an expensive profession, and after my experience of going to the East on a small capital, I feel obliged to postpone returning there for further work until I have a little money invested to bring me in an income that will save me from daily fear that my means will be absorbed before my canvas has been turned into a picture."

Thackeray thereupon rejoined, "But you are a single man, and have but few expenses."

"I am only a poor bachelor," I confessed, "but a man who does work which the public are pleased to take interest in, ought to be paid so that he can at thirty-three have the choice of marrying, and if, as many other men have, I have family claims upon me, that is not the world's affair, and it has no right to refuse him the just reward, such as if married he must claim."

"Ha-ha, ha, then you know what it is to have claims upon your harvestings before they are gathered in perhaps, and I daresay you know something of other than blood relations who say 'Give, give, give, but count not me the herd'—the thought of them makes me wince."

"Yes," I laughed, "we know who are always ready to prove that you should, considering your unvarying good luck in comparison to theirs, let them have more and more."

"Yes, I know them all," he said, "with their constant remindings of your 'lucky star,' and that they were not born with your golden spoon, and how everything has been against them. Well, well," he said with a half-amused sigh, "they are a dispensation of Providence by which we are brought to reflect upon poor human nature, but then 5500 guineas at thirty-three, that is a good turning point in a man's fortune; I remember when I was about the same age I had been writing for some months for ——, and the magazine had, in consequence of my contributions, been restored from a state near collapse to increasing stability; at that juncture my wife fell ill, and the doctors assured me that she must be taken for a month to the sea-side. I had no funds for this, and thinking it not unreasonable, I wrote to the editor: 'Dear sir, I am in severe need of ready money, I shall be sending the usual copy for the end of the month, could you oblige me by advancing me £20 on the forthcoming contribution to your magazine, and thus greatly oblige, W. M. T.'

"The reply was prompt, it was to the effect that the

editor had made a rule never to pre-pay his writers, and that he was obliged to adhere to his regulation. *You* needn't, my dear fellow, be any longer thus driven from pillar to post to get such a sum, and I am sincerely glad of it. Ah me!" he sighed, getting up, and left me with our common friend, going to the opposite end of the room, while I followed his lordly back till he became lost in a *posse* of newcomers. In a few minutes Thackeray returned, saying, "But you are, after all, a lucky dog, for you have something more than a miserable remnant or salvage of a life in which to do your work."

It seemed, with his stalwart and manly frame before me, and with the knowledge of his daring independence of mind, an empty gibe at his additional years of life, but, alas! it was only three Christmas eves after this that I looked back upon this remark as a premonition that he felt the uncertainty of life more than he was disposed to admit. People often repeat that at heart he was a *snob*, and that he had admitted this himself. In the society of the club where we met he would have been sure to show this, had it been true, and I never saw any signs of the weakness. This assumption from his own words is like the conclusion that Keats was a dwarf, derived from his remark, "But who will care for the opinions of John Keats, five feet high?"

When I tendered the three hundred pounds advanced to me by Mr. Combe, he exclaimed, "No, I don't need it, but you have interested us in your friend Woolner, and we should like to tide him over his low-water difficulties. Go to him, and say I hope he will receive the sum from me, and that he will keep it as long as he likes"; and he added, "It does not matter if he never gives it back, the amount will have been twice well used, and if in this case it brings success, as in yours, I shall be better pleased for his sake."

This kindness enabled me to introduce the sculptor to my Oxford friends, and the increase of his circle at the University helped him as much as the money did. About

this time he finished a statue of Lord Bacon for the Oxford Museum.

Once, when I had gone to the Exhibition gallery of my picture to meet Gambart, I found Dyce there; he was generously appreciative of the work, but objected that it was "three pictures in one." Another artist of older standing was, however, not so approving of the treatment, but declared that the painting was nothing less than blasphemous, seeing "it was only a representation of a parcel of modern Turks in a café."

The *Times* did not print a line of notice of the picture. Tom Taylor, its critic, told Millais he had written a notice, but the editor would not insert it. If this was in the flippant spirit of his comments on "The Light of the World" it could well be spared. The attendance at the gallery proved the interest that the impartial public took in my effort.

Meeting Dickens at a party in the full swing of the season, I was greeted by him with, "You have caused my hatter to be madder than ever. He declares that you have choked up Bond Street with the carriages for your exhibition, so that none of his established customers can get to his shop."

Gambart asked me to write a short pamphlet on the story and object of Pre-Raphaelitism, to be sold in the gallery, to add to his profits. I objected that I could not undertake this, because there had been others actively bound up in the effort to bring about a purgation of art, each working on somewhat different lines, and that any such utterance of my own might appear as savouring of egoism. He next urged that I should write a memoir of myself. I declined on the ground that people should not regard an artist as a public character, except in his works, and I had a settled repugnance to obtrude the privacy of life behind the scenes, and argued that there was every reason for him to be satisfied with his success without any addition from extraneous excitement. He would not, however, be beaten back for more than a few days, and

he came, saying, "I have been thinking that you can't refuse to let your friend Stephens write the pamphlet on your life, and I would pay him thirty pounds for doing it." I had to yield, and in a few days the pamphlet was issued and sold in the room. Stephens was still dear to me as my old comrade and my friend.

CHAPTER VIII

1860–1861, 1862

For there can be no state of life, amidst public or private affairs, abroad or at home—whether you transact anything with yourself or contract anything with another—that is without its obligations. In the due discharge of that consists all the dignity, and in its neglect all the disgrace of life.—CICERO.

Whatever is good is also beautiful in regard to purposes for which it is well adapted, and whatever is bad is the reverse of beautiful in regard to purposes for which it is ill-adapted.—XENOPHON.

SHORTLY after my exhibition had opened I received an invitation from Mrs. Gladstone to attend a breakfast in Carlton House Terrace. I found many old friends were present; but the last arrival was the Rev. Joseph Wolff, who had recently returned from a mission to Bokhara.

When we sat down he was interrogated about his experiences at the Amir's Court, and what he reported may probably be read in his book; but the noticeable character of his narrative was the Oriental and antiquated phraseology he used:—

"And accordingly the King arose and spoke aloud. 'Oh, Traveller, wherefore art thou come? Declare unto us thy mission, and make known unto us the desire of the great Queen who sent thee.'

"And I spoke, 'The great ruler in the Isles of the Sea desires to send unto thee salutations of friendship and recognition of the grandeur of thy sceptre, and to beseech

that thou shouldst give thy kingly attention to the hardships and the cruelty which Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, my subjects, have suffered in the regions belonging to thee, and I am commanded to demand of thee what has befallen these two brave and pious officers of Her Majesty, the Queen of the Sea.'" The story was recounted in loud and sonorous voice in notes that rang without pause, as though the words had been read from a book, the cleanly-cut face of our host, almost Dantesque in the compression of features, being riveted on the speaker the while, all other guests forbearing talk to listen. When the quaintly told story was ended, Mrs. Gladstone referred with great indignation to the report that Lord Palmerston had headed the subscription in Parliament to recognise the courageous endurance of Tom Sayers, the pugilistic champion of England, he being a man of five feet eight and a half inches in height, who, with his right arm broken at the beginning of the contest with Heenan, a handsome American of six feet two inches, had continued the struggle with his left hand only. Mrs. Gladstone was horrified at the brutality, and at its approval by statesmen of eminent position, and appealed to the table to support her in denunciation, saying, "I am sure, William, you did not subscribe." The great statesman replied with serious gesture, 'Indeed I did not."

Amid the company the lady perhaps noticed that I was more reserved in my endorsements of her sentiments than some others, and I was challenged to declare my views. I could only say that while I regarded pugilism as savage, I did so with regret that violence in one form or another could not be eliminated from rude states of society, and that pugilism was regarded by me as less objectionable than the means resorted to amongst people whose custom it was not, for settling quarrels without use of murderous weapons. Unless there were some men, like prize-fighters, who perfected boxing into a science, there would not be that degree of proficiency which

English boys acquire at school, which stands them in ready stead in travelling and colonizing, when barbarous natives think they may with impunity attack a stranger. This was a dreadful confession of faith, which I could see shocked Mrs. Gladstone profoundly; and the recounting of tragedies in the use of knife or pistol by travellers on occasion of threatening, together with the existing system of blood revenge, did not alter her judgment on the subject. When we rose from the table I took the opportunity to look at a painting of a female head by Dyce, which I had seen in the Exhibition a few years before. Mr. Gladstone accompanied me, saying, "I indeed feel ashamed of possessing that picture; I saw it in the Academy Exhibition, and admiring it exceedingly, inquired the price; finding that it was only £37 I purchased it; but since then Dyce's reputation has so justly grown that I increasingly feel how very inadequate the payment was." To this he added many expressions of admiration of Dyce's genius. He then paused with me before a large Spanish picture representing a saint, who, desiring to evangelise a distant country, and having no ship, had thrown down his cloak on the surface of the water, and stepping upon it, had voyaged over the Mediterranean to the land which he subsequently converted.[1] With pleasant talk we reached the door, where I stood apologising for having taken up so much of his precious time, but he insisted upon accompanying me to the hall. I remembered Lord Stair's obedience to Louis XIV. when charged to ascend the carriage before him, and proceeded through the antechamber. Passing a sideboard with choice specimens of Dresden and Sèvre china, I observed, "I may judge that you take a special interest in this German and French porcelain; in my small way I commit extravagances only with Oriental china." He asked, "And why do you prefer Oriental ware, Mr. Holman Hunt?"

[1] Supposed to be St. James the Apostle.

"I must admit that Sèvre and Dresden porcelain cause me pain in their elaborate determination to defy the fundamental principles of sound design," I said.

"But how do they do that?" he inquired.

"By disregard of the fitness of things."

"In what way does 'fitness' enter into the question?" he asked.

"It is not my personal theory I am propounding, it is often spoken of now as 'Ruskin's principle,'" I said; "but in fact many before him tacitly or openly declared it. Socrates, as an artist, where he lays it down that beauty depends upon fitness, and all true artists have recognised the law." Seeing him hesitate, I said, "Allow me to explain," and I took up a cup. "This is a vessel out of which a man drinks, and it should give an undisturbed impression as to its purpose, but when the cup is in our hands, observing it on the outside, we see a picture of linear and aerial perspective, with full light and shade of distant mountains, of a great plain with trees and a platform of steps in the foreground; we turn it forward, and under the teacup there is a distant bay, a ruined temple, a fountain close at hand, with statues, and cavaliers and dames dancing about. Our mind is in a state of discord to reconcile opposite impressions, one impression being that this is a half-globe to hold the liquid that is within it, the other being that of distances and buildings, on concave or convex surfaces, which could only be rightly depicted and intelligibly understood when seen on a flat surface; the cup and the pictures are perfectly incongruous, and elegant manipulation is misplaced."

"But," said he, "Oriental porcelain sometimes has representations of objects and landscape painted on its surfaces."

"It is true," I said, "but these are not portrayed with the aid of elaborate perspective and light and shade. The objects are represented as ornaments, controlled by design fit for the nature of the thing in use."

"You surprise and interest me," he said; "it is a question to work out, and I sincerely thank you."

In moving on to the door I reminded him not to assume that I claimed any originality in laying down this principle, and so I took my leave, much impressed by the humility of this leader of men.

I was still not my own master, and could not therefore yet return to the East. Having long been engaged on works of scale below life-size, it seemed wise now to take up the painting of figures of full proportions. Through the kindness of friends a young lady sat to me, and I commenced a picture which I afterwards called "Il dolce far niente."[1] I made use of the Egyptian chairs, which, having been borrowed and painted by other artists, were no longer attractive to me for Oriental subjects. I was glad of the opportunity of exercising myself in work which had not any didactic purpose. The picture, however, had to be laid by for the time, and finished at a later period from another model. I then devoted myself to designing the full-length picture of "The Afterglow" on a small canvas.[2]

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes had become my valued friends, and when a "Cosmopolitan" gathering was to take place they often asked me to meet a pleasant company at dinner on my way to the club.

Little Holland House was still exercising its fascinations on the London world; but its lord was declining in health and years, and its gaiety was much impaired in the eyes of those who remembered its brighter days.

In the autumn of 1860 Tennyson, Palgrave, Woolner, Val Prinsep, and I undertook a walking tour through Cornwall and Devon. As Woolner could not stay more than the first week, and Prinsep and I could not start till a day or two after the rest, they had begun their walk on the north coast, visiting Tintagel, reaching Land's End, and had gone over to the Scilly Isles ere we arrived at Penzance. We learnt their whereabouts, and followed

[1] In the possession of Thomas Brocklebank, Esq., J.P., Allerton Hall, Liverpool.

[2] Now in the Combe Collection, Oxford.

in the packet-boat to St. Mary's Island, where we found our friends at an inn. Woolner there took his

W. H. H.

IL DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

leave of the company. Inchbold had been found painting at the old Arthurian castle, and Tennyson's account of the

mysterious place whetted my desire to go there, but this thought had to be relinquished ; and after a day spent in visiting the gardens of the Scilly Isles we returned to Penzance. During the intercourse of this journey we were much engaged in discussions on the character of English poetry of all periods. Palgrave was a man of solid culture, and was engaged at the time on his unrivalled forthcoming selection *The Golden Treasury*. While Burns was under review, his poem *To Mary in Heaven* was excluded from the selection, Tennyson agreeing that the refrain of "Hear'st thou the groans that rend this breast?" had the ring of hysterical insincerity and bombast in it, a rare fault in that simple poet. The judgments on the verses offering themselves for consideration were finally resolved upon after dinner, when pipes and a "pint of port" ripened the humour of the company. Palgrave refers in his enthusiastically graceful acknowledgment in the dedication to his volume to the advice and assistance he had gained from the great poet in these critical investigations ; they were at times continued throughout the day, at times on the heights of a cliff or on the shore below, while we painters were loitering over notes of features of the scene which fascinated us. We could watch Tennyson in his slouch hat, his rusty black suit, and his clinging coat, wandering away among rocks, assiduously attended by our literary friend, and if by chance the poet escaped his eyes for a minute, the voice of Palgrave was heard above the sea and the wind calling "Tennyson, Tennyson," while he darted about here and there till he again held the arm of the errant comrade. It had been understood from the beginning that Tennyson's incognito should be preserved, as the only means of escaping bores or burrs who might spoil all our holiday, so the devotion of Palgrave evidently arose from consideration of the danger that might overtake Tennyson owing to his extreme short-sightedness. The poet, who was singularly unpresuming on his world-wide glory and his twenty or thirty years' seniority over any

of the party, perseveringly besought us not to use his surname in addressing him or speaking of him in the hotels. When this was forgotten by any one of us he remonstrated, "Why do you always use my name? You must understand the danger of some one noting it, and instituting inquiries which would result in discovery, and then we should be mobbed out of the place."

"Oh!" laughed Palgrave, who was singularly pertinacious in the habit he had adopted, "that is absurd. You think no one has any notion in his head but the question, 'Where is Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate?' whereas not one in a hundred we meet has ever heard your name."

The poet returned, "But that one would tell the others."

"Not at all," said our friend; "there are many people of the name besides yourself."

"Well, I have known the consequences before, and I wish you would avoid calling me by name," said Tennyson.

I think it was on account of the poet's apprehension of discovery that our stay at Land's End was shortened.

Tennyson's custom at that time was to take a vehicle from stage to stage, for he had hurt his foot. Palgrave ordered a dog-cart, and drove with him. Val and I walked. Val Prinsep was a burly but handsome young athlete, with breadth of shoulders and girth of limb that made him the admiration of Cornishmen, who by their wrestling bouts looked upon strangers as their forefathers did upon any new knights appearing in the jousting field. Our meetings with passers-by and with countrymen at the bars of inns, which at mid-day we entered for refreshments, engaged us in merry talk and badinage.

We joined our two friends at Helston, where they had chosen a comfortable hotel, and Palgrave took all the trouble upon himself of ordering supplies for the party. To the landlord he said with emphasis, "Above all things be particular about the old gentleman's port at dinner, for

HELSTON, CORNWALL.

the old gentleman's very fastidious about his wine. We others would not care about it, but he would be seriously displeased if the port were not quite up to the mark."

"Do you mean *me* by the old gentleman?" said Tennyson, looking round as he was unwinding his large cloak from his broad shoulders.

"Of course I do," Palgrave replied, and, turning to the landlord once more, he added, "You'll be particular, won't you, on account of the old gentleman?"

The landlord had scarcely shut the door when Tennyson, with face more perplexed than angry, said patiently, "What do you mean by calling me the old gentleman?"

"Why, what are we to call you?" pleaded the other. "You won't let us call you by your name, you persuade yourself that the whole country would rise up if they heard that magical word, and so I'm obliged to call you the old gentleman. Besides, you know you are the old gentleman, and every one will at once know who is meant."

"You might find some other appellation, I think," suggested the poet, but he did not pursue the complaint further at the time.

The next day Val and I went out to sketch. In the evening we told the others of a poor old woman who had come while we were at work, saying that she had a black paper profile of a sailor son who had been away years, and she had long ceased to receive tidings from him. "What consoles me now," said the loving old soul, "is that every day more that he's away must be a day nearer to his return." Her business with us was to ask whether we were not in the same line as the profilist who did the silhouette, and if so, whether we could not undertake the restoration of the portrait, which she was grieved to find had lost some of the features by reason of the black paper coming unglued and falling off. She added that it had been an excellent resemblance, and she had left it at home, but if we would come and see it and state our price, she should, if she could afford it, be glad to bear the expense. We had asked the address and meant to find it out in the

morning. Tennyson urged us to give what attention we could to the lonely mother, and matters were progressing happily as we smoked the calumet of peace, until the landlord appeared to take final orders, then our scholarly caterer repeated his references to "the old gentleman." The poet was startled from his restored tranquillity at each repetition of the obnoxious epithet, and immediately the landlord closed the door Tennyson, with a show of suppressed wrath, renewed his complaint. With an eloquence that would have done credit to an academic wrangler, Palgrave justified his position in successive stages: first of all, Tennyson must be called something; the natural mode of addressing him would undoubtedly be by his proper name, but then this was objected to, for what all rational people would consider quite inadequate reason, and so it had to be given up. Almost every other name would be objected to. "Mr. Alfred," or "our old friend," for instance, would not do, nor "the elderly gentleman" either. "No, on the whole, 'the old gentleman' is, I am sure, quite the best term," he said. "Notwithstanding your black cloak and your mysterious secrecy, the folk won't really interpret it as meaning his Satanic Majesty," and here he laughed heartily.

Tennyson asked us whether we did not think he had a right to object, and we agreed, but the argument persisted until the business of the further journey was mooted, and a resolution was come to that we should start next morning. A gig was accordingly ordered, and on the morrow after breakfast it was at the door ready for the two non-walkers. Prinsep and I had counted upon having another day to complete drawings already begun, but we decided not to stay behind our friends. When we had seen them depart, after some inquiries, made altogether in vain, for the whereabouts of the old mother of the lost sailor, we started for the appointed place of meeting at the Lizard. When we arrived at the little hostel, dinner had been ordered for four; our friends were away at the coast, and we could

not stray far from the inn for fear of missing them. There were two coaches, which belonged to a party come from Falmouth, unhorsed, waiting in front of the inn. The company were returning from the coast in little groups, and were taking their places on the vehicles while the animals were brought out and harnessed. It was a pleasant scene in the evening light, and we were idly gazing, when suddenly I was recognised and saluted by one of the ladies, the graceful and pretty Miss Stirling, and her sister, the nieces of the Rev. F. D. Maurice. They said they had been down at the coast all day, which made me ask if they had seen the two other members of our party there. The reply was "Yes, we met them in coming up the cliff." In guarded undertone I said, "Then I hope you understood from Tennyson that he wished his presence here to be kept strictly secret?" "Tennyson!" exclaimed they, the ladies next them joining in with delighted surprise. "We were not close enough to recognise him." I saw by the commotion created among all the company that I had unwittingly done more mischief than Palgrave had yet brought about. I implored all to be cautious, adding that the poet would never forgive me. Other ladies asked that I should introduce him to them when we arrived at Falmouth; and when I renewed my regret at the blunder I had committed, they playfully said they were extremely glad, and all entreated me to beg Tennyson to come to the Misses Fox when we left the Lizard.

At our meal that night, with converse smooth and delightful, although sometimes ending in wrangling, Tennyson asked whether we had visited the old woman at Helston to see whether we could not repair the black profile of her boy's portrait. I explained that her account of its condition had given us but little hope of repairing the damage, and that we had failed in the attempt to find her house. I felt how reasonable seemed his reproaches to us, repeated as they were in kindly tone, but without stint, over the wine and pipes. That night happily ended without any serious contention between

the men of letters ere we wended our way to bed. The next day we were all down on the white shore admiring the purple marble rock polished and made lustrous by the sea washing it in calm and storm. Each of us found his own particular object of interest apart from those which appealed equally to all. Perhaps it was the peaceful noise made by the laughing waters, or the bellowing of the cave-entrapped wave, that made Palgrave less mindful than his wont, and again he was heard calling out the Laureate's name whenever for a moment he had escaped observation.

Prinsep and I each began a drawing of Asparagus Island, and as we settled to work, Tennyson proved how, despite his short-sightedness, he had acquired the knowledge of details found in his poems.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

He was not satisfied with the first casual impression made by a new experience; he went about from point to point of his first observations, and conferred over each impression with his companions. We painters had placed ourselves upon a tongue of cliff which divided a large bight into two smaller bays; thence we could, to right and left, see down to the emerald waves breaking with foam white as snow on to the porphyry rocks. Our seats were approached by a shelving saddle of a kind that required keen sight and firm feet to tread. The poet had made up his mind to look down into the gulf, and we had to find an abutting crag over which he could lean and survey the scene. In the original sense of the word, he was truly nervous, but looked steadily and

scrutinisingly. The gulls and choughs were whirling about to the tune of their music, with the pulsing sea acting as bass, and it was difficult for eye or ear to decide whether the sound or the sight were most delightful. Tennyson, when led away to a broader and safer standpoint, said, "I could have stayed there all day." He sat and talked for a time, then strolled away with Palgrave out of our sight and hearing. That night after dinner the conversation began again about the English classics, and while it lasted there was little said that was not of inexhaustible interest, for Palgrave, as his books show, was an ardent appreciator of high thought and polished scholarship; but in time the divergent note was struck. "You're always losing your temper," said Palgrave.

"I should be sorry to do that, unless the reason were a very weighty one," said Tennyson.

"Surely," said Palgrave, "you must see that you've been offended with the most inadequate cause ever since our start. I appeal to the others," and after referring to the objection of the poet to the use of his name and the alternative epithets, he made it his text that Tennyson had complained to me about the revelation of his name to the Misses Stirling.

I at once said Tennyson was quite right on this point, that I had been foolish in making the blunder, and that the alertness of the ladies had proved how well founded was his dread of being lionised.

The poet, taking up his candlestick, said, "Each must do as he thinks best, but I have no doubt what to do. There is no pleasure for any of us in this wrangling, and I shall to-morrow go on to Falmouth and take the train home."

"There now," said Palgrave as Tennyson was at the door, "you're always most unreasonable; if things that you have a whim for are not absolutely yielded, no one else is to have a voice in the matter." When the poet had gone, Palgrave said to us, "You've no idea of the perpetual worry he causes me."

Val ejaculated, "Did you say that he caused *you*?"

"Yes," he returned. "The last words that Mrs. Tennyson said to me on leaving were that I must promise her faithfully that I would never on any account let Tennyson out of my sight for a minute, because with his short-sight, in the neighbourhood of the cliffs or on the beach of the sea, he might be in the greatest danger if left alone. I'm ever thinking of my promise, and he continually trying to elude me; if I turn my head one minute, on looking back I find him gone, and when I call out for him he studiously avoids answering."

"But you call him by his name?" we pleaded for the poet.

"Of course I do, for I find that his fear of being discovered gives me the best chance of making him avow himself."

Gradually Palgrave gathered that our sympathy for him was limited, and then he took his candle and went off to bed. Val and I, when quietly talking together afterwards over the dispute, had our attention arrested by creaking steps on the stairs, the door was quietly opened and Tennyson appeared in his slippers. Putting his candle down and taking a chair, he spread both his hands out afar on the table and said, "I've come down to say to you young fellows that I'm very sorry if I seem to be the cause of all the bickerings that go on between Palgrave and myself. It is I know calculated to spoil your holiday, and that would be a great shame. I don't mean to quarrel with any one, but all day long I am trying to get a quiet moment for reflection about things. Sometimes I want to compose a stanza or two, and find a quiet nook where I may wind off my words, but ere I have completed a couplet I hear Palgrave's voice like a bee in a bottle making the neighbourhood resound with my name, and I have to give myself up to escape the consequences." We explained that all this arose from Palgrave's desire to keep him from danger, for he felt responsible. "Oh, I know he means very well," said Tennyson, "but it worries me, and I am going away

to-morrow morning, but I hope you all will stay and enjoy yourselves."

The next morning before we had finished breakfast a dog-cart stood before the window, and the landlord came in to say that the trap was ready for the luggage. Palgrave cut short the speaker, deciding that it was not for our party, but the Laureate interposed with the explanation that he had ordered it, and he held to his determination to go to Falmouth at once.

When he had already got up into the dog-cart, and Palgrave found that further remonstrance would be in vain, he darted back into the inn, entreating his friend to wait a minute. It was fully ten minutes ere he reappeared, preceded by his luggage, and then jumped up beside Tennyson, greatly to the poet's surprise. He protested, but the remonstrance was met by Palgrave appealing to us to come too, and declaring that he was under promise to Mrs. Tennyson never to leave him on the journey, and as the pair were driven away we heard the two arguing as to whether such watchfulness were necessary.

Palgrave, it was evident, had counted upon our departure, for on the walls of the inn where John Smith of Exmoor and Henry Muggins of Battersea had, with an equally distinguished multitude, set their autographs, he had at the last moment neatly described a cartouch in which figured our four names, headed by that of the poet, and it or a duplicate will be found there to this day.

For two or three days Val and I remained working on the cliffs. My drawing was on a block, of which the sun had gradually drawn up one corner; this warped surface did not seriously interfere with my progress until one day a sudden gust of wind compelled me to put my hand on brushes in danger of going to perdition, when, turning round on my saddle seat, I saw my nearly completed picture circling about among the gulls in the abyss below. Luckily, a fresh gust of wind bore it aloft, until the paper was caught by a tuft of grass at the brink of the

precipice. It proved to be within reach of my umbrella, which fixed it on the spot until with the help of my friend, I was able to rescue the flighty thing for completion.

We, in our turn, went on to Falmouth, and learned from the Misses Fox that Tennyson and his friend had been with them for more than a day, and had been very happy until a notice of the poet's presence in a local paper startled him to take train direct to the Isle of Wight. We enjoyed the hospitality of this family for a few days before our return home by Salisbury and Stonehenge. Val Prinsep commenced his Exhibition career at the R.A. two years later, and attracted annual attention, particularly well merited in the year 1865 with his painting of "The Hiding-Place of Jane Shore."

Gad's Hill must have been known to Shakespeare, who certainly travelled to and on the sea, like many Englishmen in his days who had the Vikings' passion for wandering.

He was dear to Dickens, and perhaps the singling out of this outlying suburb of Rochester by Shakespeare had as much to do with Dickens's choice of it for a home as his early family associations had. Once, falling into a talk with him about the great dramatist, I asked which of all the passages in Shakespeare entranced him most. "Ah!" he said, "that's an embarrassing question to answer, for I love passionately so many; one comes to mind in *Henry IV.*, of Justice Shallow in his house and orchard, talking to his man Davy about the management of his several acres, and Davy's appeal to his master to take up his rascally friend's cause, saying at last, 'I grant, your worship, that he is a knave, sir. . . . I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but very little credit with your worship.' Then the arrival of Falstaff to enrol the men of the new conscription, and at last the scene in Shallow's garden, with Justice Slender

added to the party, and Falstaff returning from the Northern wars. As I read I can see the soft evening sky beneath the calm twilight air, and I can smell the steaming pippins as they are brought on to the table, and when I have ended my reading I remember all as if I had been present, and heard Falstaff and the whole company receiving the news of the King's death."

It was a pleasure to all his friends to hear that Charles Collins was engaged to Miss Kate Dickens. I was invited to the wedding at Gad's Hill, where many good friends were present. When at school I used to hear the name of "Boz" in connection with the *Pickwick Papers*, and the two words met my eyes as inseparable on all the advertising boards of the circulating libraries until the name of Nicholas Nickleby superseded the earlier announcement. What an unrealisable dream it would have seemed to me then, had it been forecast, that I should be a guest at this magical writer's table on one of the most personal and sacred events of his life. He was not yet advanced in years, but rich in laurels and still multiplying them, with a name honoured around the world, and a distinction coveted without envy. Yet he revealed a certain sadness during the feast, and this it was that induced him, when Forster rose up to make a speech, to command him not to proceed.

It was a lovely day, and when the ladies left the room and we stood up, no more graceful leader of a wedding band could have been seen than the new bride. I was near the father, and found myself opposite and close to a small picture of the Sphinx by Roberts; it had probably been given by the painter to the author. In turning I bent my head towards it; Dickens suddenly said, "You will not find anything in that picture to suit your particular taste, but *I* admire it."

I replied, "It interests me particularly, because I lived next-door neighbour to the Sphinx for several months."

"And what do you find fault with in it?" he asked.

"I had not any intention of finding fault with it," I

said ; "and if Roberts had never been to Egypt, and had painted it only as a poetic conception, I should have had no perplexity about it."

"What are you perplexed at now ?"

"Well, that he should have put the orb of the setting or the rising sun immediately behind the profile of the Sphinx does puzzle me."

Dickens abruptly said, "I admire it in that respect."

"But surely you do not mean that licence should go so far in a topographical picture as to justify a painter in making the sun set in the full south ?"

"But I do not see why he should not if he thinks it aids the effect."

"But," I urged, "consider that the whole idea connected with this 'Watchful One' may be that it is lifting up its head to look always towards the rising sun for that Great Day in which the reign of absolute righteousness and happiness shall come, so that the sun strikes on its brow each morning and sends a shadow towards the west along the great plain ; and as the sun advances to the west a shade closes over the face like sleep. To put the sun against the profile is therefore a very unaccountable liberty, because it is destructive of the cardinal idea."

"Ah ! well, I had not thought of that ; that certainly makes a difference ; but I admire it as a poetical conception all the same," he persisted.

"I hope you will believe that my critical feeling does not blind me to its merits," I replied, and so it ended.

He was in no such overstrained mood whenever I met him again. He had the habit of walking about ten miles each day as a constitutional ; sometimes I encountered him and walked with him, enjoying his brilliant humour.

After the wedding breakfast it was my fortune to drive out about Rochester with dear old Mrs. Collins and John Forster. It was a favourable time for talking with this healthy-minded writer, and I enjoyed a long debate with him on literary responsibility and the false influence of what is called poetic justice in a plot. Douglas Jerrold,

with his caustic wit, had summed up Forster's appearance with the stigma that he was "the Bumbeadle of Creation"; and indeed, till he talked, you might have thought the epithet somewhat justifiable, but his large reason soon gave dignity to his otherwise over-comfortable aspect.

About this year, 1861, Rossetti persuaded Morris to use the promising artistic power he had shown as a subject painter to take up decorative design. Having capital in hand, this energetic man of genius and of good business capacity incorporated Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and others, founding a firm which, after some eccentric experiments, developed not only into a commercial enterprise, but into a school of taste which it is not too much to say went far, and ought to be still moving forward, to re-establish the best form of artistic invention for English crafts.

The archaic spirit of Gothic times which inspired this offshoot from P.R.B.-ism was undoubtedly a recommendation to the approval of contemporary connoisseurs, for ancient authority has ever been what dilettantism loves as orthodoxy in art; perhaps even in the attainment of artistic success it was of good augury, for the field to traverse was limited, and the men whom Rossetti had enlisted, being late in application to art, could attain their ambition more speedily than had the region before them been of untried boundless extent.

Throughout the period I am writing of, young artists of ability were from time to time appearing. Henry Holiday applied his artistic taste and training to the designing and execution of stained-glass windows. Edward Poynter began to attract the attention of the Exhibition world in 1861, and rapidly year by year advanced in power. In 1865 his admirable painting, "Faithful unto Death," appeared, making a strong impression among thoughtful people, and establishing his claims to high consideration. I was so far affected by its excellence that I advised several friends to buy it,

Christ amongst the Doctors.

and when they would not, I was seriously tempted to become its possessor, but some richer amateur anticipated me.

My picture of the Temple came nigh to destruction within a year of its exhibition. A canopy had been erected to prevent the dresses of the spectators from reflecting into the glass of the painting; in the dark days of winter a row of gas lights was placed close above this. One freezing morning some of the company remarked upon the excessive heat of the room, and while attention was being given to the question the whole of the large curtain fell down in flames. The crowd escaped into the next room, the flames were spreading fast, and only one pail of unfrozen water could be obtained. In this emergency a lady took off a valuable Indian shawl and threw it to the man to extinguish the fire, which was happily overcome, the picture only being damaged in a way that could be remedied, so that in a week or so it was returned to the Exhibition with no mark of the injury remaining. The lady, although advertised for by the proprietor, never came forward to receive compensation from the Insurance Company for the destruction of her shawl by the gracious act she performed. Years later I heard that she was the wife of Sir Walter Trevelyan.

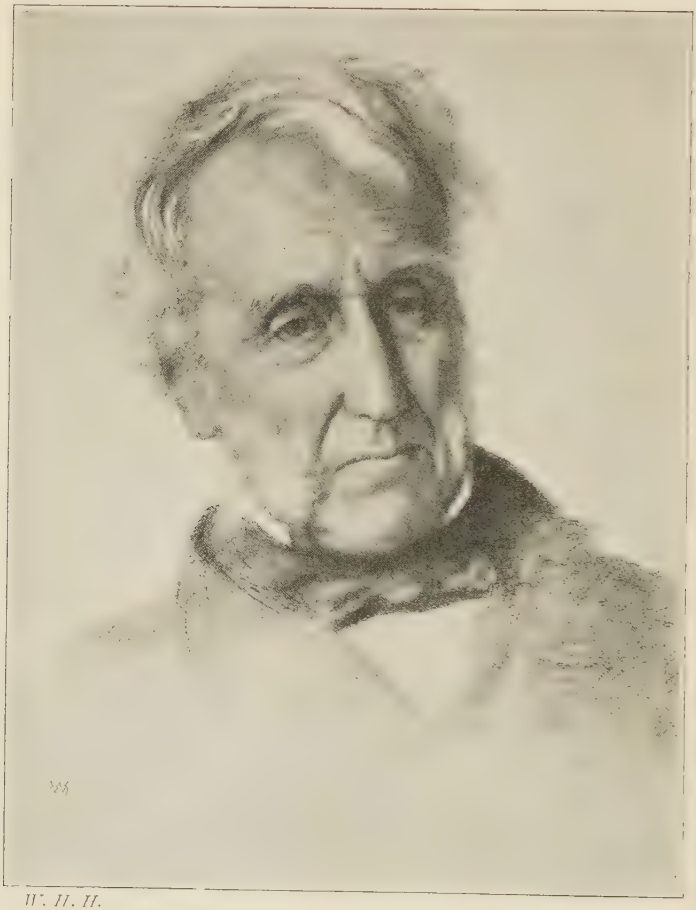
My friend, Mr. Vernon Lushington, at this time invited me to paint the full-size portrait of his father, the Rt. Hon. Stephen Lushington; therefore I stayed with the family at Ockham to paint it. Sitting down to my first dinner in the house, one of the sons asked me what line I took on the question of the war between North and South in America.

"I had better confess at once that I am on the unpopular side, I must avow that all the arguments I hear for the Southern cause have no weight with me," I said.

"Well done!" he exclaimed, "we are all Northerners here."

Scarcely any circle I had met up to then had received my confession of faith on this question so harmoniously.

I felt it was wise to make a study in chalk of the very



W. H. H.

THE RIGHT HON. STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.

interesting head of the great Judge before beginning the portrait in oil. The old gentleman was stirred up to extraordinary vivacity when in conversation, and the expression thus aroused was that best known to his

friends. When silent, his visage settled into a mask, almost grim ; but the fact that this aspect was unknown to society made me feel it must be avoided, the difficulty was that in the mobility of his features it was almost impossible to find any phase between the two extremes that could give the interest of the charming old Judge's character. When he saw that his listener was absorbed in his stories, he poured out a succession of wonderful memories, reaching back to before the last decade of the preceding century ; he was then eighty-two years of age. He told how he had once, when back from Eton, gone to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, he could not be certain which. At the end of the first act the Manager appeared before the curtain. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he said in tremulous voice, "it is our intention as usual to proceed with the performance of the piece on the boards if it be according to your pleasure, but it is my duty to tell you that sad news has just arrived from France—it is, that the French people have murdered their King. We will obey your commands." No response was made, but every one in the theatre arose, took his hat and coat in silence, and in a few minutes the building was empty. Scores of memories he recounted, that made one regret that the fashion of story-telling was ceasing in society. He had once been in company with Sir Joshua Reynolds, but had not known it at the time. Of Napoleon Bonaparte he had several social reminiscences. In his turn he was also an excellent listener, and applauded a good point with clapping hands. Once, by the entrance of a member of the family when I was painting him, an interruption had come in an account I was giving him of an Eastern adventure. During the pause, I had waited in vain to catch a glimpse of the face in the right view : after resuming work, I was intent on exact observation of my sitter, when I noticed him to be impatient, and he expressed this suspended interest by saying, "Well, Mr. Hunt, tell me how the contention went on." I had to reconsider my words, for my thoughts

were at the moment more on my work than on my story. When I had proceeded a certain way, his face became perplexed and self-absorbed. "But, sir," he gravely said, "I don't understand, your evidence does not fit on."

"Oh, I see, Doctor," I said. "I was wrong; I had left out an important link. I beg your pardon! I will go back to the point where I left it before," and I supplied what in my pre-occupation I had omitted. His face gradually became radiant as he interjected, rubbing his hands, "That's all right; now I understand exactly, bravo! bravo!"

At dinner the Judge enchanted every one. Afterwards he went into his study, and he told me that he was able then to resolve serious questions of his Court better than at other times. I stopped work at luncheon, and afterwards we took a ride, once trotting to Weymouth, partly across country. The Judge kept us alive with sparkling conversation from the time we started till the moment we again reached the hall door.

When I had completed the chalk drawing, I invited the daughters to see it. They were full of admiration, but I could see there was some reserve in their minds, and when I pressed them to be quite frank, Miss Lushington innocently said, "Why, you've made papa with wrinkles." To her and the family these marks of age had come so peacefully that they did not exist.

Once, when I was talking to Dean Stanley about the Judge's stories, I regretted that being so much absorbed with my work I was not able to write them down, as I felt they certainly should not be left unrecorded; but the Dean told me that he had made it a rule to register all that he had heard. No one could have chronicled them better, but these records have not yet seen the light.

I now had the canvas on which I had begun "The Egyptian Girl" increased to take a life-sized figure, which I proceeded with at intervals, and finished under the title of "The Afterglow."

W. H. H.

KING OF HEARTS.

In the beginning of 1862 all London was enthusiastically stirred in expectation of the glories of the forthcoming International Exhibition, which was to be more extended and superb than any that had preceded it. Sir Thomas Fairbairn, one of the great movers in the Manchester Loan Collection of 1857, was one of the guarantors of the new venture, and came to London to take his place on the board. Pictures and marbles were borrowed from afar, and the prospects were of the most promising character when, one Sunday morning while people were on their way to church, the ominous bell of St. Paul's tolled out the mournful loss that the much-esteemed Prince Consort was dead. This distressful loss grieved the whole nation and threw a great pall over the fortunes of the Exhibition; but preparations had gone too far to allow it to be postponed, and when the opening day came, the joy at the accomplishment of the undertaking and prospects of the gathering together of the latest industrial achievements of the world was not less because of undemonstrative nature. Some of Millais' and my pictures, and, for the first time, several of Woolner's works in marble, were exhibited. In other particulars the Exhibition was of interest to me, for there the firm of Morris, Brown, and Rossetti demonstrated publicly for the first time in our age that the designing of furniture and utensils was the proper work of artists themselves. The determination on the part of the new firm to be markedly *different* in all their productions to the works usually supplied to the market, had made many of their contrivances eccentric, so that the common world stigmatised their tables as rough benches, their sofas as racks, and their beds as instruments of torture; but the designers themselves learnt their lesson, and eventually started on admirable lines.

It was matter of great satisfaction to me to see Woolner's work well exhibited for the first time; he had a dozen fine examples of his marble carving in

the Exhibition, and his busts showed to great advantage in comparison with many of those by others, not a few of which were as though they had been modelled in dough. It was undoubtedly a want that nothing he sent possessed the spirit of design, but it must be remembered that until now he had not had any opportunity of exercising his talent. Sir Thomas Fairbairn was proud to have been one of his early patrons. One night in his smoking-room, when Woolner and I were his fellow-guests, he spoke of the need of an authorised handbook on the works of art in the Exhibition, and asked whether we knew of any writer competent to undertake the guide. Woolner ardently assured our host that he knew the very man, Francis Turner Palgrave, and believed he could persuade him to take it up with enthusiasm. Woolner was appointed to bring his friend to consult over the matter, and the next day Palgrave arrived. He stipulated that he should express his personal opinion on the whole question, no harm was foreseen in this, as the writer was to sign his work. Undoubtedly Woolner was elated by the attention his works were gaining, as was demonstrated one Sunday when Augustus Egg and I were going round the gallery. We came upon a complete set of fine photographs from Michael Angelo's Sistine Chapel; we were admiring the prodigious power of design and drawing shown in these works, and Egg was the speaker, when Woolner happened to come up. "That fine form!" he laughed. "I call that vulgar display; why, a life drawing by Mulready would be worth the whole ceiling," and he passed on. On this Egg dryly commented, "Your friend Woolner is not deficient in self-confidence."

Very soon the authorised handbook was ready. The historic part on English art was excellent reading; but with only a glance I could see that when the modern collection was criticised, the author's prejudice against all other sculptors but Woolner was rampant, and his admiration of him riotous. I told Woolner that it would do him harm, in raising up a strong feeling of

resentment against him, and events soon followed which only too well fulfilled this forecast.

There was a lull for a time in public attention to the handbook, but amongst artists and at clubs there was outspoken displeasure, which marred the recognition of what was undoubtedly highly admirable in Woolner's work.

CHAPTER IX

1862–1864

Who was this master good
Of whom I make these rhymes?
His name is Jacob Homnium Esquire,
And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't 'ave that man
Attack me in the *Times*!

THACKERAY'S *Miscellanies*.

But I have praised you when you have well deserved ten times as much as I have said you did.—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

ON the 15th May appeared this communication in *The Times*, from the redoubtable writer, Jacob Omnium :—

May 15th, 1862.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

To the Editor of *The Times.*

SIR—I desire to call the attention of the Commissioners of the International Exhibition to an indecent and discourteous act which is being perpetrated within the walls of the Exhibition with their avowed sanction and, I am assured, to their profit.

A critic named Francis Turner Palgrave, who describes himself as a Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and who clearly believes himself to be well fitted for the task he has undertaken, has been employed by the Commissioners to write for the use of the public *A Handbook to the Art Collections in the International Gallery.* Mr. Palgrave is evidently, in his own opinion, a thorough master of arts; he writes as positively and dogmatically on oil-

painting and water-colour as he does on sculpture, architecture, and engraving. On all these topics he is "cock-sure." There is a novelty and vigour in the slang of art criticism in which he indulges which is very remarkable; he does nothing by halves; those whom he praises—and he praises some very obscure people—he praises to the skies; those whom he condemns—and he condemns a large number of very distinguished men—he damns beyond the possibility of any future redemption. I will give a few short specimens of his style.

The Commissioners of the Exhibition have obtained from Sir Edwin Landseer such of his works as they thought would do most credit to their gallery—the choice was theirs, not his; and thus does the critic hired by them to guide the ignorant public, illustrate their taste and discretion.

"In 'Bolton Abbey,' Landseer has wasted his great powers on the idle profusion of lifeless game and indolent sensuality. Nature is apt to revenge herself on the true man if he is unfaithful for a moment; Landseer is generally cold in colour, but in this picture the charming picturesque touch, which half redeems that deficiency, has also failed him."

It is, however, in dealing with Baron Marochetti, that Mr. Palgrave's good taste and courteous tones are most advantageously exhibited; of the Baron, who has, at considerable cost and trouble to himself, done his best to meet the wishes of the Commissioners, their "own critic" writes as follows:—

"It was the writer's first intention when he learnt that the model of the 'Twin Group' was to be exhibited in the Gardens, to have given to it that serious criticism which so imposing a mass seems to demand. Careful examination of much else by the same hand for many years could not indeed lead him to anticipate sterling merit here, for the study which began with a belief in the excellence of Marochetti's work has led gradually and surely to a conviction of its baseness."

This is pretty strong, but it is nothing to what follows. The Commissioner's "own critic" warms to his task as he proceeds. He inveighs against the "colossal clumsiness" of the sculptor's work, he points out his "ineffable scorn of ignorance of the rules of art"; he condemns the Turin monument as fit only to be classed with "the centre-pieces of a confectioner." He denounces the courteous and accomplished gentleman who made it as a mere "mountebank." It would be unfair to both operator and patient to attempt to condense what follows:—

"Addison somewhere justly praises the impregnability of nonsense. 'Nonsense,' he says, 'stands upon its own basis,

like a rock of adamant secured by its natural situation against all conquests and attacks. If it affirms anything you cannot get hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities in an elaborate and well written piece of nonsense than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity.' Thus it is with the 'Carlo Alberto.' Those who cannot at once see through the effect and specious audacity, and discover that there is nothing but an amateur's worthless sketch magnified into Memnonian proportions, will not be convinced even by a right arm which goes straight out from the trunk without a crease in the dress or a trace of muscular motion, swaying its ignorant arms like a branch in the wind, and with the left (which in its turn hangs at the shoulder like a dislocated doll's) covered with furrows, intended possibly for a coarse model of stratification; by a face constructed out of a lump of chin and a dab of moustache, by the padded shape which far more resembles a round of brawn with three cord marks round the middle of it, than the human body; by legs (please inspect the left) as round and rigid as water-pipes; and all this and much more of the same quality set bold upright like a child's toy rider astride on that too celebrated animal with the forequarters of one charger and the rear parts of another, which does duty already in Westminster, then descend (it is hardly the right word) to the remaining work, take the bas-reliefs crowded by figures drawn with all the accuracy and finish of the prints in the *Penny Novelist*—admire the grace of the Zouave on the North-West, the well known Sydenham Pantaloon on the diagonal corner, the modelling in the lower parts of his neighbour, where, so far from the least suggestion that they cover human limbs, the breeches are the very image of those which Jack hangs out upon the forecastle when he has washed and starched them in the Atlantic."

Such is the style, Sir, in which this Mr. Palgrave summarily disposes of Landseer, Marochetti, and many other artists who have not the good fortune to please him. On modern sculpture he is especially hard. He says that "The very best modern antique bears its sentence in the simple fact that it is modern antique. The art which neither springs from real belief nor appeals to real belief—it matters little whose work it be—must be a learned mockery; I do not see how the word can be avoided—a nonsense sculpture. Or, look at it in another way. Can we imagine Phidias carving the gods of Egypt or Syria? Should Shakespeare have written 'Hamlet' in Latin?[1] Serious as the subject claims

[1] Ought he to have written it in Danish?

to be I confess it is very difficult to think of Nolleken's 'Venus,' Canova's 'Venus,' Gibson's 'Venus,' everybody's 'Venus' with due decorum. One fancies one healthy modern laugh would clear the air of these idle images; one agrees with the honest old woman in the play, who preferred a roast duck to all the birds of the heathen mythology."

We are then warned against Brodie's, Durham's, Gibson's and Lawler's emptiness, against Thrupp's "toppling and proportionless Hamadryads"; while Munro, Bell, and Theed are pronounced to be so nearly beneath even Mr. Palgrave's criticism as to "be only exempted from silence by their positive and prominent failure." Against Munro Mr. Palgrave appears to entertain a special *guignon*; in alluding to that artist's "Auld Play" and his "Sound of the Shell" he says that:—

"Such vague writhing forms have not even a good doll's likeness to human children; they are rather mollusca than vertebrata, gaps, scratches, lumps, and swellings stand here, alas, for the masterpieces of Nature's modelling. The eyes are squinting cauters, the toes inarticulate knobs, while the very dresses of the poor children in reality so full of charm and prettiness, become clinging cerements of no nameable texture and thrown into no possible folds. We (the Commissioners?) should not have thought it worth while to scrutinise work of an ignoramus so grotesque and babyish as all we have seen by Munro with any detail, if it did not appeal in subject to popular interests, and if we had not some faint hope that arduous as are the steps from 'Child's Play' to marble in art, the author of these works may retrieve himself by recommencing his art before it is too late."

Pleasant for Mr. Munro is it not? How truly grateful he must feel to the Commissioners for having first borrowed his statues to adorn their Exhibition, and for having then considerately discovered in Mr. Palgrave a critic competent to appreciate them, and bestow on the sculptor such kind and practical advice!

If in selecting works of art for exhibition the Commissioners have made a bad choice, on them let the blame fall; it was in their power, nay, it was their duty, to exclude any works deserving the opprobrious terms which Mr. Palgrave so lavishly and indiscriminately scatters. But it appears to me to be intolerable that the very gentlemen, who have earnestly solicited these artists to exhibit their work in the International Exhibition, should permit such ignorant and brutal abuse to be written and published under their sanction, and to be sold under their name within their walls. Indeed I can only explain their conduct by the supposition that they have never read what their critic has written. I have

only to add that Mr. Palgrave's praise seems to me far less tolerable than his censure. He bestows it very lavishly on a certain gentleman named Arthur Hughes, of whom I blush to say I have never before heard, but who, in his opinion, is the first of our living painters, and thus does he bespatter Holman Hunt :—

"Hunt's pictures burn with a kind of inner fire which extinguishes almost all other men's work ; the sun's heat seems within the 'Cairo' ; the pure crystal day itself in the scene from Shakespeare ; the hazy celestial silver of the moon mixed with the stealthy influences of starlight and dawning, and subtle flashings from gem and dewdrop have been harmonised in the 'Light of the World' by we know not what mysterious magic," and so on *ad nauseam*.

I feel certain that as soon as the attention of the Commissioners has been called to Mr. Palgrave's bumptious and shallow attempt to bully and mislead the taste of the public under the shelter of their wings, the sale of his precious "Handbook" will be prohibited within the Exhibition, and that that accomplished writer will be necessitated to take his chance of circulation *extra cathedra* with more courteous and competent critics, in which case I venture to prophesy that his chance will be a very bad one.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. O.

May 15th, 1862.

On the next day the following letter appeared in *The Times* :—

16th May 1862.

SIR -Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, who tells us in the preface of his *Handbook to the Fine Art Collections of the International Exhibition*, that in abusing in such unmeasured terms some of the best artists in this country he is reluctantly fulfilling a grave judicial function entrusted to him by the Royal Commissioners, does not tell us who he is, or what claims he has to represent himself as the redeemer and regenerator of English art. I believe I am now in a position to throw a good deal of light on the subject.

Mr. Palgrave is a clerk in the Privy Council Office, and one of the Government Examiners connected with the Educational Department. He has tried his hand at novel writing and as a poet with moderate success ; he now comes forward as an art critic whose dicta are to be accepted as final, supported as they are by the patronage of the Royal Commissioners, for no dog of that herd may bark within the Exhibition but Mr. Palgrave. He claims in his Preface a special aptitude for sculpture, an art to which he has given many years' close attention.

Now it must be observed that in his Handbook, although he uses the harshest and most insolent language to nearly all the best sculptors of the day, there is one on whom he lavishes pages of high-flown praise which would have made a Phidias blush; that sculptor is Mr. Woolner.

The object of this is evidently to fill Mr. Woolner's pockets at the expense of his fellow-labourers. If, as Mr. Palgrave points out (p. 105), Adams' "Wellington" and Burdett Noble's "Barrow" and "Lyons," Munro's "Armstrong," Theed's "Adam" and "Lawrence," are a disgrace to English art now, and an outrage on remote generations, there is a chance that people desirous of ordering busts may rush to Mr. Woolner if they have any faith in the judgment and integrity of Mr. Palgrave and of the Royal Commissioners, and that not only Mr. Palgrave, but also Mr. Woolner, may make a good thing out of the Exhibition.

Under these circumstances, it is a matter of interest to know where Mr. Woolner resides. *The Royal Blue Book* affords that information. I find that it is at 29 Welbeck Street that the British Phidias is to be found, and I grieve to add that Mr. Palgrave, the regenerator of British art—the man with a mission, who believes in Woolner, and in Woolner alone, and who orders us all to do the same actually keeps house with the said Woolner. So says the *Blue Book*.

Surely this is suspicious. Is it not just possible that the close attention which Mr. Palgrave professes to have given sculpture may merely mean that the Critic and Phidias have talked over the competitors of the latter a great deal at breakfast time, and that the glowing periods in which the Critic praises Phidias and abuses everybody else may merely represent the latter's high opinion of himself and contempt for everybody else?

Why do they (the Commissioners) keep a critic at all? What title has Mr. Palgrave to use the language he has "under their sanction" to much abler and better men than himself? And above all, why are we to have Mr. Woolner forcibly thrust down our throats because he and Mr. Palgrave find it convenient to lodge together in Marylebone?—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. O.

Then followed a letter signed by Calder Marshall, R.A., W. F. Woodington, and Edward Stephens, explaining efforts made by them to get the Handbook suppressed, and afterwards another from G. D. Leslie, protesting

against the unjust detraction of his father's claims as a painter, the remarks on which were directed at the character of his colour, which indeed, though very restrained, was ever fresh, sound, and daylighty. On the 17th appeared a letter from F. T. Palgrave, in which he proved that the extracts from his Catalogue given by J. O. were so selected that an undue idea was conveyed of their injustice to the painters and sculptors he blamed, and Woolner wrote to deny that he had in the slightest degree influenced Palgrave's opinions.

On Monday, the 19th, appeared a further letter from Palgrave, enclosing a correspondence between the Commissioners and himself, which terminated in the withdrawal of the *Fine Art Handbook* as an official publication. A later column also gave a further letter from "J. O.," headed "Damon and Pythias," in which he quoted long passages from the Catalogue to justify his charge of unjust laudation of Woolner, and his assumption that the latter had inspired Palgrave with his own prejudices on sculpture. What well illustrates the impression these letters made is the following humorous verse which appeared in public from the pen of a man of note :—

Confound his impudence! I cannot say
How little I've enjoyed myself to-day.
I positively shudder when I look
Within the pages of this crimson book,
For all that once seemed lovely, graceful, chaste,
Is shown to be in execrable taste.
I once thought Gibson charming, and, indeed,
Admired the "cold vacuity" of Theed!
But one, I find, is lifeless, tame, and vile,
The other in the "dull spasmodic" style.
On reading further on, I learn with pain
That Baron Marochetti tries in vain,
"Like other men of similar pretensions,
To puff and blow himself to Bull dimensions."
I'm sure that Woolner, who's refined and modest,
Although his fellow-lodger's of the oddest,
Must blush at eulogy so coarse and stupid,
And own there's something in the tinted Cupid.

Now the author of the letter in *The Times* was a very agreeable member of the Cosmopolitan Club, with whom I was on friendly terms, although we more than once sparred over the degree of right that Marochetti had to oust all English sculptors from any chance of getting public employment. A very formidable man to all was this Mr. Higgins; six feet eight and a half inches was the crown of his cranium from the ground he stood on; perfectly broad, and strong in proportion, withal remarkably handsome, and he had been a favourite pupil of the existing belt-holder. Thackeray had written the strong eulogium on him, quoted above, and he was in close relations with Society. "J. O." cared nothing at all for the other sculptors of native birth whom he mentioned, neither did most of the fashionable classes.

We had come to the pass now that Woolner, by reason of the commotion caused by the Handbook, was in danger of losing the prospect that he had at last secured, and I was determined that he should not suffer if any remonstrance from me could save him. It was impossible for me to expose Jacob Omnium's motive, veiled under the show of defending the whole profession; his desire was to turn the tide in favour of Marochetti for the commission of a statue of Macaulay to be put up at Cambridge, which was on the point of being decided by a Council largely composed of men in favour of the young Englishman.

I drafted my letter and went down to Welbeck Street. Palgrave and Woolner were just finishing breakfast, and I asked what hope might exist of a champion for their cause. They were dejected, and confessed that no one was likely to help them, which was more serious to the Cambridge chance, because Jacob Omnium's letters had been timed so as to appear only a day or two before the award of the Commission. I then produced my letter, while I avowed to Palgrave what I had said before, that it was only Woolner that I could consider in it, and it was agreed that it was possible it might save the situation.

Accordingly I sent it to *The Times*, and the editor with his usual courtesy at once inserted it :—

SIR –Surely your correspondent J. O. goes somewhat beyond the just limit when, in his letter which appeared yesterday, he makes insinuations against Mr. Woolner's talents and honourable dealings, in addition to the strictures which he has passed upon the Handbook of the Exhibition, in which Mr. Woolner's works are, as he says, so exceptionally praised. It may be said that I am an interested person in maintaining the authority of the Handbook. In answer I have to declare that throughout a period of twelve or thirteen years, during which the works that I have exhibited have often been roughly handled by omnipotent critics, I have never attempted to say a word in public to avert the effect of their wrath, and I have equally refrained from acknowledging favourable criticisms, either in public or private, although I have in both cases run the risk of being misunderstood by the readers as well as the writers of these judgments. I have not read the Handbook in question ; my only knowledge of it is from "J. O.'s" quotations and other allusions, and I am not therefore in a good position to assent or to dissent from Mr. Palgrave's views.

Mr. Woolner and Mr. Palgrave, it is true, within the last two months have taken up their abode in the same house. Is there anything suspicious in this fact to any but "J. O."? The first had set himself to work at sculpture for years, with a result which has commanded the admiration of many of the best men of the day. The second is, as "J. O." says, a novel writer and poet, and moreover has given many years' close attention to sculpture. What is there in the positions of these two men to prevent them from occupying the same house, if their private circumstances make such an arrangement desirable? or to prevent a perfectly independent pursuit of their studies after they are established together? Any one would think, from "J. O.'s" letter, that no one had ever before complained of the general character of our public statues ; that Trafalgar Square, the Royal Exchange, Cheapside, and the neighbourhood of the Palace of Westminster contained monuments which the nation regarded with just pride, as calculated to uphold our honour as an artistic nation against the world. Surely it required no imaginary breakfast-table conversations with Mr. Woolner to convince a sensible man that this is notoriously incorrect. *Punch* and your own columns have made indignation against such works almost proverbial. As a friend of Mr. Woolner, I may assert that his appreciation of the few really great things of our modern sculptors, which it would

be invidious to specify in part only, is as absolute as that of any artist of my acquaintance.

When "J. O." confines himself to the question of whether the *Art Handbook* should be sold under official patronage, he deals in a perfectly straightforward English manner, but the public will, I think, regard his attempt to use the interest which he has engaged for this question to the injury of a talented and honourable gentleman in a very different light.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

TOR VILLA, CAMPDEN HILL,
17th May.

The letter cost me not a little, as I knew it must do. J. O. naturally resented it, and I was now entirely cut off from Marochetti, whose talent I respected, although at times it bordered on the confines of theatrical bombast, as seen in the genteel vulgarity of his statue of Victory, and in the flaunting birds' wings in his Wellington tomb. There was grace in his statue of Princess Elizabeth, and force in that of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. Sir Edwin Landseer, who lately had shown a disposition to become friendly, now avoided me. And all the painters and sculptors condemned by Palgrave evidently thought me of his opinion, while, in fact, I often disagreed with him.

On the same day as mine, appeared a joint letter in *The Times* from Watts and Millais, in condemnation of Palgrave's Catalogue. Woolner, two or three days after my letter, told me that the Cambridge Council had passed a resolution that, while the heated controversy (I alone being the defender) was going on, it was desirable to postpone their decision for a month; and this, he was told, would secure him the commission, and it did so.

I feel bound to say, in justice to my own judgment, that when Woolner's statue was completed, it was a disappointment to me. And although part of his few ideal groups continually proved the excellence of his modelling and marble carving, the spirit of his design did not, on the whole, satisfy the early expectations of his power, which his admirable statue of Sassoon certainly revived. My protest was perhaps the first to give a much-grudged

opening to English sculptors, and quickly resulted in the development of new men whose genius cannot be mistaken.

Though the original study for my picture of "The Finding in the Temple" had yet only some experimental parts painted on the canvas, it would have been a loss to leave it incomplete, and I devoted myself to finishing it. In some slight points the outlines differed from the larger picture, and, for greater joy in the work, I chose to make changes of hue in some parts of the composition.

Augustus Egg had become so far affected in health that he now wintered abroad; this year he went to Algiers, and we were all hoping that he would return, when we heard of his death.

When I took the news to Wilkie Collins he was quite broken down, and rocked himself to and fro, saying, "And so I shall never any more shake that dear hand and look into that beloved face! And, Holman," he added, "all we can resolve is to be closer together as more precious in having had his affection."

I was appealed to by an editor for some reminiscences of him for a journal, and to better qualify myself for a task which I felt beyond me, I wrote to Charles Dickens to help me with any testimony that he could supply. His response will be the best eulogium upon our common friend that could appear :—

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham, near Rochester, Kent,
Sunday Night, 1st May 1863.

My dear Mr. Hunt I should have immediately complied with your request but for the sufficient reason that I really have nothing to tell which the public has any claim to know. The dear fellow was always one of the most popular of the party, always sweet-tempered, humorous, conscientious, thoroughly good, and thoroughly beloved. I always advised with him about the compositions of the figures and the like,[1] and his artistic

[1] This refers to arrangements made in theatrical tours by Dickens and his friends, including Egg, made in the provinces to secure a fund for the relief of decayed actors.

feeling and his patience were what you know them to have been. There is not a single grain of alloy, thank God, in my remembrance of our intimate personal association. But I look back upon his ways and words, in that half-gipsy life of our theatricals, as sanctified by his death and as not belonging to the public at all. In that aspect of his life, as in every other, he was a thoroughly staunch, true, reliable man. All else I regard as private companionship and confidences.—Believe me, ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

At this period I visited Sir Thomas Fairbairn at Burton Park near Penshurst. Wingrove Cook was also a guest there ; he had been the correspondent to *The Times* in China during the recent war, and had written letters of world-wide interest on that subject. The later contributions to the series had been unprecedentedly amusing and edifying, describing the behaviour of the atrocious Commissioner "Yeh" on his voyage as a prisoner to India. He reported that when left alone in the saloon, the great Chinaman was observed through a peephole to jump down from his seat of state, and exhibit a monkey-like curiosity, turning over cushions and prying into corners ; but on the slightest sound of returning footsteps, he would race back to resume his seat of dignity with the imperturbable serenity of a Buddhist image. Wingrove Cook was a writer of the greatest facility, who would, without pause for a word or expression, describe graphically all that had passed before his eyes. He was a man of ready wit, and generally a good fellow.

One day out shooting we stopped to have lunch in an open glade, and talked of family pedigrees. Our host remarked that once he had the ambition to trace his family lineage ; that he had got back two hundred years, to find that an ancestress had been burnt as a witch, and that he looked upon the discovery as a reason for stopping his investigations. His father, Sir William Fairbairn, was the great engineer, who had the credit of completing the Menai Bridge. When the son came to an end of the story of his ancestress condemned for diabolical dealings,

Wingrove Cook reflected, "Well, had your father lived two hundred years ago, I have no doubt whatever that he would have kept up the family character and been burnt as a wizard."

Still discoursing, we talked about the author of *Vanity Fair*. Cook said, "Thackeray is no genius! He was my schoolfellow, and I've known him all along for a rather able and plodding gentleman of letters, nothing more; amusing enough some of his lucubrations are, but he is overrated, he hammers out all with the greatest toil. Look here! when I came home last year after a long absence abroad, I invited a party of old chums to come and dine with me at Hampton Court. And I went to Thackeray, saying, 'Now, my dear fellow, you must come and dine with me and a lot of ancient cronies next Wednesday.'

"'Ah me!' returned William Makepeace, 'I wish 'twere not so, but the end of the month is coming, and so far I have not written a line of my new number, and I have put aside next Wednesday evening to go down to some quiet lodgings I have taken at Surbiton to make a big innings, so you see I am obliged to give up your attractive party. I'm truly chagrined.'

"'Do you mean to tell me that you consider the writing a few pages of your story a sufficient reason for breaking through our good fellowship?' I argued. 'Why, I could write twice the quantity of your whole number in four hours.'

"'Ah!' Thackeray replied, 'I know too well that I could not, and if I gave up Wednesday night, I should find that I was behind and all my sense of deliberate judgment would go. It would not do indeed.'

"It was no use arguing with him, and I had to give him up. Well, our party met. Every one asked why Thackeray was not there, and I told them. Nevertheless we had a jolly evening, and when we were breaking up, in reply to an inquiry where Surbiton was, I decided that we would drive home that way, and knock up W. M. Thackeray. We arrived at the dark village. There was

one house with a light on the first floor; it was easy to conclude that we were at the right one, and we all shouted out 'Thackeray.' The window was forthwith opened and our friend appeared; recognising us, he said quietly, 'Oh! wait a minute and I will come down and let you in.' He descended and opened the door. He was feverish, yet very calm, and terribly sober.

"We flocked in, and I preceded the party upstairs. There was the writing-pad with some sheets of notepaper on the table, and the upper sheet had about twelve lines of his neatest small writing, with a blank space at the bottom. I held it up before Thackeray. 'Tell me,' I said, 'is this all that you have written this blessed evening?'

"'Alas!' he replied quite sadly, 'that is all.'

"And I rejoined, 'Then that is what you left all of us for? You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And in return, he admitted that I was quite right."

While my mind was still in the lodging at Surbiton, and following the inspired author of *Vanity Fair* after his boisterous companions had gone and he sat down to gather up the disturbed threads of his wonderful embroidery, Wingrove unsuspectingly said to us, "Now do you call that a genius?"

While I was at Burton Park, Trelawney, the friend of Byron and Shelley, arrived. He was a man of nearly eighty years of age at the time, in stature about five feet nine; his shoulders were of great width and his chest of Herculean girth, his neck was short and bull-like, and his head modelled as if in bronze, with features hammered into grim defiance. His eye was penetrating, and his mouth was shut like an iron chest above a Roman chin; it was no surprise to find his voice full and rough. And yet with all this there was a certain geniality in him which he concealed as though he were ashamed of it at first. When I was painting one morning in the park, I saw him approaching. When he was nigh I called out, "How do you do, Mr. Trelawney?" He walked on without

answering, and coming close threw himself down on the grass behind me. I repeated my salutation. His reply was, "I think that is about the most foolish thing one man can say to another." I hazarded, "Can I put it another way, and say, I hope you're quite well, Mr. Trelawney?" "Of course I am," he said. "I'm glad you've come out to see me, to give me the opportunity of a quiet chat with you," I continued, not noticing his tone. "Besides Byron and Shelley, you knew Keats, tell me what height Keats was, for the idea prevails that he was extremely short, and that does not correspond with the character of his head as seen in the cast. From what Keats idly says himself it is inferred he was only five feet." "No, he was of reasonable height, about our own," said Trelawney. "Tell me how the character of his face inspired you," I continued. "He couldn't be called good-looking," he replied, "because he was under-hung." "You use the word in an opposite sense to that in which it is sometimes applied to Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second of Spain, or to a bulldog?" I said. "Of course Keats was the very reverse," he grunted, "and the defect gave a fragile aspect to him as a man."

We talked of Byron, and Trelawney said he had put to the test Byron's power of swimming, in which he had boasted in his well-known lines. "Bathing from the beach one day," he said, "I pointed to a ship out at anchor and asked him to race me to it. We started, and in a few strokes I found that it was a mockery for me to exert myself. I waited for him to come up and made a fresh start, repeating this two or three times; at last I swam round the ship, and as I returned met him not yet arrived. 'Get away from me,' he said, 'I hate you,' and I saw he was really angered; to pacify him I said, 'Why, Byron, if I could write *Childe Harold* I should not mind having some one beat me in swimming.' But he was sore with me and remained so for some time."

With the massive chest, shoulders, and arms before me the story could well be understood.

A few days later at dinner Trelawney's place at table was empty, and a servant was sent up to his room, who reported that he was not there and could not be found. This arousing curiosity, the master asked the butler if he knew anything about the guest. "Yes, Sir Thomas," he said, "I saw him going with his valise in his hand on his way to the station in the afternoon, and I think, Sir Thomas, he has left." Being pressed for further news of Trelawney, he said with the gravity becoming a trained servant, "He was sitting in the afternoon in the lake up to his neck in water reading a book, and he remained there till dusk, Sir Thomas." Thus ended the visit of this survivor of a past generation.

A man occasionally appeared among our circle at this time who proved soon afterwards to be one of the great figures of our time. Before *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* had made George Meredith receive his first welcome from the world, we recognised the author as both brilliant in his wit and also singularly handsome in his person. Of nut-brown hair and blue eyes, the perfect type of a well-bred Englishman, he stood about five feet eight, and was of about my own age. He had a boy of some five or six years old, and when he lost his first wife, the daughter of Peacock, who had been in youth a friend of Shelley, he devoted himself unremittingly to the child and to his training and education. When I was told Meredith was about to take up his residence with Rossetti in Cheyne Walk, I recognised regretfully that this combination would be an obstacle to the increase of my intimacy with the novelist at the time, but it transpired afterwards that he relinquished his project ere it was put into execution, and he has told me since that he never slept at Queen's House.

On the night of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, I went to the City to see the decorations of the streets through which the Royal party had passed. The display made many edifices, by daylight dingy with city smoke, fairylike and gorgeous. Temple Bar was enlivened

London Bridge.

Night of the marriage of the Prince & Princess of Wales. March 10th 1863.

by hangings of gold and silver tissue, and London Bridge was hung with masts, crimson banners surmounting the Danish insignia of the Elephant ; tripod braziers and groups of statuary made up the show of welcome to the Princess on a spot full of memories of Danish exploits of ancient times, and the whole was illuminated by an effulgence of light. Being fascinated by the picturesque scene, I made sketches of it in my note-book, and the next day, feeling how inadequate lines alone were to give the effect, I recorded them with colour on a canvas. When I had completed this, the Hogarthian humour that I had seen tempted me to introduce the crowd ; but to do this at all adequately grew to be an undertaking. I was led on, and felt that the months during which I could see that family matters would still detain me in England would not be ill spent in perpetuating this scene of contemporary history, but the work proved to be much greater than I had anticipated.

When the picture was finished I had it exhibited in a gallery in Hanover Street, together with a few others, including "The Afterglow" and the painting of "The Last Day in the Old Home" by my pupil Martineau. I left the carrying out of all arrangement of lighting, etc., to a manager, and did not see them until the morning of the private view, when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with the Princess of Wales, had promised to do us the honour of visiting our pictures. My arrival was only a couple of hours before the Royal visit, and there was such a scene of confusion, of carpenters' tools, of sweeping materials, bare boards, steps and the like, that I was alarmed at the possibility that some of these might not be out of sight before the Royalties' arrival.

In extraordinary manner however all disappeared as by magic just as we heard the Royal approach announced.

Promptly His Royal Highness scanned Robert Martineau's picture with interested attention, then turned to the picture of "The Afterglow," pointing out to the

Princess the correctness of type, atmosphere, and costume of the Egyptian picture. The Prince then asked me for the picture of "London Bridge." "Where is the Princess; where am I?" he inquired in looking on the motley scene. I explained that the picture dealt only with "London Bridge by Night on the Occasion of the Marriage," crowded by the mob viewing the illuminations. Looking at it from point to point, our Royal guest asked many questions about it, but suddenly singling out Mr. Combe's figure, which I had introduced into the crowd, with face no larger than a sixpence, the Prince exclaimed, "I know that man! Wait a minute," he added, "I have seen him in the hunting-field with Lord Macclesfield's hounds. He rides a clever pony about fourteen hands high, and his beard blows over his shoulders. He is the head of a house at Oxford, not a college"—as he went on following the trace in his mind—"but I'll tell you—yes—I remember now—it's the Printing Press, and he rides in a red jacket. Am I not right?"

"Your Royal Highness is indeed surprisingly so," I answered; "for although I have not been with that pack when you, sir, were in the field, Mr. Combe has often told me that he has seen Your Royal Highness with Lord Macclesfield."

"Remind me of his name," said the Prince.

Before I had well said it he took me up with, "Yes, I remember, Combe of course."

This is an example of the extraordinary faculty possessed by the Royal Family of remembering faces and names, and it would be a want in my record of remarkable individuals of my time if I were not to note this experience of mine of our present King's phenomenal and gracious recognition of individuals.

In 1864, when Garibaldi came to England, there was such a press of admirers about him, that I could not out of my much taxed time make arrangements for seeing the great man in any manner that would enable me to satisfy my artistic interest on the outward aspect which his inner

divinity of soul had stamped upon his personality. Despairing of the opportunity of a satisfactory meeting with the hero, I was unexpectedly gratified at receiving an invitation from the Duchess of Argyll to meet him at breakfast. The party consisted of some twenty people, and the man who had made the greatest romance of modern days walked in modestly with a friend or two, who stepped aside while he advanced to be received by his host and hostess, with her mother, the gentle and still beautiful Duchess of Sutherland.

Garibaldi from his photographs had appeared to me to be a man of about five feet ten in height, and indeed when he stood alone he might still be thought to be of that stature, so well was he proportioned; but alongside of other men, the stalwart bag-pipers to wit, he proved to be not more than about five feet five.

What a difference there is between man and man! One is employing his full powers to dig a grave, and another no bigger is making a kingdom, and withal does so with the honesty of the simplest child; another will connect seas together and change the course of navigation. While one man quarrels in a drunken brawl, the other will use his strength to overthrow tyrants and consolidate a nation. It was the glory of Garibaldi that while he had achieved the latter task he had used no deceit. Machiavelianism was to him enough to condemn a cause as a miserable one; his yea was yea, and his nay nay, but was he then blunt and rugged? No. Certainly the gods had made in him a vessel of high nobility out of the clay of earth: not a line was there in his face or figure that was not wholly heroic. The forehead and nose seen in profile were of the same inclination, the bridge of the nose following the brow in leonine continuity, the eyes were profoundly caverned, the cheeks and the jaw amply expressed the power of judicious will, their anatomy showing itself vigorously below the surface, both alike declaring the strength of self-control and control of others.

He talked in French, and taking the Duchess of Argyll on his arm with a perfection of courtesy, the red-shirted hero conducted her to table. On his left was the Duchess of Sutherland. After some talk about Italy, his earlier campaign in South America was discussed, and the ladies in the course of conversation inquired whether the people of Uruguay were of fair complexion. "Yes," he said, "they are generally fair as Europeans." Then reflecting that his remark as distinguishing the people from negroes and half-caste might require qualification, he gesticulated with either hand to the ladies on right and left in turn, and said, inclining his head ceremoniously, "Quand je dis blonde, il ne faut pas croire que ces personnes dont je parle possèdent la peau blanche de vous, Madame la Duchesse d'Argyll, ou de vous, Madame la Duchesse de Sutherland."

I did not have personal talk with him, nor attempt a portrait, but many artists who induced him to sit to them had their work suddenly cut short. It had been planned that he should make a circuit of the important provincial cities of Great Britain, but on a day or two after my seeing him, at some public gathering he very simply expressed his indebtedness to the English fleet lying in the Bay of Naples for having refused to stir from their anchorage, which course had sheltered the force of volunteers as they were approaching the land forts, enabling him to bring his men close to shore without being exposed to fire. The course the British admiral took was really dictated by previous policy, Garibaldi was justified in taking advantage of it, but our Ministers could neither accept nor refuse his gratitude, and they feared further complications might be caused by future speeches; the wish was therefore expressed that he should not complete his visit at that time. Garibaldi accordingly left our island very abruptly.

About this time Baron Leys' pictures appeared in London. He had based his system upon revivalism, but being a Netherlander he eschewed the classicalism of the

Renaissance, not only as it showed itself in Italian art, but as it was reflected in Albert Dürer and other high German artists. He had rather taken the Basle School as seen in Holbein and other portraitists for a model. In his out-of-door scenes he avoided sunlight effects, and gave the more prevalent grey light of an aqueous climate ; he often painted groups with scarcely traceable cast shadows, with almost childish naïveté as to the posings of his figures, portraying these with full yet careful handling. A few of his performances in which women's figures appeared were at times distinctly possessed of grace of form and of pose. Alma-Tadema had been his pupil, and early acquired his master's power, which he applied from the beginning to Roman subjects of the Imperial time with an archæological insight and exactness never attained before.

Dr. Sewell in earlier years, when founding Radley, had consulted me about an art master for the school, one who could awaken and also satisfy interest by his lectures, and teach drawing. I had introduced to him my fellow-student, John L. Tupper, who was invited down to learn the duties and the prospects of the intended post.

He was welcomed cordially and his qualifications were recognised, but as no funds were available for the professor, the appointment had to be indefinitely postponed. In 1864, having met Dr. Temple at a country house, he inquired if I knew of any artist qualified to fill the post of drawing-master at Rugby. I named Tupper, explaining that he would not be content to fulfil the ordinary routine of pencil drawing, but would strive to accomplish something much more thorough by his teaching. Immediately he entered into office he made a demand for funds to purchase a small collection of casts from the Pheidian marbles, and for the purchase of a skeleton and anatomical figure, with a hall in which to place them ; nothing but the latter could be afforded, but my friend would not be defeated, and bought the objects for serious study himself. It was a pro-

test against the ordinary practice of drawing broken-down cottages and dilapidated five-barred gates and pumps, and I know that in some cases it did good service in the serious training of youths in the knowledge of fundamental principles of form. But unhappily he did not live long. The school authorities bought the collection from his widow, and these examples remain, leaving the hope that even yet they may do some good service for Art, and influence the young who in the future may be a power in the realm to direct public taste in the choice of true architects, sculptors, and painters.

After the Royal Commission of 1863 had published its report on the Royal Academy, the leaders of that institution took some steps to pacify the malcontents by making overtures to those who seemed most important and promising. G. F. Watts was one of those who had been badly used by them for many years, and before the Royal Commission[1] he coincided with all others who avowed the opinion that the Academy needed radical remodelling to make the constitution of the Body, framed a hundred years before, more conformable to the needs of the greatly expanded profession. It had been privately maintained that the only means of effecting reform was to refuse in a body to accept Academy honours until radical changes had been conceded, making the control largely extra-mural, and that such influence should also be exercised over the work of the hanging Committee.

On my return from Florence in 1867 some of my friends, knowing that I was going abroad, approached me to give a promise not to accept any overtures by letter, unless all were satisfied with the Academy pledges.

[1] "The only mode I could suggest" (for improvement) "would be the introduction of some element from without. . . . I do not see its influence on our architecture—our street architecture, our fashions, or our taste in general, in any way whatever. The only national school which has grown up at all, has grown up outside the Academy, and indeed in opposition to it—that is the water-colour school; and the only definite reform movement (which the Pre-Raphaelite school may be called) was certainly not stimulated by the Royal Academy, and even met with opposition from it" (*Extracts, Report of Royal Commission*, 1863).

In Italy three months later I received news that many of these had accepted the overtures of the Academy to become members, and that they were now satisfied that all matters would be reformed exactly as they should be. Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and a few others were still deaf to the voice of the charmer. On my return to England in 1871, Millais said he was able to promise that if I would become a candidate for the Academy, I should be forthwith elected. He again referred to the advantages of membership in participation of the sale of works of art to the Chantrey Fund soon falling into the hands of the Body, but I would not change my course.

In the report of my evidence before the Commission it may be seen that I gave, as an instance of injustice on the part of the hanging Committee, the unfavourable manner in which Leighton's pictures had been placed in the previous Exhibition.[1]

[1] "Without referring at all to the case of a person with the same views of art as myself, I may mention Mr. Leighton, a man who paints in a totally different way from myself, and to whom I certainly think injustice is done in the Academy. It seems to me that frequently his pictures have been put in places where they have not attracted the attention which their merits would have attracted for them if they had been fairly treated. . . . Two years ago, if not last year, his pictures were certainly put in places which prevented the public who had not come to look for them from seeing them; I think that that was unjust, and in talking to some Academicians about it, I found that they had what was really a conscientious prejudice against his work; and I think that if Mr. Leighton goes on exhibiting for three or four years they will find that, although he paints in a different way from them, he is a man of the utmost importance, and they will be glad to have him as a member; but it would be no advantage to him then to be made a member, he would already have established himself in the minds of the public. I have noticed many examples of the same kind. I only mention Mr. Leighton lest it should seem I was making a vague remark" (*Extracts, Report of Royal Commission*, 1863).

CHAPTER X

1865–1869

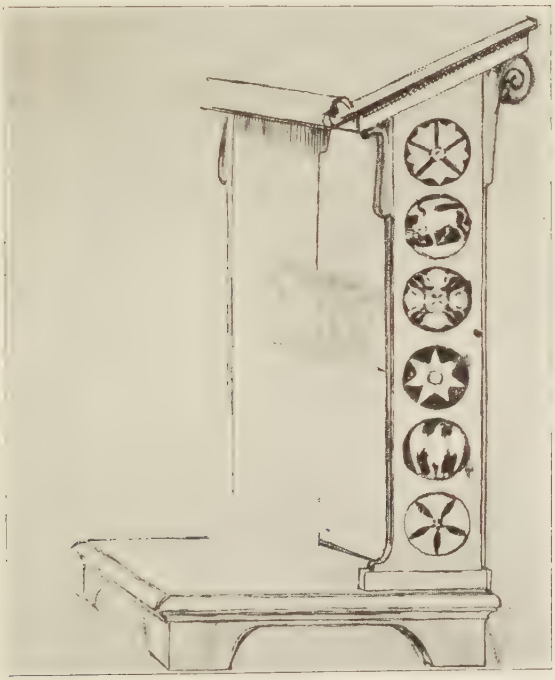
Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason.—Sir Philip Sidney.

My friend the Rev. W. J. Beamont, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, had been appointed vicar of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels in that city, and as holder of the benefice endowed by Hervey de Stanton, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Edward II., was wishful that I should decorate and paint the interior.

I made several visits to Cambridge to consider and consult about the work, but I could not leave off my pressing paintings in hand ; indeed I was not called upon to do so until funds should be forthcoming from the public ; so, except some superintendence of the flat colouring of the side aisles, nothing further was done to carry out Beamont's purpose, and my affairs being now such that I could go back to the East, I did so, hoping to take up the church decoration on my return.

There was strong reason for deliberation before deciding on the work in the weather-beaten condition of its walls. To the north and south of the chancel were two suitable spaces for figure subjects, and at the end of the north aisle a large surface offered a perfect place for a picture. I decided that the first two might be used for companion subjects, and the third be treated with an independent story, while the walls above the arches of the

nave should have angelic figures to ornament them. Before beginning work, some expedient had to be found for drying the present walls, and for placing external cement to prevent the damp from penetrating. The north and south aisles were to be decorated with orna-



DESIGN FOR LECTERN, CAMBRIDGE.

mental designs. For the north chancel wall, I thought out the subjects of Michael and his host warring in heaven against the devil and his angels, all deformed by expressions of different vices and supported by monsters of extinct type, to indicate that the instincts of primeval rapacity, which had been justified in the condition of the early world, were not then vices, but that in higher life organisation they became so. On the south the same

defeated crew was to be shown in the sky holding beautiful masks before their faces, striving to entice the regard of fathers and mothers, youths, maidens, and children, as they were led up to the altar of self-sacrifice erected by the Founder.

It was part of my purpose although I did not reveal it, to paint as the Founder whose portrait was not preserved, my friend the vicar, a man of saintly countenance and bearing. I prepared some devices for decoration, which I determined should be absolutely new in character, but for these the walls were not ready, and I have never made use of them.

Ah! if I permitted myself to linger over the pastures of personal romance which the members of our community traversed, how much greater would be the gleanings of human interest I could bring with me; but the sweet delirium, the trials and the rewards of innocent affection are the private treasures of a man, and no result but the satisfaction of impertinent curiosity could be gained were I to dilate upon these phases of the lives of men prominent in our movement. I have avoided speaking of such experiences, except where the barrier of what to me would have been sacred privacy has been already overstepped, leaving inaccuracies to be corrected. Respecting thus the sacredness of private life in others, I claim it for myself, however much at some points this book may seem of the nature of an autobiography.

It was at this time that I married Miss Waugh.

* * * * * *

There had been substantial reasons for my long delay in returning to the East, in the fact that family claims made the task of amassing means a protracted one, for I had to accept the lesson of my experiences with the Temple picture and come to the conclusion that I must not go without sufficient funds to bring my new picture to a complete end.

I explained to a practical business friend my prudential needs for delaying my return to Syria; he counselled

The Festival of S.t Swithin.

me how to improve my position by change in investments, and this advice I followed.

Another consideration was to advance my sister to a state of proficiency in which she could proceed without

W. H. H.

MY WIFE, FANNY HOLMAN HUNT.

help. I had lately designed for her a picture of pigeons from an incident I had seen in a dovecot during a storm of rain, and this, by dint of my daily attention, was now advancing.

During my absence in the country, I found my sister had grown tired of the pigeon picture and had given it

up; it was not half completed, and this half was nearly all by my own hand. The dovecot was still in my garden, all arrangements I had made for carrying out the picture were at hand, together with the pigeons, and it seemed foolish to throw the work away, so I decided to give the necessary time for its completion, and this delayed me a few months.

Walking, one morning in March 1866, from Paddington to my house at Campden Hill, I saw in the distance a youth come out of a house in Park Place, holding his hands to his head and swaying his body to and fro as he walked across to the opposite pavement. It was evident that he was in distress. Hastening forward, I discovered that it was Fred Walker, and saw that he was suffering sore tribulation of mind. I approached, he clutched my wrist, and when I said, "What is it, my dear fellow?" he groaned, "O God, O God, what can I do!" He looked at me now with fresh recognition, revealing that he had been scarcely conscious who I was, and added, "My brother has just this moment died; he had been ailing a long while, and we had been sitting up with him. I had his hand in mine, and gradually found it was no longer his—he was dead—and I have come out to breathe; when I go back it will be to find him still lying dead. What can I do?" I asked if I could effect any good by coming in. "Oh no, don't come, it would harass my mother and sisters." I reluctantly parted from him, and afterwards I scarcely saw him again in any way worth recording, owing to my long life abroad.

Soon after this there was a disquieting panic in the City, and one morning, taking up *The Times*, I read with dismay that a bank in which I held shares had stopped payment, while another business with the same directors was in as much discredit as the bank itself, so that the shares of both were less than valueless. I had to raise money by selling other property; so after all I had to carry out my plans with no surer provision for uninterrupted progress in the East than I had had before.

Isabella and the pot of Basil.

Meantime the strict principle upon which I worked was commented upon by each in his particular temper. Mr. Lee, the head of a popular school in London, chatting with his elder student class, said: "Holman Hunt is so superlatively conscientious that were he painting a picture in which everton toffee had to be introduced, he would never be satisfied unless he went to Everton to paint it, in order to make sure of representing the purest example of the article under best local conditions." Such comments were harmlessly amusing.

We started in August. At Marseilles, where I was intending to take the boat to Alexandria, I learnt that quarantine was established on account of the cholera, but the secretary of the P. and O. assured me that the next departing boat would probably be allowed to enter Alexandria with a clean bill of health; we waited for this. In the meantime there were mournful crowds in the streets following the funeral processions, and the people brought out their furniture, making bonfires of it. The next steamer from Egypt brought news that no boat from Marseilles would yet be allowed to enter. Accordingly we proceeded over the Maritime Alps for Leghorn, whence we heard it was possible to reach Egypt *via* Malta. We rested a night at Florence, intending to continue the next morning, but learning that intercourse with Egypt was stopped, we had no choice for the present but to remain in Florence.

As it had been overruled (if I may make use of so obsolete an expression) that I should remain in Florence, I at once set to work on a design of "Isabella mourning over her Basil Pot." I took a studio, the best I could find, and started on the work.

* * * * * *

In September of the next year I returned to England with my motherless child. My picture was bought by Mr. Gambart and exhibited by itself, and an engraving was made of it by Blanchard. It was now that the Athenæum Club, to which I owe much of life's friendship

since, did me the honour to elect me under Rule II., one which I gratefully appreciated.

Staying in England for a few months, I enjoyed the society of many old friends. Charles Collins kept me in touch with the Dickens family. Dickens' country retreat was a comfortable home, with a declining lawn overlooking the Medway, the old castle, the bridge, and the undulating sweep of hills which led towards the sea. There were still many peaceful sweet days in store for the family in this house; but when, worn out with unceasing labour, he consulted his doctor, he learned that the day had come for him to begin the last chapter of his life. He thereupon ransacked every cabinet, cupboard, chest, and long-neglected recess, collecting records of relations, friends, and acquaintances, and possibly enemies, and consigned them to the peace-making flames. A large proportion of these letters were from men of illustrious name, endeared over land and sea as household names, but he sent them—the laughter, the tears, the confidence, the blessings, the cursings, and the idle words—as a holocaust to the Father of the dead and the living, and so put an end to many sore revelations made by the writers only for the passing hour.

I returned to Florence to complete the monument I had begun to my wife, and in the meanwhile, as my health required me to live out of the city, I went up to Fiesole, where I painted a damsel as a Tuscan straw-plaiter of the type of gentle features peculiar to the cities of the Appenines, such as Perugino loved to picture. I also executed a few water-colour drawings from the hills, and so kept myself in the pure air.

In Florence, by the kindness of an American family there, I painted one of the daughters as "Bianca."

I commenced this picture in tempera, tracing out the design and light and shade, as many of the old masters did, in the end adding the finishing painting in oil varnish.

While I was waiting for the marble mason to finish

the work with which I had entrusted him, I went to visit my old Jerusalem friend, Dr. Sim, then established at Naples, and stayed for two or three weeks at Salerno and Ravello. There I became acquainted with Professor Salasaro, who had made interesting researches on early Christian art in that neighbourhood, and who showed me altar-pieces in subterranean churches of the fourth and fifth centuries.

On my return to Florence, to obey the desire of Mr. Beamont, I drew a design of a lectern for the church at Cambridge, and contracted with an artisan to make this in walnut wood, and to inlay it with ivory and dark wood. But before the desk had been shaped the sad news came that my dear friend had died, on his return from Mount Athos, of fever contracted while travelling there; I therefore cancelled the order. The subject which I had conceived for the wall at the eastern end of the north aisle of the church was the Holy Family on their flight into Egypt resting in the night, with St. Joseph striking a light with flint and steel, while around, St. Michael and his company standing on guard, and children as angels were attending and bringing food to the resting fugitives. I had conceived this treatment to be altogether my own, but going over the Uffizi Gallery I came upon a little picture by Annibale Caracci of the Holy Family in flight, with cherub angels bending down to them the branches of trees bearing fruit. I had forgotten that this story was told in the Gospel of Nicodemus. As the intention of painting the church at Cambridge had now come to an end, I had not to consider what my discovery of the unoriginality of the idea would determine me to do for the wall-painting in question, so I gave no time to altering this design, as otherwise I should have done. As the marble-carver now made it clear that his chiselling of the monument to my wife would never be brought to a conclusion, I took up his tools and finished the work, being then ready to leave the city of flowers, which had been so sad a resting-place to

me. Occasionally I made hasty sketches on foreign paper for my infant son at home ; notwithstanding their slightness they may stand as records of passing interest.

At this time Mr. and Mrs. Combe came to Florence, but the dangerous illness of my friend Tupper, who was in Florence, prevented me from following them to Rome.

It was not until the summer of 1869 that I was at last able to overcome evil Fate and start for the East.

During my two years' detention in Italy, I had not

managed to visit Venice, and as I had never seen the treasures of the Adriatic city I resolved to spend a week or two more on the journey by going there, notwithstanding that it was not the season most approved by visitors.

There were indeed few English people in the hotels, but after the first day of my arrival, it was my surprising fortune to run against Ruskin in the piazza ; he had only just returned, after over twenty years' absence. A complication of circumstances had made me of late years unable to keep up my close intercourse with him. On seeing the author of *Modern Painters*, and hearing from

him that he had come to stay in the city, I very earnestly observed that I had often desired to resume our intimacy, and that no place in the world could be so fitting and delightful to meet him in as Venice, for I, like many others, had first conceived a love of its precious possessions from his description of its paintings and architecture, till then but little valued. I had ever since dreamed of the works he had described, and now, beyond all possible expectation, I was to see them for the first time in his company. He accepted my tribute in silence, observing that he should enjoy my company at all places where the precious pictures by Bellini, Carpaccio, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese were collected, and accordingly we went straightway by gondola to the landing steps leading to the Church of San Rocco.

Ruskin was at that time a man of nearly six feet in height, but of great spareness of limb, which his tailor only partially succeeded in concealing ; the colour of his hair was rusty, his eyes were bluish-grey, his complexion pink in hue, and his skin transparent, showing violet veins about the eyes, but the delicacy of the tint of his visage was in part subdued by sun freckles. He was faultlessly groomed, and, despite his soft felt hat, was not at all costumed like an art specialist, no passers-by stared at him more than they would have done at any other *forestiere*.

Entering the door of the church dedicated to San Rocco, we found the paintings designed to illustrate the virtues of the saint, so far effaced by time and defaced by restoration that the full perfection of these noble creations was only slowly realised. The other pictures illustrated acts of mercy by Our Lord, but these were disappointing in comparison to the full richness of the small original designs on canvas by Tintoretto, existing in English private collections. We were the more glad to find that on the paintings in the Scuola di San Rocco, representing the history of the Virgin, time alone had laid his hand, shown in the effects of damp and too great dryness in turn.

The first picture that we stood before was the "Annunciation," the dilapidation and ruin represented in the dismantled house seemed greater than I had imagined it to be, from the description by my present companion, which I had read more than twenty years ago; but the image raised in my mind by the "Oxford Graduate," and retained ever since, was not so different from what I saw before me, as conjured-up scenes derived second-hand often prove to be at sight of the original.

One vital question arose, was the symbolism as described by Ruskin fanciful? Undoubtedly, here were ruins of a stately house no longer affording shelter to indwellers; no protecting or habitable domicile for the lone damsel within; she dwells amid the ugly broken-down bricks, crumbled stones, and unseemly mortar. But in the midst of this cheerlessness there lies the well-shaped block with mason's square and plummet at its side: this is an exception to the prevailing marks of decay, and who could read the story of the picture and resist the suggestion that this was "The stone which the builders rejected, which has become the headstone of the corner." Recalling quatrocento and early cinquecento pictures dealing with the same subject, representing the Virgin in a stately palace, perfect and well-ordered, there could be no doubt that Tintoretto had the purpose to suggest the desolation that had come upon the existing Israelitish Church, and its replacement by a new edifice. The Virgin is at her devotions, and the Archangel Gabriel is entering on wing through a dismantled lattice. When language was not transcendental enough to complete the meaning of a revelation, symbols were relied upon for heavenly teaching, and familiar images, chosen from the known, were made to mirror the unknown spiritual truth. The forerunners and contemporaries of Tintoretto had consecrated the custom, to which he gave a larger value and more original meaning. How far such symbolism is warranted depends upon its unobtrusiveness and its restriction within limits not destroying natural beauty.

There is no more reason why the features belonging to a picture should be distorted for the purpose of such imaginative suggestion than that the poet's metaphors should spoil his words for ordinary uses of man. Tintoretto's meaning was expressed with no arbitrary or unnatural disturbance of the truth, indeed there was no need for the spectator to trouble himself with its hidden teaching at all. In the case of this picture all that could be objected was that the materials needful for the preachment were somewhat uncomely. Delectability should certainly be a preponderating element in every work of art; but this canvas presented only the root of the idea, which branched out into infinite beauties in the accompanying series. I thought what happiness Tintoretto must have felt when he had this illuminating thought presented to him, and of his joy in carrying it out on canvas, and was wondering how few were the men who had pondered over the picture to read it thoroughly, until in fulness of time the decipherer came and made it clear.

This decipherer, when he spoke, made it apparent that his mind was dwelling more on the arrangement of lines in the design and the technique displayed in the handling, than on the mysteries that he had interpreted five and twenty years before. He ended, in his most punctuated phraseology: "Now, my dear Holman, we will see what I wrote about it twenty or more years ago. I have not read a word of it since. I have no doubt that it will be marked by much boyish presumption and by inflated expression, I warn you of this, but it may be interesting to compare it with our present view, at least my own; so I will call my man."

The valet waited at the door with a hitherto unnoticed volume of the original edition of *Modern Painters*. Ruskin beckoned him, and opening the book at the passage already marked, he began deliberately and with pause to read to the end of it:—

Severe would be the shock and painful the contrast if we could pass in an instant from that pure vision[1] to the wild thought of Tintoretto. For not in meek reception of the adoring messenger, but startled by the rush of his horizontal and rattling wings, the Virgin sits not in the quiet loggia, not by the green pasture of the restored soul, but houseless under the shelter of a palace vestibule ruined and abandoned, with the noise of the axe and the hammer in her ears, and the tumult of a city round about her desolation. The spectator turns away at first, revolted from the central object of the picture forced painfully and coarsely forward, a mass of shattered brickwork with the plaster mildewed away from it and the mortar mouldering from its seams. If he look again, either at this or at the carpenter's tools beneath it, he will perhaps see in the one and the other nothing more than such a study of scene as Tintoretto could but too easily obtain among the ruins of his own Venice, chosen to give a coarse explanation of the calling and the condition of the husband of Mary. But there is more meant than this. When he looks at the composition of the picture, he will find the whole symmetry of it depending on a narrow line of light, the edge of a carpenter's square which connects these unused tools with an object at the top of the brickwork, a white stone, four square, the corner-stone of the old edifice, the base of its supporting column. This I think sufficiently explains the typical character of the whole. The ruined house is the Jewish dispensation; that obscurely arising in the dawning of the sky is the Christian; but the corner-stone of the old building remains, though the builder's tools lie idle beside it, and the stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner.

The words brought back to my mind the little bedroom, twenty-two years since, wherein I sat till the early morning reading the same passage with marvel. When Ruskin had closed the book, he began: "No, there is no exaggeration or bombast such as there might have been, the words are all justified, and they describe very faithfully the character of the picture, I am well content," and he gave the volume back to his man.

He passed on to the "Adoration of the Magi," to the richly poetic "Flight into Egypt," the "Baptism," stopping at each with unabated interest, strolling on through the

[1] By Fra Angelico.

whole series of works in the lower chamber. At each we read as a chorus his earlier words, and he again said, "Yes, I approve," and indeed there was good reason for his contentment.

In ascending the stairs we observed the painting by Titian of "The Annunciation," rich in grace and beauty of colour, which Ruskin stayed a time to enjoy; it gave fairly favourably the treatment of the painters of the time, from which the picture below by Tintoretto was a departure. Some of the paintings on the ceiling in the hall above were hard to see, many, from damp, had the rich original colours (particularly of some pigment which seemed formerly to have been deep blue) blanched, by which the harmony of the whole was lost. In the chamber at the end on the left, we arrived at Tintoretto's "Crucifixion"; this more than warranted all of Ruskin's enthusiasm and eloquence, and we dwelt upon it for a full hour ere the *Modern Painters* was called into requisition. How many, I thought, would envy me as I listened to his precise and emphatic reading of the ever memorable passage in which he describes this picture, and as I heard him say, "No, again I decide that what I wrote in past years is well,"—and it was well!

I was able, before we left this picture, to point out to him the interesting fact that the painter had found his canvas at the left hand bottom corner damaged, or too restricted for his design, and that he had made this up by unnailing a canvas from a smaller stretcher and fastening it, with its nail punctures unconcealed, on to the larger canvas. I was able also to prove the fact that the whole canvas had been but barely primed with gesso, and that the surface, and, therefore, that of the other pictures not so accessible to close examination, had been at first painted in tempera medium, and this, for final painting, had been floated over with oil varnish, almost certainly of amber, and while each space was drying, he had glazed and painted what was necessary in oil colours. Ruskin seemed, by his surprised present enthusiasm, never before to have noticed

the opposite picture of "Christ brought out after the Scourging."

Our tour had taken us the whole day, and I went back with Ruskin and dined at Danielli's. When we were alone after the repast, he said to me: "I want to ask you whether, when you said to me this morning that you were so pleased to see me, you merely spoke in passing compliment, or with serious meaning?"

My rejoinder was, "What would make you doubt that I spoke with anything but deliberate candour?"

"Because," he replied, "for these many years, if you wanted to see me, Camberwell not being many miles from Campden Hill, you could easily have come to me, or asked me to come to you, and you have not done either."

My return was, "My dear Ruskin, you know there were reasons for a time to obstruct our intimacy, but beyond that I would say, you always seemed to me to forget that every man's father is not behind him with a fortune that enables him to do what he would with his time; with me there were few days that I could do this, yet I confess that I might of late have stolen some occasions to see such a friend as you, had there not been further difficulties which I will not enter into."

Ruskin immediately exclaimed: "Tell me. I do particularly want you to be unreserved."

So I continued: "I may be quite wrong in my estimate of some of the characters who formed the band of men you had about you, but in my eyes they were so distinctly a bar to me, that, had you been the Archangel Michael himself, these satellites would have kept me away."

He received this uncharitable utterance with a few moments' pause.

"You are quite right, Holman, I never was a good judge of character, and I have had some most objectionable people about me."

I ventured, "I observed to-day, Ruskin, that when we were dwelling on the pictures, your interest was in the æsthetic qualities of the works alone. Was this because, having previously dwelt on the symbolism, you felt free to treat of the painter-like excellence of Tintoretto's labours only?"

The tacitly established unreserve existing between men, who venture to test new truths that offer themselves, by the world is not always understood, sometimes even they air their own experimental excursions into space with arguments that exaggerate the real nature of their convictions. I may, however, reveal the frankness with which Ruskin and I conducted our intercourse.

He replied, "Your inquiry brings me to avow what I have intended to tell you, as touching a point of great importance to yourself. I am led to regard the whole story of divine revelation as a mere wilderness of poetic dreaming, and, since it is proved to be so, it is time that all men of any influence should denounce the superstition which tends to destroy the exercise of reason. Amongst the chaotic mass there are exquisite thoughts, elevating aspirations, and poetic mental nourishment, and it would be a pity that these riches should be lost to the world. I want you, who have done a deal of harm by your works in sanctifying blind beliefs, to join with me and others to save these beautiful fragments, lest the vulgar, when indignant at the discovery of the superstition, should in their mad fury destroy what is eternally true in the beautiful thoughts with that which is false. The conviction that I have arrived at leads me to conclude that there is no Eternal Father to whom we can look up, that man has no helper but himself. I confess this conclusion brings with it great unhappiness. When my dear mother is in sorrow she appeals to me, and I exercise my power to console her, and when my valet is in trouble, I can relieve him. You must admit, Holman, that I am a kind-hearted man, and, being friendly by nature, I feel my

loneliness, in having no one to console me when I am overcome."

"But, Ruskin," I argued, "you must expect me to be astonished at what you say. I am not frightened at your declaration of Atheism. We know men often call themselves Atheists from a conscientious fastidiousness which makes them over scrupulous about terms, while in all their actions they acknowledge Duty; professing believers may prove themselves unbelievers by working with all their might to 'circumvent God!' As to the bible, I am perfectly ready to admit that many figures of speech, which may be described as Orientalisms, have led to misinterpretation of the meaning. The evidence of the individuality of Christ and of His teaching is absolutely convincing to me, there is record in the early books of the bible of the advancing teaching of prophets, without which Christ's evangel would have been impossible. So far the revelation is established in my mind; all the rest is extraneous and may be left in suspense, but I am the more astounded at your confession, because I remember that in a report of some address you made quite recently, you distinctly illustrated the service to the world of belief in divine governance, and such a change as you describe in yourself can scarcely have come about since then."

He replied, "When first I was shaken in my faith, in speaking to a lady whose general judgment deserved the greatest respect, I declared that I must publish my change of views to the world. She restrained me from doing so, and made me promise not to act on this impulse for ten years. Being afterwards called upon to lecture, I had to debate with myself in what way I could satisfy the demand without breaking my compact, and I was led to allow the greatest latitude to the possibility that my new views might not be permanent. It was wise to test this by reverting to my earlier theories, and I therefore determined to deliver one of my old lectures, which, when written, was heart-

felt and thoroughly conscientious ; the report of this was what you read."

In return I asked : "Is not the depression of mind you lament in opposition to the general joyous spirit of Creation? If so, may it not be wrong? As to the question of the existence of a creative mind in the formation of the universe, it seems to me precisely equivalent to the inquiry whether in Tintoretto's pictures the flax of the canvas, the gesso and the glue of the priming, the delightful forms and arrangement traceable on the surface came there by a happy chance, or whether all these materials were brought together by an intelligent mind, and the design was accomplished by wise direction and control. The conclusion forced on the mind in the case of a painting applies also to the creation of the Universe. As we are talking about this artist, do you think that Tintoretto's convictions are of no value to us, that his great intelligence was deceiving him, that all his wrestlings with dead indifference on the part of the world were encouraged by delusions?"

Ruskin replied :—

"Tintoretto did not believe any more than I do the fables he was treating, no artist in illustrating fairy stories troubles himself about the substantiality of the fiction."

"Myths," I argued, "are of two kinds, one may be of the nature of a parable containing a never dying truth, others are mere purposeless imaginings. The choice of Hercules is of the first kind. Its purport gives it the sacredness which nerved the artist and the poet to treat it as the mythic stories in the early bible were treated ; but an idle fable, such as the award of the apple by Paris, can only be taken for an exercise for æsthetic decoration ; work of this kind always bears proof that the artist played with an intangible dream ; the idea is a mere gossamer, never watered with the sweat, the tears, and blood of men. Tintoretto treats his subjects in a spirit which bears the stamp of his having

given his whole heart and soul to them. Working in the first half of the cinquecento, he accepted without question many legends, which in this day may be looked upon as fables, but the fundamental idea of the government of the world by the powers of good overcoming evil was to him, I am sure, an idea founded upon a rock; for, while some pictures of his contemporaries bear the stamp of superficial thought, his religious pictures give evidence of conviction that the more the ideas he treats are realised, the more the eternal truth will appear; every line he drew bore evidence of unfaltering sincerity. The testimony of science concurs with that of the bible that there is continual trending to perfection, it is traceable in geological records, and in human affairs also the movement must be recognised, the better ever supplanting the less good. No sacrifice of existing peace seems too costly for this advance."

We continued our talk at intervals, illustrating our arguments by reference to the teaching of Plato and the example of Socrates, adducing also the effect of Atheism upon the world at the decline of the Roman Empire. We discussed the teaching of the French philosophers and of their followers who exaggerated their tenets and assisted in the mad orgy of blood which followed in the French Revolution.

One day we went into the Church of the Salute and saw in the sacristy Tintoretto's great picture of "The Marriage in Cana," which brought to my mind Leonardo's "Last Supper," and the contrast between the intellects of the two painters. His appreciation of the nobility of the history was unboundedly evidenced by each artist, but Da Vinci expressed his feeling by incessant effort to represent the highest type of humanity; he relied upon the power of god-like elevation of form and bearing to take captive the mind of the spectator, disdaining the adjuncts of aureole around the head even of Christ Himself. It was a startling determination

of intellectual wilfulness when the Reformation was battering in every quarter at the gates of the visible Church, and the Inquisition was exerting its power to suppress the exercise of reason.

Tintoretto was not an idealist in the form of the beings he portrayed ; he drew with unmistakable mastery the men and women he came upon in the market-place as perfect enough to act in his dramas. Standing before his pictures I was somewhat reminded of Hogarth's casual apology that the persons he painted were not those of the original history, but players enacting their parts. Perhaps Tintoretto thought that sublime form and aspect given to the Messiah and his friends might prevent ordinary men from thinking that the example of the sinless One could be followed by themselves, creatures of common clay as they well knew themselves to be. Uncelestial as the features often were, the figures were crowned by a halo, and the painter was so practised in aiding the spirituality of the scene by this means that the decorative treatment contributed to the general glory of the effect of the picture.

Tintoretto's method certainly had in its off-handedness the advantage of multiplying his works a hundredfold in comparison to that pursued by Leonardo. I say this without subscribing to the modern theory that Leonardo's existing productions are as few as they are often now stated to be.

On entering the nave of the empty church, observing that the marble pillars of a side altar were rich in embedded shell fossils, Ruskin walked up the steps, and pointed this out as an evidence of the much greater antiquity of the earth than the bible records state.

" But, Ruskin," I argued, " surely this question is not a new one. Most of us considered such facts in our teens."

But he, ignoring my remark, continued to urge importance in the argument that this marble, though not of igneous formation, must have been many millenniums anterior to man's appearance on earth.

I rallied him as having been brought up amongst "the strictest sect of the Pharisees," and taught that to doubt literal interpretation was a sin which had sheltered him for a time, but caused the truth to be more destructive when it burst through this defence.

As we were speaking the sacristan appeared, walking steadily in our direction. He never diverged in his progress until he arrived opposite us, and then addressed us with, "Signori, it is not permitted for any person not a priest to ascend the altar steps, and I must ask you to show your reverence by descending."

We both came down to the lower level, and then Ruskin replied to the verger thus: "It is now over twenty years since I was in Venice, and your words to us are the first signs I have found in this day of due veneration for the claims of unseen authority. I do not pretend to be a Christian, I speak to you simply as a philosopher, and as such I am pained to see how much the feeling of reverence has ceased to exist during my absence. Everywhere I find indifference to any pure form of municipal life, the streets and the canals are often foul, and when there has been any fancy on the part of business people to make your city unlike what it was, and what it should ever be, and like to others which can never have your exceptional advantages, churches and the oldest historic buildings have been cut away and destroyed, and no one has raised a voice to prevent the desecration."

The sacristan looked bewildered, while Ruskin continued, "To you I owe a tribute of sincere recognition, sir; I thank you very deeply for having told us that we were forgetting the sanctity of the spot where we were standing, and in bidding us descend. We shall never forget to pay respect in our memory to your sense of duty, and your obedience to it." The sacristan gaped amazement.

There were but few places of interest that we did not visit together, often sighing over the changes of modern days that we came across, but ever delighting in the treasures that remained.

Ten years later I met him in London. We had been dwelling upon a picture for which he expressed great enthusiasm. As we were driving together, he said, "One reason I so much value the picture we have seen is that it carries emphatic teaching of the immortality of the soul."

"What," I exclaimed, "I was supposing that you were approving of it for its artistic qualities of design, colour, and handling; for you must remember that when we last met you declared that you had given up all belief in immortality."

"I remember well," Ruskin replied; "what has mainly caused the change in my views is the unanswerable evidence of spiritualism. I know there is much vulgar fraud and stupidity connected with it, but underneath there is, I am sure, enough to convince us that there is personal life independent of the body; but with this once proved I have no further interest in the pursuit of spiritualism."

The carriage now brought us to our destination, and so our talk came to an end.

When I parted with Ruskin at Venice in 1869 I went on to Rome, where I chanced on my friend Captain, now General Luard. With him I visited most of the galleries there, and we swam daily in the Tiber, glad to find that the strong current could not prevent us from covering about a hundred yards ere our strength was spent in the struggle.

I departed from the Eternal City to Naples, thence took ship to Jaffa *via* Alexandria, where I landed after fourteen years' absence.

CHAPTER XI

1869-1874

When any pilgrims disembark here, interpreters and other officers of the Sultan instantly hasten to ascertain their numbers, to serve them as guides, and to receive in the name of their master the customary tribute.—BERTRANDON DE LA BROCQUIÈRE.

Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? —ST. MARK.

I FELT sad when all the shores, the plain, and the mountains of Syria came again in sight, for I recalled familiar faces that were absent, some for ever gone.

Strolling in one of the back streets of the city I suddenly confronted an Arab whom I recognised as though I had seen him but yesterday. He was mate of the Arab boat in which we journeyed from Damietta in 1854. "Welcome, my master," he cried, and before I had made reply, he added, "How is the khowagha Seddon?" and it seemed for a moment as though time had made no mark, till I replied, "He is dead."

Had I been able years before to carry out my intention of returning to Jerusalem, I should have painted the subject of Jesus reading in the synagogue the prophecies of the Messiah out of the book of Isaiah, and announcing their fulfilment in Himself; the amazement and indignation of the elders, together with the loving suspense of those who better understood Him, a subject not yet treated, and one

I had studied patiently. I deferred undertaking this subject, as a room suited for the painting of it could not then be obtained. In its place I was affected by the consideration of interests of the early Church disregarded in later times, and I believed that a picture of Jesus engaged in His humbler duties, anterior to Messianic work, was calculated to make the world realise more fully the value of His example in the perfection of His human life. I engaged myself, therefore, upon developing a design bringing out what St. Mark, more than the other evangelists, makes apparent in his words, "Is not this the carpenter?" The Virgin's faith well-nigh failed her as to her early hopes of the glorious and splendid career, which she, with all persons of the Jewish faith at the time, believed to belong to the reign of the Messiah. His teaching of non-resistance as the means of overcoming the Prince of this world, and the sending out of His most trusted disciples, two by two, like beggars, to preach this doctrine in all the cities and villages of Judea, induced the brothers to conclude that He was "beside himself," and they used this argument with the mother to destroy her exalted hopes. It was therefore justifiable to imagine that the doubt suggested by the brothers' appeal, that Jesus should be put into "close custody," as the only means of saving Him from the otherwise inevitable catastrophe, had been anticipated in anxious hours as she watched Him day after day toiling like other men as the labourer "who waiteth for his shadow," uttering words which could only be interpreted as discouragement of her immediate and temporal ambition for her Son and her Nation. Through all their fallen fortunes (like impoverished nobles) she would have retained the Magi's princely gifts, and for better safety she would have left them under her Son's care, so that at the end of the day, when safe from intrusion, she would have joined her loved one at His toil, and opened the casket of her treasure to reassure herself that the gifts brought by the wise men were a reality, not

the baseless fabric of a vision. She would see that there they lay, the golden crown, the royal sceptre, and the censer for His enthronement. Thus she would have been for the time confirmed in her hopes. Such were my imaginings, and I saw Him stepping over the plank at which He had been working, when the sun had reached

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SENACULUM.

the horizon, and recognising that the end of the day's labour had come, stretching His weary frame to relieve the long-felt tension, while murmuring a prayer to His heavenly Father. The sun at this moment projected His shadow on the wall, and the tool-rack accentuated the resemblance to that of a crucified man. At the moment of the revival of His mother's trust the shadow attracted

her over-anxious gaze, and awoke the presentiment of the anguish she was doomed to suffer.

After the record by St. Mark that Christ at the beginning of His mission was "the carpenter," no one but Justin Martyr had dwelt upon this fact; and I felt its importance.

For this picture I obtained a house in an elevated

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JERUSALEM BY TWILIGHT.

part of the city. After much search, with the aid of Mr. Bergheim, the banker's son, I found a house known as "Dar Berruk Dar"; a large stable occupied the ground floor, the living house was reached by a flight of steps, the rooms and servants' offices encircled the courtyard, above these were other rooms and the open roof. The house had a weird reputation, not diminished by the fact that the last tenant had been the consul of the hapless Maximilian, who had been for the time enacting the part of emperor in Mexico; it was in

the Mahomedan quarter, and the neighbours said that in the reception room there had stood "an idol" of the emperor, the full size of life; they added that one day all were dismayed to find that the house was abandoned, and that this was soon accounted for by the news that the consul's master had been executed. No debts were paid, the house being left with but few contents, but "the idol" had disappeared. All men spoke of the place as being under an evil spell, and haunted, for it had been built, they said, by its original proprietor with the sweat and tears of the widows and fatherless. With the agreement that I might enlarge certain windows I took it for three years.

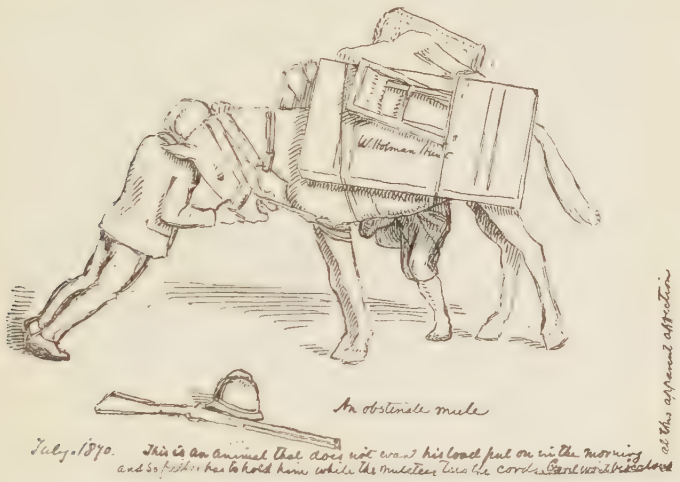
I could not settle how to overcome the difficulties of arranging the details of my picture, until I had made it my business to visit many native carpenters at work, and had been over to Bethlehem, and searched out the traditional tools, fast being abandoned for those of European form.

I was debarred from the use of a picturesque interior, as it was necessary to have a flat wall for background, but the one opportunity of outbalancing the oppression produced on the mind by the unlovely stone and mortared wall, was in the introduction of an open window immediately behind the Saviour.

I stayed many weeks at Bethlehem, where by the kindness of Miss Hoffmann, the temporary custodian of the German Mission House, I was able to work on the roof in uninterrupted sunlight.

Thus I could select the models for my picture from the inhabitants, and when a timid woman had hesitatingly posed for the Virgin opening the ivory chest, and no dreaded doom fell upon her, the most intelligent of the people were somewhat prepared to come at my subsequent summons to Jerusalem. On Saturday nights I returned to the City to see the progress made in the alterations to my house, and on Sunday nights I walked back to Bethlehem, where my tent was pitched in the Mission garden.

It happened that while I was thus pursuing the tenor of my ways, which were not always "even," Monsieur Lesseps, despite hindrances, which I feel shame in acknowledging often came from English politicians, had brought his Suez Canal to a triumphal completion. It was opened in the autumn of 1869, when all the courts of the civilised world were represented at the ceremony. I had been at Port Said on my journey out, and could not now leave my

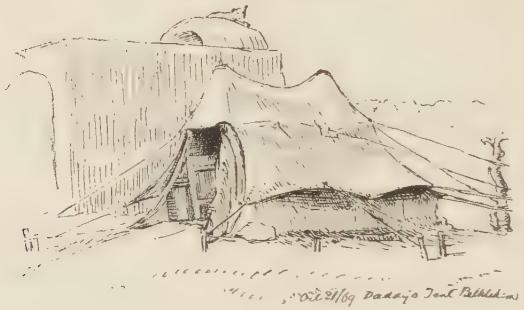


LETTER TO MY SON.

work, but I followed the news of the great event. I soon learned that the Crown Prince of Prussia was on his way from the new Mediterranean port to Syria, that he would enter by the short desert from Hebron, come on tour to Bethlehem, and rest for the mid-day meal at the German Mission.

I always began painting on the roof before sunrise, and there was no reason on the day appointed for the royal progress why I should not proceed as usual with my work, which was suspended at mid-day for three or four hours. I left my painting, therefore, as usual about ten o'clock, and walked out with my gun ; game at

this hour did not present itself. But I had a book in my pocket, and with this I sat down on a rock, not forgetful of the fact that the German party would soon be traversing the road in view. After a time, looking southward, I saw, a mile away, ascending over the ridge which hid the Pools of Solomon, a party of about thirty European horsemen, with stragglers behind. The riders were all well mounted and of commanding stature, but even at the distance it was easy to distinguish the knightly Prince who formed the centre of the cavalcade, whose passing, peaceful as it was,



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undoubtedly accentuated a new phase in the fate of this eventful country.

I did not return to the house until the royal guest and his retinue were at their breakfast. Learning that they were discussing this in a room on the first floor, I felt that I might reach my roof studio without other hindrance than that offered by the mother-of-pearl salesmen who flocked the steps. I was half-way up the stairs, and opposite the closed door of the apartment occupied by the royal party, when it was suddenly thrown open, and the Crown Prince emerged with Miss Hoffmann. He was engrossed in his talk with that admirable lady, and I stood against the wall making my obeisance, when the lady at once seized the opportunity of presenting me, explaining that I was the English artist, Mr. Holman

Hunt. The Prince immediately extended his hand, and with gracious readiness named some of my pictures, and inquired about the work that I was now engaged upon, asking in tones of sincere interest whether he could see it. I explained that to my regret my sketch was only just begun, and quite unintelligible. The Prince then said that still he hoped he should see it when it was finished, and after due acknowledgments I ascended to my

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roof. When after a short interval I descended, I found a crowd of vendors of native things extending to the landing outside the royal rooms, who all appealed to me to recommend them to notice. This, of course, I declined to do, but I saw, standing quietly, a Latin priest named Don Boldeno. I had often before spoken with him, and when he appealed to me for a presentation I felt that his claims were quite exceptional. Inviting him to follow me, I re-ascended through the clamorous crowd, and went forward to the table, where, apologising for a possibly unpardonable intrusion, I introduced

the good priest, saying that I was not myself a Romanist, but insisted upon the particular benevolence of his work, which was to receive abandoned infants and children, to nurse them, educate them sensibly, teach them a trade, and start them in life—Jews, Christians, and Moslems alike.

"Where is this Home?" asked the Prince. The priest raised his hand, and pointed through the window, over an intervening mound, to where the roof of the building could be seen. The Prince's reply was, "Let us see the house," and he promptly left the room with the priest. Once out-of-doors, with long legs he strode towards the dusty mound; the priest joined me in recommending His Royal Highness to follow a cleaner though slightly more circuitous route; with some hesitation, he consented to do this, and I remained behind watching the two, Don Boldeno with effort keeping close to his royal leader, until they disappeared together into what may be called a true "Christian Refuge." I saw no more, but I learnt that the Crown Prince was greatly satisfied with the evidence of true zeal in the management of the charity, and showed his appreciation by leaving a royal contribution behind him. The Prince set forth with his following, and continued his journey to Jerusalem, where he was received with becoming state, and the Pasha announced that he was commissioned by the Sultan to hand over the Hospital of St. John to the Prince for Germany. It was anciently occupied by the Templars, but since desecrated to the ignoble purpose of a tanner's yard. Miss Hoffmann was my informant of all that happened, as also of a visit to another charitable institution (German and Protestant this time), which formed a striking sequel to that at Bethlehem. The Prince was called upon to inspect a home for the training of young converted Jews. He expressed some impatience as he was conducted to the house through long, narrow, and tortuous lanes. On his arrival his first inquiry was for a glass of cold water. When it was brought, holding it up to the light, he

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VIEW OF ZION AND POOL OF GIHON.

exclaimed to the manager, with stern military promptitude, "Do you call that smeared and dirty glass fit to drink from?"

"Pray, pardon me, your Royal Highness," stammered the confused overseer, "we were not apprized that your Royal Highness's visit would be so early."

"I did not ask you, sir, if the glass was fit for *me*, the Crown Prince, to drink from, I asked you whether it was fit for *any* one to use, for nobody should be asked to drink a glass of water unfit for a prince," thundered his visitor. The next moment the Prince's eyes made a hasty survey of the room, and he asked whether under the bed was a fitting place for a pair of dirty jack-boots which lay there. "Bring them out," he said. One of the attendants darted to the spot and lugged at the boots; but the royal mandate was not so easily obeyed, for there proved to be a pair of legs inside those boots, and to those lower limbs a reluctant body was attached, and a face showing but little desire for a royal introduction. The wretched man had been employed in the room, when, hearing the steps of the august party, he had hurriedly crept under the bed, hoping that by remaining quiet he might escape observation. The Crown Prince's indignation was unmistakable. "I have been told, sir," he said, turning to the disconcerted head of the establishment, "that you were once in the Prussian army, and I am not at all sure that I shall not have you reported and removed from the post you now fill with so little credit." At this the Prince turned his back, leaving no golden coins behind him, I was told.

When all was ready at my house in the "City of Visions," Mr. Samuel Bergheim, who had kindly taken the trouble to superintend the buildings during my absence, inquired of me whether I would allow him to invite a certain company of Moslem necromancers to hold an incantation ceremony in one of my rooms. Their object would be nothing less than to raise the form of a departed friend known to the circle, who, after a formula by the

arch magician, would appear seated in a chair left vacant for the *revenant* from the other world. Being thus seated, he would reply to any questions put to him, and any one of the company might approach and satisfy themselves of the actuality of the presence by touching it, taking its hand, or feeling its raiment.

I assured my friend that to put to the test such

A NEW CONVERT (FROM LETTER TO MY SON, 1869).

pretensions would be of the greatest interest to me, but it was desirable to understand more exactly the characters of the people concerned in the business.

I learned that the spiritualistic believers comprised a secret society; that when spoken to about their practices they would at first avow utter ignorance of what was meant, but on persevering, their interlocutor would ultimately end in persuading them to accept the invitation to hold an incantation at my house, which was

well known to them, and would be regarded as eminently suitable for the purpose. As to further conditions, my friend added that the head magician, with all seated around him, would begin by burning aromatic herbs in a chafing dish; he would then call upon "Shaitan," as the arch and successful withstander of the tyrant Almighty, to grant them the desired favour of the return to their company of some departed friend, and that in gratitude for "Shaitan's" concession they would ever after be his devoted servants.

ROOF OF MY HOUSE AT JERUSALEM.

Said I, "They would not include us, I assume?"

"Yes," my friend replied, "they would not proceed unless all joined in it."

I have been blamed since for regarding this condition as a fatal objection to my prosecution of the investigation, but I could find no alternative, and therefore my contribution to the Eastern belief in supernatural dealings goes no farther than to show that such belief still exists. Mr. Bergheim afterwards published a full narrative of his own experience of the power of a celebrated dervish in the Lebanon.

The house was indeed a gaunt one, and my servants

lived on the floor below me. Gabriel, the Abyssinian servant who marketed for me, was a handsome fellow; he had shining and beautiful teeth, and his eyes flashed the more from his dark skin. My cook, Miriam El "Megnoona," was an old Bethlehemite. As I sat up hours after them, the wind whistled whenever the air was disturbed, and in thunderstorms the reverberation from the hills carried awe with it; at night the windows

LETTER TO MY SON.

rattled as though beset with angry spirits. With the bursting open of the casements the lamp would be extinguished, and in darkness I would traverse the intervening chambers to my bedroom, either to sleep or to re-kindle my lamp. One night, when no such turmoil of the elements was astir, I distinctly heard a noise advancing up the steps. Snatching up a candle I went to meet it. Half-way down I was confronted by a company of rats, who stood there defying me until I hurled something at them, on which they scampered away as if astonished at the cruelty of the oppressor. Among these intruders

were serpents also. I shot some, and a charmer who had had his attention directed to one tormenting a mother pigeon on my wall, came and captured it. At times scorpions and centipedes crawling over stiff paper in my bedroom woke me up, and these alone would account for much of the ghostly reputation of the house. As a set-off the wind brought with it many pleasant odours, and the hills from which they came were

25 Oct. 1859
Daddy. Well now supposing I were to engage you in what capacity would you propose to serve me -
Abyssinian - As guard - Sir - about the City

LETTER TO MY CHILD.

delightful to look upon from my upper casements. There were but one or two roofs of houses to the west which rivalled mine in height, and a minaret shot up close by. The sky in the zenith was so clear, that in summer throughout the day Venus was often visible, and at night the whole Temple area could be seen as Titus saw it from the same spot, when it was without the city. To walk up and down in the cool, and glory that at last I had got back to work on an Eastern subject, brought peace to my soul, although the reflection how far short of my erewhile roseate

hope my state was, often drove me indoors to my solitary work.

For my large picture, I found it necessary to have two wooden houses constructed on the roof, to ride on rollers, one open to the horizontal beams of the sun, so as to get the correct light and shade on my model ; this was wheeled into place in the afternoon, to catch the glow of the setting sun. The other hut was to shade myself and my picture, and this also was movable. When I had, by

LETTER TO MY CHILD.

some months' steady work, advanced my picture to a point at which I could judge of my requirements for the window outlook, the proper season had come to find a landscape at Nazareth yet fresh in verdure, so I set out on a four days' journey towards the north. Arrived at Nazareth I encamped below the town, and ascended each morning to the eminence on which the ancient city had been built. Thence I had an enchanting view of the valley fields cultivated by Nazarene farmers, and of its flanking hills reaching to "Gebel el Cowis," the Hill of Precipitation, evidently so named from its conspicuously abrupt descent into the plain of Jezreel. On the great lower plain stretched the patchwork squares of cultivation

under the slope of Tabor, continuing to the hills of Gilboa and Dothan, and these branched out into the swelling heights of Samaria, as well as the extended range of Carmel, bounding on the south Jezreel, Megiddo, and the lowland where ran "that ancient river the Kishon"—the plain where flowed the blood of so many warriors of alien races who have shaped the course of history. As I sat quietly at work, I could hear the younger members of a house and garden higher up on the hill cheerfully contending at play, and occasionally I turned and saw some grown girls appearing and disappearing on a swing. They were continually shouting a pean, with loud tongue dividing the strains into verses. After a time I listened and discovered that their song was :—

One has come to the town,
A khowagha he,
With horses and mules and asses,
And so we shout the song of festivity.

Muleteers and ass drivers and servants
Has he brought,
He is encamped in the lower vale,
And so we shout the song of festivity.

In the night well guarded
Sleeps he,
With sentinels around his tent,
And so we shout the song of festivity.

Robbers and beasts of prey,
And jackals of the night,
Fear to come nigh,
And so we shout the song of festivity.

Each morn he mounts to the hill
With many colours and pens,
And writes till eve, brightening his white board,
And we shout the song of festivity.

From the Holy City he has come,
Yea, and even far beyond the sea,
And so we shout the song of festivity.

Will he go away again,
Or will he take our welcome ?
While we shout the song of festivity.

The girls had probably talked to my attendants, and furnished with news, seldom varied in this quiet place, they had improvised this song on traditional lines, but they made no effort to satisfy their curiosity by coming out to see my work.

One Sunday morning I mounted my horse, and, with servant behind, rode out to Cana of Galilee. Nazareth has been compared to an open rosebud ; it was interesting to see how deeply the road that took us out of the hollow had been worn by the feet of generations since first it received the form on which the comparison was based. We passed through villages and fields with trees bearing fruit already ripe and plentiful. To judge from the company round the well-cisterns, with laughing girls carrying on their heads large jars of water, there seemed reason to conclude that it was at the time a happy neighbourhood. Our animals were served by playful loiterers at every stage ; when we reached the village we were assured that a stone house, now made into a Greek church, was the identical building where Christ had attended the bridal feast and turned the water into wine. The ceremony of the baptism of two babes was going on ; the christening was a most complicated one. One child, not so robust as the other, gave up its protests before it was half unpaganised, but the evil spirit in the other protested to the end with lusty lungs, and it seemed as though all its previous appreciation of parental authority had been destroyed before the priest had finished his task. After this the whole company went away, and I was allowed to examine the simple building, behind the altar as well as in front of it.

An emotion of great sadness possessed me. Spite of all reason, I felt as though I had come to see a friend, and was disappointed that he was not there and could not be found. I left the house and village sorrowfully, as one does who has failed in an earnest desire. When, after several days, I had obtained the materials for my background, I returned to Jerusalem and resumed my work.

Captain Luard, the friend whom I had left in Italy, had accepted my invitation to stay with me a month or two on his return journey to India, about the beginning of June, I received a telegram to say that he would arrive at Jaffa by the next steamer, and he asked me to meet him at the seaport. Accordingly I started before daybreak, and arrived at Jaffa by noon. The French steamer arrived and anchored in the roadstead, and I took a boat and went out to the ship. On finding my friend I asked him, "Tell me, is it war or peace?"

He put his finger to his lips, saying, "Come into my cabin." There he whispered, "It is war; but the good people of the ship are so excited that it is well not to speak of it at all before them. A German happens to have been my fellow-passenger, and he used to appear at the table in the saloon at meal times; but the French officers made such demonstrations of the determination of France to overrun Germany and humble it to the dust, that he in prudence had his meals alone." My friend, however, conversed with him in the night on unfrequented parts of the ship, when he declared that in Germany this war had been foreseen for years; that they knew the actual condition of the French army to be so inferior to its declared efficiency, and the German army to have been prepared so carefully for the contest that he had no doubt France would find itself in a very pitiable condition.

We rode up to Jerusalem, carrying the news with us. It was a sorrowful year in every way. There had been a very insufficient fall of rain in the winter, the land had suffered from drought and most of the cisterns were empty. Children went from door to door, empty cup in hand, beseeching in God's name a drink of water. Attempts had been made to track underground cisterns, and two important channels on the northern side of the Mosque had been discovered; but these, owing to the choking up of soil, had only a

few pools of worthless water in them, and the clearing out of the channels was forbidden by the French consul, who descended with his suite and claimed it for his Empire. It was natural that the opening of the Suez Canal was said to have drawn all the water away from this hill country, certainly before the rainy season had passed, it was tantalising to watch heavy clouds come up from

MIRIAM, MY COOK (PAGE 285).

the sea and pause as if to discharge their contents on the watershed of the country, then dissipate themselves into quickly dissolved shreds. I was fortunate in having a sufficient supply of water and to spare in my own wells.

We lived retired lives, scarcely meeting the community under English protection. One difficulty that I had with my subject was that while the model was of the bronzed complexion that I required, after two days' burning of the sun he had become red, and this was

succeeded by the chocolate colour of the Central Indian. In consequence I could not proceed until he had been covered up for a month, but the drapery I was able to work at in the intervals.

The habit of Orientals to sit cross-legged from infancy tends to destroy the delicate form of the men's lower limbs ; from this cause I had some difficulty in satisfying myself in the painting of the figure, which occasioned many undoings of my work.

As the season wore on and the weather became too wild for painting on the roof, I was able in my studio to turn my attention to accessories. Luard had intended to try his hand at painting a subject, but on coming to close quarters with it he felt the need of materials procurable only from Europe, and so waiting, reading, and following other interests, his time passed away. Our only intercourse was at meals and after supper when we walked on the roof, and he told me many a stirring tale of his experiences in the Indian Mutiny and the China War. His father had been at Waterloo, and had been an amateur artist ; his brother John, our close friend, had died at an early age.

When he had left and I was again alone, the winter had passed and spring had returned. I was anxious to avoid a repetition of my troubles with the over-bronzed colour of my model, and I determined to make the best of my time before the sun grew too fierce. It was necessary for me to be on the alert throughout the night to observe whether the sky was clear and promising a fine sunrise, in which case I awoke my Abyssinian, arranged my materials for working, and when the sun was getting near the horizon, I had the Bethlehem man, who slept in my house, awakened, and I eagerly blocked out my work.

It was often very cold in my shaded painting hut, while the man in his shed felt the burning heat. After a quarter of an hour without leisure to glance at the sky,

I felt confident in the satisfactory promise of my morning's preparation, but suddenly the light would often be obscured, and I found that the mist out of the valleys had gathered into a thick cloud, and that this rose up at a corresponding altitude with the sun, completely concealing its rays for

STUDY FOR FIG TREE.

two or three hours. At this point the work had not progressed far enough for its completion at sunset. With my system of painting, if I left it, it would have prevented me from making a happier preparation on the morrow; there was no choice therefore but to wipe it all out and wait for a new morning; but the same experience was followed day after day and week

after week, and this was the more disastrous, because at each fresh posing the man's skin again became darkened. It was indeed now, as it so often seemed, that Nature was jealous and abhorred the imitation of herself, appointing Fate to stand on the watch to frustrate all attempts at representing her. My man, although tall enough, was objectionably spare and wanting in richness of line. I had hoped to correct these defects sufficiently, but about this time certain large photographs of antique figures sent by my friend Luard, even with all allowance made for the Oriental character of my figure, reminded me by their greater fulness of form that my eye had become so far accustomed to the leanness of Syrians that I was in danger of finishing the figure of Christ without the comeliness of proportion it was my object to give. I was determined, therefore, to look out for a better developed model. I had not yet found any one from whom I could study the head, but, wandering through the lanes of Bethlehem, I came upon a man of singularly noble form and beauty of expression. He agreed to sit to me, and I found him undoubtedly the most truthful, honest, and dignified servant I ever met in Syria. He was a staunch member of the Greek Church; his name Jarius Hasboon. From this man I was able to paint the head and modify the figure.

The loneliness of my life in this second visit to Syria was so great a contrast to what I had planned it should be, that oftentimes I pitied myself. There were no companions with whom to have converse, and I felt what disadvantage it was to have no friendly eye to comment on my painting, nor any other works of art to refresh me. I often felt, while enjoying my work to the full, how foolish were the axioms of those modern social reformers who would have it that the labour of an artist is one of continuous enjoyment. Had they seen me sometimes in the quiet hours when alone, they would have been encouraged in the condemnation of my efforts, as altogether proving the want of that artistic self-confidence they so much admire.

To work on settled lines, to give a Greek, a Michael Angelesque, a Titianesque, or any other traditional complexion to a design, may to many seem wiser, as in such a course stepping-stones will be found as assured conductors at every pass. I do not here dispute such proposition, but certainly to make a new idea intelligible and acceptable is an undertaking beset with pitfalls, and the effort to arrive finally at one's goal is often far beyond estimate of the danger of failure to be encountered.

Each evening, returning after sundown from my constitutional and ascending the steep hill of Bezeeta leading to my house, I passed a café held in a large hall, which I had more than once entered, at the instance of the master, to examine the large masonry of its walls and a stout column with capital of early post-Christian date at the farther side of the building; its fellow pillars were covered up in late stonework. In the dusk the chamber was arranged for the entertainment of Moslem husbands who there enjoyed repose from the wrangles of their numerous "houri" wives. As I passed by, the interior was lighted with candles and lamps, the ground was neatly swept, and stools were placed for the assembling guests, while inside was a higher seat for the reciter. It was usual as I passed for the café keeper and some of his visitors to invite me courteously to join them, but I felt constrained politely to decline and pass on after interchange of compliment. The evening meal was prepared for me on my return, but when I had partaken of this I paced the roof to enjoy the cool air, the moon's soothing light or the boundless maze of stars, and view of the mosque area sacred as for all time. The silence was broken by the monotonous intonation of a chanter at the café, and when his droning was ended a many-mouthed chorus began which sang the praises of Antar (converted to *Islam* many centuries after his death), or of other champions against the infidel like Mokmah, who trod his scores of enemies under his feet. As the music ceased, the chant continued the theme until the chorus began again, completing the delight of the Mahomedan

company. The alternating song continued inspiringly, so that step by step one's blood danced with the Arab destroyers rather than with the overthrown infidel who had fought for the Christian faith. In exchanging the reign of the olive branch for that of the sword, the religion of Mohammed followed no exceptional rule.

Before the story-teller had concluded his tale, the Kutib muezzin in the contiguous minaret appeared in the gallery and acclaimed in trumpet notes, "Allah illa Allah ou Mahmoud il rasoul Allah." The piercing notes extended far over house-tops, mosques, Temple platform, castle towers, and walls, surging out to the mountains beyond like a strong tidal wave, so that I was led to ponder on the time when Omar first made the change which built minarets and mosques in the place of Christian churches, because the worshippers in these last were self-condemned in their luxury and corruption as unfit to witness to the simple creed of Christ. The religion of the Messiah was in that age proved to be too sublime for this world, and Mohammed came to substitute one more within the reach of humanity. Even now, in the city where the only prophet endowed with the "soul of God"[1] had sealed His teaching with His blood, it was a question whether Mohammed's verdict had yet ceased to be true.

One late afternoon when working from my model, intent upon the rendering of the sunset tone, the man suddenly withdrew his raised arms and with an ejaculation retreated from the shed, pointing towards the west. Turning in that direction, I saw at the highest point of a house a hundred yards away, a bevy of women, looking steadily in our direction. As they saw me start up they shouted, "Why does your man, O effendi, stand all the afternoon with his arms stretched out like an idol?" They were evidently in good humour, and one in talking let her veil blow aside, by which it was easy to perceive that she was beautiful. I answered that I was

[1] Thus the educated Moslem designates Christ.

making a picture of him, that it was convenient to me for him to stand thus, and that I had not known before that

STUDY FOR HEAD OF CHRIST.

the angles of the wall had any platform below on which people could stand and see us at work.

I contrived the best I could to avoid further curiosity and continued my painting; I should not have noted the trifling incident, but within a month one evening when at supper I heard most distressing sounds of lamentation, the inconsolable grievings as of a child, but the voice was that of a man. I asked my servant the cause of the low lament, and he told me it was the mourning of the effendi, my neighbour, for the loss of the most beautiful of his wives. All my fellow-residents on the height of Bezeeta were demonstrative in their feelings over domestic fortunes, and it was according to common experience that, a few days later, I heard loud *tom-toms* being beaten and the sound of lutes, together with strident cries of rejoicing stinging the evening air. I remarked to my man that the noisy rejoicings must be particularly painful to my effendi neighbour. The reply was, "No, the rejoicings are for his wedding with a new bride."

In the intervals of my task I sometimes reflected upon the relinquished subject of the "Flight into Egypt"; and pondering on the history given by St. Matthew, the notion came to me that since the little playmates of Jesus had been a vicarious sacrifice, they would in their spiritual life be still constant in their love for the forlorn but Heaven-defended family. Having become interested in this idea, while embodying it on a canvas I took occasion to make an expedition to the Philistine Plain towards Gaza, to get characteristic materials for the landscape. Mr. Samuel Bergheim was my companion. At Gaza a handsome group of trees over a water-wheel recommended itself as most suitable to my background. The moon happened to be at the full when we arrived, and I used the opportunity by staying up some nights until I had painted the trees with the figures. We returned by way of Ascalon, Gath, and Ashdod, and struck the Jaffa road near the Wady. A native from the sea-coast told me that there was an Englishman in the hotel who was at the point of death. I could do nothing alone, but on arrival at Jerusalem

I saw the excellent Dr. Chaplin. The etiquette of the profession forbad that he should go without an appeal from some friend, but he agreed that I could take upon me this character. We were to go on the morrow, but in the afternoon a telegram came saying that the case was most urgent. At the same time came news of robbery and murder on the road, and the Pasha insisted that we should have two soldiers as guards. We started before sunset, our soldiers were lazy and lagged behind,

LETTER TO MY CHILD.

till we were out of patience and rode on to Latrone. On our right we were called to by a group of fellalien running towards us and charging us to stop, encouragingly adding that we should not fear. While trotting on we joked them that they were so slow we could not spare time for the pleasure of their interview, and that advancing night reminded us of the long journey before us. We tantalised them by keeping far out of their reach. At the ascent of the hill, wishing them good-bye, we spurred our horses and cantered up the road ; within a mile we were on the crest of the hill,

in view of the plain in front, when suddenly we were faced by a mounted body of murderous-looking villains armed with weapons of many fashions. We took up our position with a prickly-pear hedge behind us, while the sheik asked us whether we were without guards. We confessed that our soldiers were too slow for us, and that we were well armed, and quite prepared to defend ourselves. After other inquiries and our candid replies, they drew aside and left the road open to us, which we cautiously pursued and came to Ramleh Convent, where we alighted for refreshment of welcome coffee and wholesome bread and fruit. On remounting we cantered and trotted in turn to the German hotel.

We reached this about two A.M. ; it was shut up and dark, and we had to knock for half an hour, when the landlord opened and explained that the patient had been taken away to a hospital in the town. We elected to go on foot, for the chance of getting in, while there was yet hope of saving the sinking man. At the city gate we heard the sentinel inside marching up and down. We knocked, telling him that we as doctors had come to see a sick man in the town ; for half an hour he imperturbably walked up and down and denied admission to us, but because of our importunity he ended by opening the gate.

At first, our object seemed a hopeless one, but the doctor knew the German quarter, and we groped our way to it. One window showed sign of light, we knocked at the door, and the answering German told us that the Englishman was there ; being admitted, we ascended to the sick-room. Certainly the sight of the patient gave small indication of life, but the laboured breathing was thought a sign that the fire was still within, a very smouldering one indeed.

The doctor began inquiries as to the hours of the recurrent attacks. One, perhaps the last, would come in about two hours, he said. He concocted a strong potion, and left this with the intelligent master and mistress to be given at the critical moment.

We then felt justified in going back to much-needed sleep.

After breakfast we returned to the hospital, and to our relief found that the Englishman had successfully thrown off the dreaded fits and was doing well.

We stayed in Jaffa a second day, leaving the patient safe, although unable to talk.

The doctor steadfastly refused my proffered fee.

LETTER TO MY CHILD.

Eventually the Englishman recovered, came to the hotel at Jerusalem, and went out shooting in the neighbourhood; but he called neither upon the doctor nor myself, so that we concluded he did not know how he had been brought back to life.

Before the next winter was "over and gone" fever came upon me, perhaps because of my restlessness at nights to see what chance promised for my morning's work. Dr. Chaplin attended me and brought me past the crisis of my illness, which proved to be gastric fever of a dangerous character. My servants, with true Oriental

fatalism, shrugged their shoulders to inquirers, saying, "God will provide," or "God knows," "If it be His will that the Moallim should die, nothing can save him, while if God ordains the M'sowah should recover, he will get up again." They lived on a floor below me, across a court-yard, and piously left me alone. The feeble clapping of my hands could not be heard, so I rarely could get my medicine, and only very uncertainly my food. The doctor then brought me a kind invitation to come and stay with his family, and this quite set me on my legs again.

Being most anxious to finish my work from the tall model before the spring came to an end, one Saturday night I detained Ezaak an hour beyond sunset, and sent him to walk the dark six miles to Bethlehem that he might spend the Sunday with his family, giving him strict injunctions to come back on the Sunday night to be ready for early Monday's work. On the Sunday I took a ride along the southern road, and on the plain of Rephaim I met Ezaak, who assured me that he was going on to my house in the city. After another mile or so I turned my horse's head round and went back to sup with Dr. Chaplin; my handsome Abyssinian "Gabriel" was there waiting upon me, and when he heard me saying that I must be up before the sun to-morrow to work from my Bethlehem man, he bent down and whispered to me that Ezaak was in prison for a murder that he had committed on Saturday night.

"No," I said, "I have just met him on the plain, and sent him on to the house."

"Yes," he returned, "but coming in by the Jaffa Gate he was recognised and seized by the police."

Thereupon I wrote a note, saying that I felt sure it must be a mistake, and that it was important that he should be released at once unless the case were very serious. The reply was that he could not be liberated.

The next morning instead of painting I had to hurry off to see the Pasha; he had gone to do honour at a

ceremony in the Armenian Church. I followed on his footsteps, but found the church full of pilgrims, so that I saw it would require particular influence to get through them. I sent my card by a functionary to the Pasha, and in return his secretary came to me. I explained at once that I did not want the course of justice interfered with, but that unless my man had been guilty of some atrocious crime, I should be glad to have him liberated in the interim, and would incur responsibility for him.

The secretary immediately said, "Then are you the English artist painting a large picture of a Bethlehem man and woman?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh," he replied, "the Pasha has been talking to me about it, and has been wanting me to come and visit you to know when he may see the picture."

I said it would be better to wait a little, till I had got it quite finished, when I would invite him to do me the honour of seeing it. "But," I asked, "what about the man?"

"Oh, I will write you an order for his liberation."

I interrupted, "If he has been really guilty of murder."

"Oh! no matter, no matter, take this." And so I went away armed with "An Order of Release."

On the way I remembered terrible stories that had been told me about Ezaak's youth, and how he had once with some other wild spirits broken into the Church of the Nativity and stolen the gold and jewels from the Byzantine pictures of the Virgin and Child on the altar, and how he had been the terror of the neighbourhood on the roads for a time. I had not believed these stories, although some dames of the city had shaken their heads at me, saying they could not understand how I could venture to have him sleeping in my house, and go out with him on long rides to remote regions.

I had indeed always found him a very intelligent

fellow, and I had perfect confidence in his trustworthiness. When I arrived at the prison I was admitted into a large courtyard full of Bethlehemites, with many of their mothers and wives sitting beside them looking woebegone and weeping, who at sight of me all clamoured that I would get their respective relatives released, to which appeals, however, I had to declare my powerlessness. The head of the police, asking many questions as to why I wanted Ezaak, then said he would see if he could be got off, and quickly left me.

Waiting unconscionably long, I sent again; when the official came I reminded him that the Pasha's order must be obeyed at once.

"Yes," he said, "but there are many expenses, and till these are met I cannot get the prison door open."

This statement made it clear why there were so many prisoners on this one charge, so I took from my pocket a sovereign. Almost immediately Ezaak came up to me and we sallied forth into Christian Street. When out of hearing, I accosted him with reproof for his riotous behaviour, saying, "I have used my influence on this occasion, Ezaak, but I am not very comfortable at having done so, and I must tell you that if you indulge your bloodthirsty disposition while in my service, I will not again attempt to protect you."

"But I have done nothing, ya Khowagha."

"Nonsense," I interrupted him. "I don't know exactly what the facts are, but I have heard that there was a fight on Saturday evening at Bethlehem and there were two men killed, and you are accused of having had something to do with it; unless there had been some foundation for the charge why should they have apprehended you?"

His argument was conclusive. "I suppose, ya Moallim, you had to pay the head policeman, notwithstanding the strength of the Pasha's order, and I had also to give him all the money I had. There was a fight at Bethlehem on Saturday afternoon, but you will remember I did not leave your house till past six, and did not arrive home

till about eight ; this was four hours after the disturbance, but the Turkish police made it an occasion for seizing every Bethlehemite who came into Jerusalem, and few of them will escape until they have sold up every scrap of property belonging to their families." Then he kissed my hand for my favour to him, and I admitted that he had justified himself, which later became even more apparent.

Slowly I brought my picture to a conclusion. I could not forget my promise to show the picture, ere it left Jaffa, to the Pasha and several other dignitaries and Europeans dwelling in the place. Miss Hoffmann, whose permanent post was in Jerusalem as superintendent of an institution for the employment of divorced Jewesses, kindly consented to sit in my reception room and watch that the conditions I imposed should not be infringed by native visitors if I were out of the way.

Before seven in the morning the Pasha and his staff arrived, and it was of interest to me to hear and explain the particular enigmas that presented themselves to their uninitiated minds. With ejaculated compliments they stayed awhile, not leaving before the Greek party with the Patriarch had arrived, and these also appeared much interested. I asked the Patriarch whether they did not read the phrase in St. Mark as meaning that Christ was himself a carpenter, and he unhesitatingly said that τέκτων, the word in the Gospel, undoubtedly meant that occupation.

Going backwards and forwards to my packing between these visits, I heard an extraordinary hubbub coming from below. "What is that noise?" I asked of Gabriel.

He replied, with a great sense of importance, "It is the little shopkeepers, masons, and work-people of the neighbourhood, who, seeing the Pasha's party and the Patriarch's coming and going from the house, have knocked to know whether there is not something to see, adding that they would like to come up with the others. I have explained it is not for people like them, it is only to great personages that the picture is shown, but they are

still waiting and blocking up the streets, so that the invited effendis can scarcely get to the door."

I ordered my man to go down to the crowd and say that I could not allow them to come in and interfere with the convenience of my invited guests, but that if they would divide themselves into twenties at a time, they might all come up in turn, under promise to move away where my friends were to be accommodated, and in this way the room was filled continually till late in the evening.

Once I was sent for, with the message that a man particularly wished to see me before he left. He was a mason, dusty and splashed with lime-wash, as were his companions. With great courtesy he spoke: "Ya Effendi, you have done us a great kindness in allowing us to see your picture. We had only before known such pictures as those in the Church of the Sepulchre, but we had heard of Frank paintings and had often desired to see them, so this opportunity is more enjoyed by us than perhaps you can easily understand. We shall always remember it with thanks, but we want you to do us one more favour; the lady here will not allow us to step over the cord to go up and touch the picture, although we promise not to do it any harm. Now, while you are here you can see us, and we beg permission to go and put our fingers on it."

"No," I said, "that cannot be; it would get soiled; the more because some of the paint is scarcely dry. But what can be your object in wishing to touch it?" I said.

"Well," he replied, "we want to feel what is the difference between the linen and the flesh, the sky and the shavings; we have seen it with our eyes, and we want to feel it with our hands."

"No," I said; "I will show you another unfinished picture, and you will see that there is no difference in the surface at all."

"Ah, but we want to touch the large finished one."

I had to be firm, although I am sure it must have seemed to him and his friends unkind, but then he

The Shadow of Death

importuned another favour, which he urged in the name of all his friends. It was that I should turn the picture round and show them the back.

"That also is impossible," I declared. "Don't you see it is arranged at the exact angle not to reflect the glitter of the window light upon its surface, and if I were to turn it round it would take long to put it right again, and other people who came would not be able to see it"; taking up a portable canvas I showed the back. "It is just like this, a mere framework of wood," I said.

"Yes, that may be," he returned, "but we should like to see the back of that one."

"But it could be of no interest to you," I said. At which the group seemed very dejected, till another spokesman stepped forward, saying:

"I think that I can convince you, O Moallim, why we ask this kindness; we have been here twenty minutes looking at the front of the Messiah and the back of the Sit Miriam; is it not natural that now we should wish to see the face of Sit Miriam and the back of the Christ?"

They were utterly unsatisfied with my explanations that they would not see what they wanted were the picture turned round. One tall and large-framed negress repeated her visits throughout the day; towards the evening a well-informed critical member of the crowd addressed her, saying, "Do you know the M'sowah took three years about this picture?"

"Did he?" she said. "I can imagine that I might have worked at it for three years, and it would not have been done yet," which statement the crowd partly accepted.

Except one party of Latins, who came from Bethlehem, no others of the Roman community appeared among the throng of visitors. A day after, I inquired of an impartial person why this was, and heard that the papal dignitaries had decided that the representation of the Holy Virgin with the face hidden was denounced as a Protestant indignity to the Madonna, and they had forbidden all of their Church to come. They had posted

sentinels at the Jaffa Gate to caution their members from Bethlehem not to appear, and the party of three who came had remained ignorant of this interdict by coming through the Damascus Gate. I had indeed tried many arrangements in order that the Virgin's face should be shown, but I had rejected all, from conviction that nothing but the direct glance at the shadow gave the tragedy of the idea.

The war had shut up most routes across the Continent for a time, but I despatched my picture from Jaffa, *via* Gibraltar, and then took my own course to Trieste.

The Austrian Lloyd's boat was still engineered by the Englishman Thompson, who had been present at the battle of Lissa. He was the first to give an historical account in *The Times* when all Europe had been breathless with anxiety for more than a week to know the real issue of the fight. He explained to me the circumstances as we passed by the island in the Adriatic. Proceeding from Trieste, after a day's stay at Vienna, I found it practicable to proceed through France, and that Paris itself was open. Very lamentable it was to go through the cordon of ruins caused by the German siege, and still more in Paris to see the havoc wrought by the Communists.

When the picture arrived in London, large studios in those days being rare, it was difficult to find a vacant one of sufficient size, but Millais, with his wonted good-nature, made over his painting-room to me during his autumn holiday, commenting with frank but appreciative candour on the work which hitherto no other instructed eye had seen.

My return brought with it realisation of sorrow, caused by the recent death of Robert B. Martineau. He had of late been painting some excellent heads, and making several beautiful drawings full of dignity of style; his last occupation had been on a large picture representing a young girl in John's reign defending a poor Jew who was being insulted and maltreated by a "Christian" mob. This also in its design

and beginning and the parts finished had a similar largeness of style.

"The Last Day in the Old Home"[1] is now unfortunately terribly cracked in its principal parts; this is owing to an incorrigible habit he contracted of painting

W. H. H.

ROBERT B. MARTINEAU.

over and over again his yesterday's work while still wet. It was impossible to remedy the evil until it had got to its worst, or I would have restored it ere it was taken over by the Tate Gallery.

The sudden change of climate had made me ill, so I was unable to use my time profitably for the fastidious

[1] Now in the Tate Collection.

amendments which my rested eyes prompted me to make, and I had to engage another studio for six months. Winter fogs coming on delayed my work, and again I had to find accommodation. My old friend Burchett, the head master of the School of Design at Kensington, saved me from further search by inviting me to make use of his own painting-room.

When I had brought my work on "The Shadow of Death" to a conclusion, there was some hitch in the business arrangements concerning it. My good friend Sir Thomas Fairbairn came to my aid and negotiated the terms of its sale to Messrs. Agnew and Sons. Five thousand five hundred pounds were to be paid down for the large picture and for the first study, a similar sum to be received by me in the future. It was now required that I should make a quarter-size and elaborate copy for the use of the engraver. The original painting was exhibited for a long term in London, and then sent to Oxford. As in Jerusalem, the extreme Church party denounced it as blasphemous, altogether refusing to acknowledge that the record in St. Mark should be read as authority for representing Jesus Christ as Himself a carpenter, but the picture did not long remain there. When it was shown in the North it was hailed by artisans and other working men as a representation which excited their deepest interest, so that they came to the agent, asking him to receive subscriptions for the two-guinea print, week by week in instalments, that the idea might always be before them in their own homes. This was exactly what I most desired, the dutiful humility of Christ's life thus carrying its deepest lesson.

Elizabeth Thompson astonished the world in 1874 by her deeply interesting picture of "The Roll Call." It was a poetically selected incident from the tragedy of the battle-field, and while it was treated with unaffected naturalness, it was presented with such primal simplicity that to every one it bore a typical meaning of universal application. Her later paintings have increased respect for her accomplish-

ments as an artist, and as a portrayer of the terrible heroism of the battle-field. Some years before this, Briton Rivière claimed admiration for his exquisite graceful treatment of animals in a succession of pictures, amongst which were "His Only Friend," "Circe," and "Sympathy."

CHAPTER XII

1873-1887

Whereupon the child said: Verily I am the servant of God; he hath given me the book of the gospel and hath appointed me a prophet. And he hath made me blessed, wheresoever I shall be; and hath commanded me to observe prayer and to give alms, so long as I shall live; and he hath made me dutiful towards my mother and hath not made me proud or unhappy. And Peace be on me the day whereon I was born, and the day whereon I die, and the day whereon I shall be raised to life. This was Jesus, the Son of Mary, the Word of truth concerning whom they doubt.

The Koran.

And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.—St. Matthew.

The Franco-German war had brought many French artists to England, some of whom had returned to Paris, while others remained here. One evening at a small bachelors' gathering at Millais' studio, a foreigner, being told that I had just returned from Jerusalem, asked if I were Holman Hunt, the painter of "The Finding of Christ in the Temple," which he had lately seen in Mr. Charles Mathews' collection. He said that he had admired it and my principle of work so much that he had resolved some day to go to the East and paint on the same system. I then learnt that this artist was young "Tissot."

I stayed a time in London to paint a few family portraits, and while preparing for the exhibition of my picture I frequently saw my friend Charles Collins. He was much debilitated in health, sad, but always philosophical, yet as perplexed as ever to make up his mind

W. Holman Hunt.

From a photograph of the picture at Beavor Lodge, by F. Hollyer.

as to which of any two courses he should adopt. One morning he, in the company of Millais, came over to me while I was at work ; he was more feeble in his gait than had become habitual with him. I went out with him and Millais to the landing, and stood watching them as they descended. It was the last time I was ever to see him alive, for in a few days I was standing by his bedside

"It is a pleasant thought, at any rate: for surely of all the ingredients in the horror which death inspires, there is not one that has a larger share to make it terrible than the bitter thought that we are forgotten. * * * * *
Think of this sometimes; and go, once, now and then, and stand beside his grave. You shall not come away the worse."
A Sentimental Journey

W. H. H.

CHARLES A. COLLINS.

drawing his portrait as he lay dead. This I gave to his brother Wilkie, who in the end left it to me. On his bed lay the canvas, taken off the strainer, with the admirably executed background painted at Worcester Park Farm. For the last few years he had not touched a brush, being entirely disenchanted with the pursuit of painting ; yet his delicacy of handling and his rendering of tone and tint had been exquisite. Certain errors of proportion marred his picture "Convent Thoughts," or it would have been a typical work of unforgettable account despite its

puerile leading idea. At the time of the vacancy in our Brotherhood occasioned by the retirement of Collinson, I judged him to be the strongest candidate as to workmanship, and certainly he could well have held the field for us had he done himself justice in design and possessed courage to keep to his purpose. In his last artistic struggle Collins continually lost heart when any painting had progressed half-way towards completion, abandoning it for a new subject, and this vacillation he indulged until he had a dozen or more relinquished canvases on hand never to be completed. Of late years he had taken to writing, writing a *New Sentimental Journey* and *A Cruise upon Wheels*.

Brown at this time had met with some comparative success, and had removed to Fitzroy Square, where he at times gave receptions, brilliant in the celebrity of the guests, and cordial in hospitality of the host and hostess proud in the high reputation of their friends. Brown was able in the new home to show several of his large works, which thus found purchasers. Perhaps it was his French spirit of comradeship, or his sympathy for all revolutionists, that had made him follow with great concern the fortunes of the Communists in Paris. When they were driven out, hearing of a refugee in London, he invited him, his wife, and his son to take up their quarters in his home; accordingly the three formed part of the circle, and Brown organised lectures and sold tickets to individuals of advanced ideas eager to applaud the leader in the last Parisian revolt. A mild-mannered gentleman he seemed to be, while he explained the exalted hopes of his party's aspirations, the son was disposed to put the parental free ideas into practice in daily life; and acting contrary to the interests of the father, provoked his wrath, who with oaths declared that he would make the son see that he would have no "confounded communism" in his own home. Brown was at this time painting "Don Juan," and his son Oliver was fast proving his capacity both as painter and author.

Charles Collins.

CONVENT THOUGHTS.

(See pages 251 and 294, volume i.)

I soon became ready to start again for the East! As this record purports to give the experience of living artists which should be of value to succeeding painters, I am impelled to give more exact particulars than otherwise I should do of the ill consequences of neglect of a standing rule for travellers departing for a spell of work in uncivilised regions. All materials necessary to the task should be dispatched before one leaves home, or taken under one's own guardianship. I had packed my painting materials in three cases of size and shape suitable for the back of mule or camel in Palestine. Each was screwed down perfectly, addressed with the name of agents and route. I had arranged with a London firm to call for them on the morning of my departure. The van had not arrived when I started, but this did not seem to be a serious matter, as my landlord could be trusted to obey my instructions. The few hours of delay were, however, pregnant with evil consequences, for they frustrated all my thought-out arrangements.

I went to Neufchâtel to be married to the sister of my first wife, my early friend Mrs. Craik escorting her thither; from that place we travelled *via* Venice down the Adriatic to Alexandria, meeting my son, now nine years of age, *en route*. I went across the Continent, spending a little time in Switzerland, Verona, and Venice, and so departed down the Adriatic for Alexandria and Jaffa. On landing, I made it my first business to apply to the native agent for my three cases, which to my astonishment had not arrived. Leaving instructions that he should on their arrival telegraph to me, I went up to Jerusalem. Rumours of impending war between Russia and Turkey began to thunder amongst the people of the country, and the angry feelings engendered among the Moslems crippled my choice of action. The landlord of my house "Dar Berruk Dar" had spent nothing on repairs, consequently rain, moth, and rust had devastated the place and made it uninhabitable; all my artistic materials were seriously damaged, so that I had no supplies in reserve for

work. The study for "The Triumph of the Innocents," having been packed away, had alone escaped injury. I had left Jerusalem on the last occasion with the thought that my absence would be but for a few months; nearly three years, however, had passed, and now I was driven to abandon my ghostly tenement and to take up quarters at an hotel until a house outside the town should be ready for

W. H. H.

MY WIFE, EDITH HOLMAN HUNT.

us. Having suffered from want of space and light while painting previous pictures, I bought a piece of ground to build a house thereon, with a large studio suitable for several compositions which I proposed to paint. The subject, "The Flight into Egypt," it may be remembered, I had chosen as one of those for the decoration of the Church of St. Michael and All Angels at Cambridge, and had abandoned it on discovering that the idea of the service of angels had already been often treated by old masters.

On my return to England in 1856 after my first journey, my friend George Grove had asked me many questions about Syria, and with his usual energy soon afterwards he paid a hasty visit to Jerusalem, and on his return he instigated the establishment of the Palestine

W. H. H.

SKETCH MADE IN SYNAGOGUE.

Exploration Society for surveying land and making excavations. Officers of the Royal Engineers were appointed to engage in this object. Sir Charles Wilson began investigations, and Sir Charles Warren was just concluding his explorations when I arrived on the second occasion. Lieutenant Conder had been active since then, and Lieutenant Kitchener had taken his place, and was completing the survey. In a few months

Kitchener appeared at Jerusalem, and remained encamped for a while, concluding his task ere departure. We thus had many opportunities of talking together about the future military prospects of Syria, which confirmed my idea that, after all, the Jews must be restored to their ancient land. I will not make my now distinguished friend, Viscount Kitchener, responsible for the con-

FROM SKETCH-BOOK.

clusions which I formed upon the rival ambition of the European Powers as it affects this question; he certainly strengthened my opinion that any politico-military attempt of a European power to take Palestine for itself would result in its being broken to pieces. None but a people sustained by mutual consent, such as the Turks happen to be at present, and such as the Jews might be, could be left in peace. Seeing that every day there was the uncertainty as to what the result

of the new quarrel between Russia and Turkey would be, the topic of the future of Palestine was pertinent. Sometimes the indignation in the Moslem mind, excited by inflammatory newspapers read in the market-places, became alarming to Christians. Unfortunately, during each of my sojourns in this country a terrible war had broken out that had occasioned unusual difficulties to Europeans living there.

FROM SKETCH-BOOK.

With every mail inquiry about my missing cases at Jaffa proved to be in vain, and my letters from England brought me only bewildering responses to my questions. When it occurred to me that there was no sure hope of recovering them, I was disposed to go to Alexandria, or perhaps even to Naples, for fresh materials, but whisperings of an intended massacre of the Christians, when the Moslems were assured that the English were no longer going to help them against Russia, were too

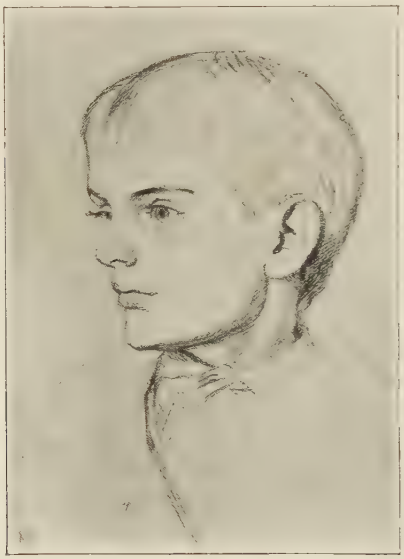
loud to permit me to leave my family unguarded. The baby models used in my preparations were fast growing out of their outlines. I was driven, therefore, of necessity to search in the bazaar for the best linen to be found there. I put to the test a portion of linen on which to paint my picture entitled "The Ship." I had made elaborate sketches on board the P. and O. boat on our way from Venice, seeing that the man at the wheel still guided the vessel from the stern, and thus I was able to illustrate Tennyson's quatrain—

> I hear the noise about thy keel,
> I hear the bell struck in the night,
> I see the cabin window bright,
> I see the sailor at the wheel!

The linen was amply stout for this small picture, and I was therefore persuaded to trust my chances to it for the larger painting. But when pulling the cloth tight over the large framework it rent at the edge, so that I had to stop short of the usual tension, and to be satisfied with a smaller degree of tautness. The cakes of flake white purchased in the bazaar, owing to the great strength of acid used in its manufacture, needed abundant washing. With the residuum I made a ground which in itself was most pleasant to paint upon. The figures of little children which I first painted were mainly near the boundary line of the cloth; the thready texture at once occasioned me great increase of labour, still while my painting was confined to these parts I was not so far discouraged as to think my task impracticable.

When the spring had enriched the land with verdure, I made an expedition down to Philistia towards the south to gain the further features for the landscape which I had not been able to secure when there before. Just as I was setting out I received a telegram from the agent at Jaffa, to state that not three cases of the dimensions I had expected, but one of enormous size, had been deposited on the quay, and could be moved no farther. I directed my muleteer and tent servant to await me next day at a

trysting-place on the Jaffa road, and started before dawn for the seaport. When I arrived there, the mammoth case lay with its bulging lid, and hinges and lock, the latter fit only for a schoolboy's box; the key had not come with it. Through the warping space between the cover and sides the Jaffa mudlarks had been thrusting their hands, appropriating any articles that came within their grasp. On the lid being prised open it turned out that



MY SON CYRIL.

my three poor cases lay within. It was a mockery to see them each properly addressed and ready for travel, buried in their gigantic coffin. They had now to be exhumed, and were sent up separately to Jerusalem. From the day of my departure from London to the time of the arrival of the case at Jaffa, five months had elapsed instead of a fortnight, the time which the carriage should have occupied. I was now free to meet my servants, who were at the place appointed on the Jaffa road. We turned thence to the south, and came upon an undulating country intersected by deep

W. H. H.

SILVERPOINT STUDY FOR ST. JOSEPH ("TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS").

beds of mountain torrent. In the ruts where water had run the growths were luxuriant, in parts reaching to double the height of the rider's head, and near a place called Shama I settled upon a distant view of the mountains with the plain showing a water-course suitable to my subject. Near at hand I came upon the little stream-way, with the surrounding banks, and the village under a clump of fir-trees, the whole of which suited the arrangement introduced in my picture. Thus I was provided with the landscape. On my return to Jerusalem, it would have been well had I decided to relinquish the work already done on the bazaar linen, and to repeat it upon a portion of the English canvas which had at last come to hand, but this would have involved the sacrifice of some months' work, and I persuaded myself that it would be wiser to complete my picture as it stood, and that thus I should sooner get free for another design.

I had commenced the large painting with the intention of making the effect that of uncheckered moonlight, as in the original study, but when the large work expanded before me I judged that in the pearly hue of the moon alone, a picture of such dimensions would be monotonous in aspect, and that a supernatural light on the ghostly infants would help to convey the impression of their celestial nature. To test the character of intensified moonlight, I used a lens on a bright night, and to my surprise found that the focus transmitted was not of silvery tone, but that of warm sunlight, and this I adopted. With such a chain of entwined children in positions impossible for babies to keep, the work demanded intense perseverance and study. While the house with the large studio being built for me by a German was still unfinished, I was not able to bring my work on the children to a complete stage. Immediately the studio was apparently ready, I took possession, glad at having for the first time a proper working room. The rains were late this year, and until these should come I had held back 200 Napoleons of the final sum to be paid to the builder, but I listened to the pleas of his friends,

and advanced the money with nothing but a renewed endorsement of his responsibility for the weather-proof character of the roof. When the rain did come the tiles and ceiling proved to be nothing but a sieve, and the water entered, leaving pools all over the floor, while my canvases could be protected only by tarpaulins ; this caused much bother and delay before I could again set to work.

MY DAUGHTER GLADYS.

One morning I heard steps on the staircase, followed by knocking on my door ; when I opened it a grinning negro boy was standing there. Affecting a tone of great responsibility, he inquired whether a visit from the ladies of a neighbouring effendi would be convenient, they wanted to see the strange house. I sent back an invitation, and in a quarter of an hour I heard the shuffling sound of many feet ascending the ladder-stair to my studio. I opened the door, and encountered a party of about a dozen ladies, the elder of whom, but little above

thirty, was the chief speaker. She explained with a certain reserved dignity, that they had watched with interest the building of the house, and had wondered at the unusual size of the saloon, and the purpose for which it would be used ; they hoped I would show them what I was doing in it. I explained that I had not yet a finished picture to show them, but that they could see the sketches of different kinds which I had prepared for my future work. I conducted the group of strictly veiled ladies around the room. Etiquette required that whatever I said should be addressed to the eldest wife. The others made show of not listening, but when I had finished, the first turned and repeated my explanations, though, but for passive attention, no sign of interest did they yet exhibit. They gathered gradually together around the grotesque and stark lay-figure which I had brought to Syria this time, having found a need of it in the past when I had to paint one figure leaning against another, or when, waiting for unpunctual models, I had no choice but to paint loose draperies or headgear. There the uncouth mannikin was ! I felt the need of apologising for this unaccountable interloper. When I was trying to speak they over-ruled my excuses with exclamations of delight. Their eyes were lighted up with animation as they declared in a chorus that the image was indeed truly beautiful. "See what a lovely face she has ! What an exquisite nose ! What a beautiful little mouth ! Oh ! look at her ears, and see what long flowing hair she has." One also drew attention to the beauty of the fingers ! At this I moved some of the joints, and also bent the limbs in various ways. As the hinges groaned and squeaked, they retreated, jumping like children with delight, but quickly recovering their sobriety of demeanour, they came back in silent admiration, leaving the elder to speak. This lady, collecting her thoughts, sedately addressed me. "We all know that the 'Image' is not yet completed." Pointing at the time to the winch-holes, she proceeded, "Of course you will have to finish the figure where the skin is

The Triumph of the Innocents.

not joined together, and you will have to fix the head on, and to put a little more crimson on the lips and cheeks, but when completed it will be truly beautiful." Exhausting their interest in this big doll, they turned to the painting on the easel. After consultation, the elder exclaimed, "It looks like paper on the surface, but on the margin outside it is cloth!" Then, following the outlines drawn on the big canvas, they compared it with the small study of the picture. "Is that a man you've marked out there?" she asked. "Oh! I see a donkey! What a lot of babies, and in the middle is a woman on a donkey with a baby. What is all this, O Effendi?" I replied, "Nearly nineteen hundred years ago in Persia, certain wise men on the appearance of a great star remembered an ancient prophecy of the coming Messiah. They came to this country to find him, and naturally they went to the king, thinking it would be his son, as he was to be a Prince. Herod had to confess his ignorance, but professed to be very desirous to find the Messiah, and conjured them to go on, and let him know when they had succeeded. At Bethlehem they came upon the Babe and His mother, the 'Sit Miriam,' but learning that Herod's purpose was to kill the Prince destined to be the universal King, they went home without returning to Herod. Baffled in every way, he in time determined to kill all the children under two years of age in David's city, to make sure that his own family should not be supplanted. Joseph, being apprised of this intention, set out in the night with the young child and his mother, to escape to Egypt. This picture will represent them when they had passed over the mountain into the plain beyond, leading to Gaza." When I had finished, the duenna wife turned and repeated my description, elucidating it with, "You know El Meluk Herod was a very wicked king, and the child Jesus was the only being ever born on earth who possessed the *soul of God*."

The head lady asked about the children. I explained to her that the Mother, rejoicing at the safety of her son,

was moved to sympathy for the deaths of the poor children who were massacred in His stead, and that her love for Him caused her to see the spirits of the children, who were in their different moods, at first sorrowful, and then joyful, in the heavenly service they had entered. She repeated my monologue, word for word, and pointing to each figure, counted them up, saying, "Seventeen babies in the large picture, and several more in the small one, with the Sit Miriam, Al Issa Messiah, and Mar Jusif. This is very well," she said, "but on the day of judgment what will you do?" "Ah," I returned, "I can trust only in the mercy of the Beneficent; but why, pray, ask me that question?" She returned, "Because the souls of these beings that you have made will be required of you, and what will you say then?" My reply, justified on metaphorical principles, was, "I hope every one of them will be present to justify me." She looked bewildered, but then turned to her flock, re-echoing my assurance, saying, "Oh, if indeed you can satisfy God the Just with their souls, it will be well with you." Then, recognising that there was nothing more to see, graciously expressing their thanks, the whole troop departed. This interview gave me a higher idea of the intelligence of superior Moslem ladies than I had entertained before.

Their visit had been made during a lull in the bitterness of temper on the part of the Moslems towards the Christians, but this better feeling had probably arisen when there seemed to be a prospect that the English, if not other Christian Powers, would after all come to the Ottoman defence. After the visit of Lord Salisbury to the Sublime Porte this hope proved to be fallacious, for one heard the Arabs saying he had been sent back "with his face blackened." The rancour flamed, with fewer and shorter intervals. My wife and I profited by one of these to join travelling friends in an expedition to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Afterwards, even on rides of ten miles out of Jerusalem, we were subjected to temporary arrest, stoppage, and insult, so we had to discontinue all excursions. When

the anxiety became acute, the British Consul told me that he was taking advantage of the return to Jaffa of a party of English officers and sailors to send his wife to the Greek convent there, and I gratefully sent my wife, with my son, my infant daughter, tutor and nurse, under the same escort to the seaport, where, as in an eagle's eyrie of the rock-built convent, they found shelter. The fanaticism never ceased, indeed it never died out until the massacre occurred two years later in Alexandria and throughout Egypt, during the rebellion which broke out under Arabi Pasha. Had not the bombardment of

FROM SKETCH-BOOK.

Alexandria occurred the murderous feeling towards Christians would probably have been indulged all over the East. In fact it was the provocation which necessitated the occupation of Egypt by the English. After the departure of my family I remained working with less anxiety in the thought of their safety, for in case of an outburst they could have escaped to a flagship that plied to and fro along the coast, and I knew that I could always join my Christian neighbours in mutual defence. The miseries caused by the conscription and the sending away of the fellahin, bound together by chains, and the consequent destitution and starvation of their wives and children, it would be out of place to attempt to describe here.

I had now progressed so far with my picture, that I

developed the central group and painted the Virgin and Child. In the middle of the picture the surface of the canvas proved to be so irregular, that although in the light suitable for the painting of the head I could regard it as passable, on putting the picture into a light to suit the general effect the inequalities in the ground entirely

FROM SKETCH-BOOK.

distorted the symmetry of form. I therefore tried fresh positions, in the hope of finding other parts of the canvas more even, but there always proved to be some marring defect, until after some twenty attempts I resolved to postpone work on the two principal figures until my return to England, when I hoped the skill of a picture liner would put all right. I did not, however, come to this resolve before I had spent many a night with candle in hand, testing the surface from all points.

Even thus far I had wasted much of my best life. After two and a half years I returned to England with nothing but this partly finished picture. When I arrived in London, unpacking my painting was like the reapparition of an appalling ghost that had been laid for a time. My restorer undertook to back with a strong canvas my feeble cloth, but although the prospect at first seemed hopeful, it was only delusive, for after all, the original linen sheet retained its corrugations. Weeks grew into months, and months into years—always promising to each new effort a success which never came. It was indeed an evil time; friends naturally wondered at my postponement of invitation to come to my studio, and asked as a joke whether I had not altogether given up painting. When I tried to form a clear judgment I often persuaded myself that another fortnight might get me over the difficulty, for continually some new expedient recommended itself to me as promising.

The thought had grown of late years that independent artists needed further opportunities for exhibition than those afforded by the Royal Academy and the existing institutions.

When I was in Palestine news was brought me by some travelling friends that Sir Coutts Lindsay had built the Grosvenor Gallery. In response to his invitation I finished and forwarded the picture of "Nazareth, overlooking the Plain of Esdraelon."[1]

I found that among those of our party who had been pressed to contribute, Rossetti, still mindful of his indignation at the strictures of journalistic critics, had refused; and Brown, who suspected that there was some hidden design in the whole business, declined to have anything to do with it. Burne-Jones, who had only exhibited at the Old Water Colour Society, and had now retired from that body, accepted the opportunity of showing his oil paintings in public, and gained by general acclamation a crown to his hitherto private renown.

I began pictures which, unhappily, I never gained

[1] Now in the Taylor Buildings at Oxford.

leisure to finish, and made an etching of "The Father's Leave-taking" for the Etching Club.

On my return from Palestine, having no figure picture ready to represent my thirty months of hard labour and anxiety, I contributed to the Grosvenor Gallery the picture of "The Ship."

It was well-nigh thirty years since the conception

Arthur Hughes.

THE SAILOR BOY'S RETURN.

of our reform movement, and but little less since the foundation of the P.R.B. Of the latter I need not again speak as regards the full seven; but although Rossetti had long since broken his friendship with us, there was still subsisting the unforgettable link which binds each branch of the tree to the trunk. Rossetti, who never strictly adhered to the original character of our movement, had spread his interpretation of it among his

fellows and abroad, and now spoke of our combination as "the mere affectation of a parcel of boys."

Woolner, after his return from Australia in 1856, had always declared great zeal for unity with us, and desire to be remembered as one of the original brethren. He had lately found himself with an open way before him by the death of Foley and the departure of Marochetti, but to

THE FATHER'S LEAVE-TAKING.

the surprise of many of his friends he dissipated his energies in making a collection of pictures. My candidly expressed opinion as to the authenticity of certain of these finds caused a permanent rupture of my friendship with him.

Millais, from the shelter of the Royal Academy, had gained what was an advantage to his professional position, the reputation, among superficial observers, of having abjured our principles, which, seeing that the ordinary interpretation of our purpose was that it was narrow

mediævalism or Overbeckism, he could conscientiously leave uncontradicted.

Thus it transpired that I alone still declared that I worked on the simple principle of Pre-Raphaelitism, which, being the unending study of Nature, is an eternal law, and the consequence of my persistence was that I was

PORTRAIT DESIGNS.

greeted by critics with pity and derision as incorrigible and incapable of profiting by admonition.

In subsequent years I sent portraits of my son Cyril and of Sir Richard Owen, with other works, to the Grosvenor Gallery.

Observing that the pastel drawing of D. G. Rossetti, now removed from its frame, was threatened with damage, and reflecting that it represented the poet-artist at an age when his earnestness was shown in his face more than

in later years, William Rossetti allowed me to make an oil-painting of this likeness of my erewhile pupil. I exhibited it at the Grosvenor Gallery, as also "Amaryllis" and "Master Hilary, the Tracer"; I also sent there two drawings of Syrian women.

At private views and on Sunday afternoons the Gallery became a famous resort of many people of mark, while the present King and Queen and other distinguished persons gave splendour to the gatherings. Browning was constantly there, being deeply interested in art, an interest which, it was said, he had shown several years before by drawing in the Schools at Rome. After the death of Mrs. Browning his devoted sister became the mistress of his house, and they made it the anxiety of their life to watch the prospects of the son. For a time all seemed uncertain about "Pen's" proclivities, but one day when I called upon the poet in Bloomfield Terrace he showed me a group of still life, composed of a human skull and accessories, which the son had spontaneously painted. The assurance that "Pen" would take to painting was a great joy to his father, and he consulted me earnestly as to the course to be followed, but on a subsequent occasion he told me that he had been advised to send him to study in Belgium. After a few seasons some examples of his son's work were seen in the Grosvenor Gallery, when the poet expressed great gratification at any recognition of their merits. By this date Browning was an honoured celebrity. Some of his original champions were confessedly displeased in that he seemed to approve the fashionable admiration of London society rather than their own, and words were wafted about expressing indifference to his later poems. Once when I was talking to the poet I chanced to mention the name of Rossetti; he suddenly flamed up, saying, "That is a man I will never forgive; he is unpardonable." I replied: "Certainly I do not wish to pose as one of his numerous idolaters, but he has this great merit in my eyes, that he was the first who introduced me to your poetry, and that

is many years ago." But Browning was still irate, declaring that he had no patience with him, and would never overlook his insolence. I did not inquire further about the exact cause of offence. It is possible that Rossetti, originally nearly as great an enthusiast for Mrs. Browning as for the poet himself, had recently uttered something derogatory to her as well as to the poet, and his

MY SON HILARY.

verdict that "Browning and poetry had parted company for ever" could scarcely have escaped the poet's ear.

While I was working on my "Innocents" picture in a Chelsea studio, my wife chanced to meet the owner of the house in Cheyne Walk in which I had painted "The Light of the World," and as she expressed her wish to visit the old studio of early days, Mr. Tylor, the proprietor (who from that day became, with his family, valued friends), arranged the visit. It was dark when we sallied forth towards the house, which happened then to be unoccupied. As we

approached the old building I looked at the blank windows with singular interest ; no sign of light and life could be seen there, and all was dark and silent as we turned the corner to the side entrance. Ascending the steps, I knocked at the once familiar door. The sound could be heard reverberating through the vacant passages, but no approaching steps came in response. Thinking that

MY DAUGHTER GLADYS.

perhaps the caretaker was asleep, our friend rapped again more noisily than I had done, but we listened in vain ; the only echoes spoke of deserted chambers and untrodden stairs. As a prelude to our half-formed determination to abandon further attempt, we made one final appeal with a force which resounded in the street, when suddenly a man appeared from the opposite side, who proved to be the caretaker. He said that he had not expected us so soon, and as he had not the key with him he could not open the door from outside, however, he would climb the

garden wall, and so get into the house and open it to us. We had not long to wait before we heard the noise of his movements in the room below. We could trace him ascending the stairs, followed by the hollow sound of advancing steps; the bolts were gratingly withdrawn, the key was turned, the chain disentangled and dropped. The door at last was thrown open, and the caretaker, tall and upright, stood in the void with a lantern in his left hand. I think we all looked somewhat startled at the strangeness of his appearance, for he seemed to think an apology necessary. "I could find no proper candlestick, sir," he said, "and as this old lantern happened to be handy, I thought you would rather I brought it than that you should be kept waiting; it will light you over the house." He led us up the stairs so many of my friends had ascended and descended. On the landing he turned aside into the well-remembered room of my early fortunes and misfortunes. Walking before us, he finally stood, lantern in hand, in innocent ignorance of its fitness, in the very place where my model had stood to receive the conflicting lights that expressed the meaning of my picture. After leading us through all the vacant rooms and showing us these by the light of the lantern, he went down the stairs and let us into the street, and we left, hearing him bolting and barring the door again.

In the midst of my torments with the canvas, typhoid fever assailed me, resulting from a visit to Paris, and had it not been for the unwearied, skilful, and affectionate attention of Sir William Gull, I believe the attack would have ended my days. When after ten weeks I was restored to convalescence, and was able to go to my picture, I began with fresh patience, but in a month or two I asked Millais to come and help me decide whether I should give up the subject altogether, as one which seemed as though all the devils in hell would not let me bring it to conclusion; or take up some other of my many reserved subjects, or recommence this same composition on a new canvas. He came with the best heart to advise

me. When he stood before the work he was moved, after much pondering, to say that he thought it would be most unwise to abandon the picture with so little in it still to be completed. "I can see," he said, "that at present the part

PORTRAIT DESIGN.

on which you have to paint the principal group is quite impracticable, but I know a man who would put it right and make it tight as a drum." Despite my own doubts, I slowly acquiesced, and at last agreed to try his method, and sent the canvas to a restorer once more. It came back apparently quite sound, and I began with new hope, and progressed for some time with continuing determina-

tion. At this time a member of the Royal Academy wrote a letter to *The Times*, in which he declared that the Institution was absolutely perfect in its constitution and in the exercise of its powers. The writer was one who had in 1863, ere he was a member, signed a memorial to the Royal Commissioners praying that the Body should be radically reformed. Since he and most of the other petitioners had been elected, no changes, not even those required by the Royal Commissioners, had been made. I felt that the writer's statement, for the ultimate good of art, must be controverted; I was allowed by the impartial editor to remonstrate and to propose reforms which might suit the Institution to the altered circumstances of the age; with such effect that ultimately I silenced all the defenders of the existing management. A while after this I encountered Ruskin, who asked me with great sympathy about my present labours. He came to see the picture, and I was glad to show it to him. His enthusiasm was great, and shortly afterwards he devoted to it a passage of consummate eloquence in an Oxford lecture.

Later, the defective part of my canvas proved that the wrinkled linen had been distended by the restorer over some soft composition, which gave way under the slight pressure of painting. After eight months more fruitless work, again I had to give it up. My long-continued difficulties and feverish anxiety, which caused still further diminution of my means, had made a heavy drain upon my finances; true friends, however, came to the rescue, and I was able to continue the battle against evil fate. This time I determined to recommence the design on a new and somewhat enlarged canvas; feeling the necessity of progressing apace with the second painting, and fearing that, while much remained to be done, I might grow disheartened at the amount of this repetition work in favour of some fresh subject, I toiled without intermission. At first I made quick progress, but insomnia ensued, and was not long in bringing other penalties. Walking to my studio one morning, breathlessness overtook me; I could

not understand this failure, and applied to my dear adviser, Sir William Gull, who gave me temporary relief.

I rested in Switzerland for a time before returning to my studio, where I persevered, until in the following year the long-delayed work was completed. Through the good offices of my kind friend Mr. George Lillie Craik, arrangements were made with the Fine Arts Society for the exhibition of the picture.

The passage before referred to, in one of Ruskin's lectures on *The Art of England*, which had been delivered several months before, must here be introduced to give the fullest description of the purpose I had tried to enshrine in my painting :—

"For all human loss and pain there is no comfort, no interpretation worth a thought, except only in the doctrine of the Resurrection ; of which doctrine, remember, it is an immutable historical fact that all the beautiful work, and all the happy existence of mankind, hitherto, has depended on, or consisted in, the hope of it.

"The picture of which I came to-day chiefly to speak, as a symbol of that doctrine, was incomplete when I saw it, and is so still ; but enough was done to constitute it the most important work of Hunt's life, as yet ; and if health is granted to him for its completion, it will, both in reality and in esteem, be the greatest religious painting of our time.

"You know that in the most beautiful former conceptions of the Flight into Egypt, the Holy Family were always represented as watched over and ministered to by attendant angels. But only the safety and peace of the Divine Child and its mother are thought of. No sadness or wonder of meditation returns to the desolate homes of Bethlehem.

"But in this English picture all the story of the escape, as of the flight, is told in fulness of peace and yet of compassion. The travel is in the dead of the night, the way unseen and unknown ; but, partly stooping from the starlight, and partly floating on the desert mirage, move with the Holy Family the glorified souls of the Innocents. Clear in celestial light and gathered into child-garlands of gladness, they look to the Child in whom they live, and yet for whom they die. Waters of the River of Life flow before on the sands ; the Christ stretches out His arms to the nearest of them—leaning from His mother's breast.

"To how many bereaved households may not this happy vision of conquered death bring, in the future, days of peace!

"I do not care to speak of other virtues in this design than those of its majestic thought,—but you may well imagine for yourselves how the painter's quite separate and, in its skill, better than magical power of giving effects of intense light, has aided the effort of his imagination, while the passion of his subject has developed in him a swift grace of invention which for my own part I never recognised in his design till now. I can say with deliberation that none even of the most animated groups and processions of children which constitute the loveliest sculpture of the Robbias and Donatello can more than rival the freedom and felicity of motion, or the subtlety of harmonious line, in the happy wreath of these angel-children.

"Of this picture I came to-day chiefly to speak, nor will I disturb the poor impression which my words can give you of it by any immediate reference to other pictures by our leading masters."

I was seriously shattered in health for a time by my long struggle with evil fate. I have told this melancholy story in detail, as it is a useful contrast to the general idea that the profession of art is ever followed under happy circumstances and in light mood. The task in its devious and uncertain course had condemned many lighter works, already begun, to be put aside for ever. My first care was to select such of these as could be redeemed, and to finish them, thus giving myself comforting distraction. I subsequently called in my reliner to confer upon a scheme for cutting out the defective centre of the Jerusalem painting, and replacing it with a new piece of sound canvas. This could have been done before, but I had observed that many pictures so treated with apparent thorough success had in the course of twenty years or so revealed the join by the two sharp edges of the canvas turning upwards. My plan now was to make the inserted square an inch or so larger than the aperture, to unravel the edges of this and also of the surrounding cloth, to weave them together and lay them down on a sound backing, so that there would be no sharp edge anywhere. The canvas was so treated, and I was able after this to com-

The Triumph of the Innocents.

plete the central portion of the composition, and finish it to my satisfaction. The two pictures have many differences, both in colour and form. It was an occasion of the greatest joy to me when both of them were completely finished, and I had no longer to fear the possibility of further painful surprises. The first finished picture was exhibited in Bond Street, and reproduced by photogravure. In this print the forms, even to their exact parts, were delightfully perfect, they could not have been better ; but the light and shade were so wanting in several particulars (which, it turned out, could not be corrected on the plate itself) that on each artist's proof it was necessary to remedy the defects by work of hand. Unspeakable was the relief when at last I could turn away from the subject and was free for other work. The next season, at the invitation of the Fine Arts Society, I gathered together all my available works. The "Rienzi,"[1] in consequence of the damage occasioned by the ignorant varnishing of some previous possessor, could not be included in the Exhibition until some time after the opening day, when I had repaired the defects. Beyond this, unfortunately "The Light of the World" proved to be much more injured, so that if I had not been alive to attend to it, it would have been irretrievably lost. It had been, since 1876, placed over hot-air pipes, and these had been frizzling the painting, so that parts of the surface were drawn up like little shells. This had been going on from unavoidable oversight, and had been unsuspected owing to the dark place the picture occupied. I restored the whole of the damage as it could have been done by no other person, but the complete reparation of minute defects had to be deferred until after the close of the Exhibition.

[1] Now the property of Thomas Clarke, Esq., of Liverpool.

CHAPTER XIII

1887, 1888

Evil is wrought from want of thought.—Hood.

The ever-increasing number of visitors to the Collection of my works was gratifying to me: at the close they exceeded the number recorded of any one artist's exhibition.

Sir Thomas Fairbairn had bought "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" from Mr. M'Cracken's sale at Christie's in 1854; later he became the possessor of "The Scapegoat," and both these works remained with him until 1887, when they were brought again to the auction-room, where I went to scrutinise how the colours and varnish had stood the test of time. On visiting the saleroom I saw my quondam friend Mr. Stephens; he had broken his friendship with me about four years earlier. He was in front of the "Valentine and Proteus," surrounded by a *posse* of gentlemen, to whom he was making communications about the picture; the art correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was of the party. I loitered, inspecting other pictures, to find a quiet moment for my investigation. Stephens was acting as the great exponent of P.R.B. story, and so continued until my time was up, and I had to leave without gratifying my curiosity. On 13th May 1887 there appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the following paragraph:—

Pall Mall Gazette

May 13, 1887

A correspondent writes :—

"With respect to Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' which sold at Christie's on Saturday for a thousand guineas, I would point out some curious anachronisms —the more curious on account of the accuracy which has at all times been the chief aim and boast of the Pre-Raphaelite School and its professors. In order to paint the background with the utmost truth, the artist, we are told, went down to Knole Park for the landscape, and borrowed a suit of armour of the period from Mr. Frith. And yet, if you examine the swords worn by Valentine and Proteus, you will find that they are of Charles the First make, and that the beautiful embroidered material of Sylvia's dress is of Louis XIV. design and manufacture. Surely this is almost as bad as 'Sixtus the Fifth's Bible'!"

I was anxious to gain avowal who it was that had instigated this condemnation, doubting not that such a confident challenger would declare himself when he whom he assailed took up the glove. The belligerent heading of my letter was of the editor's insertion :—

Pall Mall Gazette

May 16, 1887

MR. HOLMAN HUNT READY FOR THE FRAY

SIR—If the writer of the strictures upon "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," who is so very tender for exactness of historic costume, and for consistency in artists to their professions of principle, will show equal sense of propriety in publishing his name and profession, so that I may not be convicted of setting lance to a windmill or a windbag, I will not fail to defend my picture, painted thirty-six years since. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

May 14.

The only return to my appeal was the following comment :—

Pall Mall Gazette

May 17, 1887

MR. HOLMAN HUNT READY FOR THE FRAY

To the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

SIR—Mr. Holman Hunt is good enough to promise that if I will publish my name and profession, he will "defend his picture." My anonymity or otherwise is surely a matter of unimportance, save that in its being preserved the advantage is gained of excluding all personality from the controversy. Whether or not I am, as Mr. Hunt expresses it, "a windmill or a windbag," is little to the point. The real question at issue is this: Is my statement that Mr. Hunt's beautiful picture, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," contains two glaring anachronisms true or false? I assert that two Charles the First swords and some Louis Quatorze material have been introduced into the scene which occurred long previous. Is that so or not? Seeing that Mr. Hunt has drawn his own attention to my point, the public will certainly look forward to his explanation—which is sure to be instructive or entertaining—of the wherefore of these curious errors. On the other hand, his injudicious imposing of conditions is likely to be misunderstood.—I am, sir, most obediently,

YOUR "CORRESPONDENT."

This evasion of my request made reply at first seem needless, but on 3rd June appeared the following :—

Pall Mall Gazette

June 3, 1887

LITERARY AND ART NOTES

Mr. Holman Hunt's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," which fetched 1000 guineas at Christie's sale a couple of weeks ago, has been secured by the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. Concerning this painting, our former correspondent writes as follows :—

"As Mr. Hunt's silence can only be construed into a decision not to 'defend his picture' because I decline to offer him my person for direct attack, I may be permitted to lay before your readers the explanation he himself shrinks from giving. It has

recently been my good fortune to meet a gentleman who knew Mr. Holman Hunt well at the time the picture was being painted, in 1850 or thereabouts, and he tells me that he distinctly remembers Mr. Hunt referring to the Charles the First swords which he had borrowed as objects of such great beauty that he (Mr. Hunt) determined to introduce them into his picture, well knowing at the time that they belonged to a much later period. This is perfectly intelligible, but will it not shake the public confidence in Mr. Hunt's pictorial *bona fides*?"

Since the traducer of my good faith again refused to avow himself and yet repeated his charge, I wrote the following justification of myself:—

June 17, 1887

MR. HOLMAN HUNT ON SWORDS AND THEIR FASHIONS

Mr. Holman Hunt writes to us as follows with regard to the charge of archæological inaccuracy which a correspondent recently brought through our columns against the well-known picture of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona":—

"It appears now by your correspondent's letter published a few days ago that he has recently had the good fortue to meet a gentleman whom I knew in 1850, and that this gentleman was told by me that the swords I had obtained were, I knew, of Charles I.'s period; but that, nevertheless, on account of their beauty, I determined to paint them in my picture, and that thus the public will no longer 'have confidence in my *bona fides*.' Such language is surely neither just nor courteous; but it ought not to astonish me from an accuser who condemns a picture of human passion and expression on so trifling a ground, and who refuses to come out into open daylight to make his charge. I do not pretend to remember any conversation of the kind he reports as having taken place thirty-seven years ago. Had he given me the name of his informant I might perhaps have explained how the mistake arose. All I can do now—with every desire to avoid personalities—is to say generally that among the few frequenters of my studio were some who came during priceless daylight, not always to the economy of my time, or of my other means of achieving the work to be done, and to such, perhaps, I did not take sufficient pains to explain my purpose. In any case I can assert it was not what he opines, and since the accusation is said

to come from my own lips, and the understanding is wrong, the charge falls to the ground, and it seems a sin to take up your valuable space and my own precious time in further discussion of the antiquarian merits of the swords. Still, correspondents who are determined to encourage a prejudice are persevering, and so it will be well to enable impartial readers to judge for themselves the question of my accuracy.

"Monuments are the authorities for chivalric costume, and these generally represent men of quality in military panoply and with swords fit for warfare even after civil swords had begun to be shaped differently, and to be worn on ordinary occasions. Evidence from effigies in the latter part of the fifteenth and the beginning of the following century must therefore be taken with circumspection. Civil swords came finally to be called rapiers. The military sword had the handle divided from the blade by a strong bar forming a cross, so complete that in crusading times it was used as a sacred symbol. The first modification of this form was in the turning of the ends of the bar forward to the blade. The next was in making one end turned back towards the hand, so that the bar formed an S; this was followed by the spreading out of the hilt horizontally at the juncture with the blade in a thin plate, and by the further division of the bar into two or three light branches, one turning up over the hand to form a protection to it, which the warrior with gauntlets did not need. The primitiveness of this change into the rapier form is marked by the branches being strictly in the plane formed by the blade of the sword. They did not for a time reach the pommel or turn to the right or left to form a basket handle. The spreading out of the hilt horizontally sometimes became the dominant feature, growing rose-shaped, into a ring or into a basin with the hollow towards the hand, and also with the cross bar still represented by a then knobbed rod, or a hoop further up the handle was contemporaneously developed by other makers. It is said properly that my two swords are of the same period; it is necessary, therefore, only to defend one.

"It shall be that carried by Valentine. I have now before me a page of a book published in Paris somewhere about 1850, entitled *Le Moyen Âge et la Renaissance Armurerie*. It has two hilts of swords in a state of evolution into rapiers: extraneous decoration proves them both to be late examples of their type. No. 1 is in its radical form the same as that at Valentine's side. It is from the collection of Prince Soltikoff; the date given is 'XVI. Siècle.' A little later, as indicated above, the branches turned out of the plane of the sword blade into the basket form.

In the picture at Hampton Court representing the visit of Henry VIII. to Francis I. at Calais, painted at the time, are several figures (some servants, who would not have the newest fashions) with rapiers of such pattern carried; these assign Valentine's rapier to a date earlier than 1520, which it may be assumed is more than early enough. But the gentleman whom my assailant has had recently the good fortune to meet, and whom I had the privilege to know in 1850, might, when so intent upon exposing me to the public, have made a much stronger case out of my confidences, for I was much further away from the period illustrated with some of the properties which served me as models than with a sword of the time of Charles I. The dress of Julia, to wit, I made out of materials bought at a modern mercer's, and I embroidered the sleeve in gold thread with my own hand. The hat also I made myself, and the dress of Proteus was painted from my own tailoring. What the sword was itself I do not remember. It was enough for me to recognise that I could paint what I had in my mind from it more perfectly than from anything else at hand, and that if more fastidious for models my design might never come to be ready for any better purpose than the paving of a certain region where many admirable ideas will be found, and where will be seen what my fellow-students might have done, had they not left their own easels and favoured others so much with their company and supervision."

To this no reply followed.

It may be said without fear of contradiction, that in the combat for our objects, as far as it proved victorious, we obtained not alone freedom for our own particular principles, but also toleration for the manner of artists who were independently endeavouring to substitute a larger and nobler style of art for that of the stagey conventionality and dogmatic view of Nature which in our youth the men in power were determined to protect to the exclusion of all others. Had we not forced the hands of the established authorities, it is probable that even Leighton would not have passed through the wicket of favour and have traversed the paths of acceptance with only that opposition at the beginning which he was able to stem. Had he then been lost sight of, the Academy ultimately would have been the sufferer not less than

himself. It will have been seen, that before our sturdy self-sacrifice G. F. Watts was by no means *persona grata* in the eyes of the Academy. The effect of the reaction against our oppressors caused a scandal, not without peril to the stability of the Academy. This provoked the establishment of a Royal Commission, and as a settlement of the commotion, some of the wiser Academicians determined to keep in check the more illiberal and short-sighted members of their body, and to invite the men, hitherto unfairly opposed, to enter among them. They approached Watts as one of the most important of these, and persuaded him to put aside his reserve and join the Body as an associate, with the pledge that he should be made a full member on the first vacancy. Our fight had not been for those alone who were our followers.

Lawless, a man of exceptionally poetic gifts, was working side by side with other disciples of our school; he died young, and, as far as I know, distinguished himself only in book illustration. Millais, since the publishing of the Tennyson volume, had been making a series of wonderful designs for books, latterly to Trollope's stories, for which his residence in a country house filled with a large family of beautiful young people gave him facilities, and the new book illustrators at once followed Millais as their prototype. The very remarkable genius of F. Walker, whose singularly brilliant career was so early closed, gradually spurred him to find fields of enterprise for themes such as neither of us had yet worked: he possibly would have denied that he was a Pre-Raphaelite, but this would only have been on the understanding that the term was meant to cover "Revivalism." If the matter had been argued with him, there can be little doubt that he would have agreed that no modern work of earlier date than 1849 represented truth of daylight and beauty in accessorial detail, which he cultivated so patiently and poetically. His book illustrations first marked his obedience to Millais' example. When he appeared as a colourist, the same influence in colour and treatment had been seen;

this may be said whether of his slightly executed or highly finished pictures to the last, without any disparagement of his originality. To illustrate again how this influence extended among our successors, I would note Philip Calderon's "After the Battle" in 1862, an interesting picture representing a supposed incident in the Marlborough campaign. In the garden of a cluster of cottages, a little boy, abandoned by his parents, is found by a party of English grenadiers who have stormed the place. The boy looks dazed, as if recently awakened out of sleep, while the soldiers are exhibiting a good-natured interest in him. The picture was painted throughout with unsparing care and finish, and no one could look at it, who had known Millais' "L'Enfant du Regiment," without feeling that had not this picture been painted, the later production would hardly have been conceived. That our elders also enriched their figure pictures with greater study of nature has been shown in the case of Maclise with the background of "King Alfred in the Danish Camp," and of many others who refined their earlier manner, enriching it with new reflections of nature; these were enough to justify the claim that a fresh vitality had grown out of our example. Walter Crane belonged to a later brood of artists; he was too young to have personal knowledge of the startling individuality which our works presented in exhibitions of the middle of the last century, when the daylight effects and the composition conspicuous in our canvases made them seem, like "apertures in the wall of exhibitions," otherwise of stale and sombre hue.[1] In Walter Crane's youth the brown-hued pictures had nearly disappeared, and since in the seventies the character of our work was not so markedly different from the surrounding pictures, the younger artists may not at once have recognised the influence of our school in the manner that they were developing; it is a matter of pride, which few independent judges will regard as unjustified, that their early steps were made easier by our pioneering. In times past artists'

[1] See letter in Hueffer's *Life of Madox Brown*, chap. v. p. 77.

studios were the schools of advancing taste, and no competitor in the profession appeared who had not been heralded by an accredited apprenticeship. Patrons themselves were instructed by the master artists, so that genius was sure to be accepted. How different are the methods of to-day! Princes no longer live in gorgeous palaces devised for artistic embellishment. Expert clamour, influencing as it does Government judgment in art, frustrates the guidance of common sense. It certainly was not altogether fortunate in its decision as to the decorations of the Houses of Parliament. The process of fresco painting was relinquished because after a few years it was discovered that some of the pictures so painted scaled off; this was owing to the unsuspected presence of saline matter in the sand supplied for the intonico. The dampness of our climate was not wholly at fault, or it would have destroyed other frescoes executed at the same time. Silica or water-glass painting was substituted for Maclise's "Waterloo." The slow progress of the artists, largely due to the necessary suspension of work in winter, was adduced by Government as a reason for discontinuing the attempt, together with the claim of one painter, who appealed for double the amount originally agreed upon for his work. Whatever the reason for bringing the experiment to a close, I do not hesitate to affirm that "The Baptism of St. Ethelbert," by Dyce; the two water-glass paintings of "The Battle of Waterloo"; "The Battle of Trafalgar," by Maclise; and the paintings in the corridor illustrating events of the Commonwealth time, by Cope, are of a kind which, if executed in Italy centuries ago, would cause many amateur art pilgrims to wend their way thither. Even had the work gone on, it is pretty certain that the tone in which we were assailed by the press would have been a complete bar to the employment upon the mural work of either Millais, Rossetti, myself, our unaccredited convert Madox Brown, or any who were regarded as fighting under our standard.

I sent to Liverpool the first-commenced and last-

The Terrace, Berne.

finished picture of "The Triumph of Innocents." The price was 3500 guineas. The Liverpool Art Gallery passed a resolution to pay £1000, and Mr. Harold Rathbone procured the remainder by private subscriptions. At this time I undertook a design for Archdeacon Wilson, the head master of Clifton College, the subject being the "Boy Christ with the Doctors." The design was adapted for the chapel in mosaic by Messrs. Powell, and subsequently was finished as a water-colour drawing. I took the more interest in the subject as my reading and observations in connection with the story of "The Finding in the Temple" had supplied me with materials which, in my first picture, it was not permissible to use.[1]

Dante Gabriel Rossetti had died on 9th April 1881. I had not see him since the private view of "The Shadow of Death," when I had observed him in the room with his brother. My intention was to accost him, but before I could disengage myself to do this, he had left the room. He had kept out of the way of both Millais and myself since 1857. When latterly news had been brought to me of his serious indisposition, I wrote to his brother to ask whether he thought it would be pleasant to Gabriel if I went to visit him. The reply was thoughtful in tone; he decided that Gabriel's health was so uncertain at the time as to make the visit undesirable. Thus I did not see him at the last. I was anxious not to appear in any degree grudging of the reputation which my former friend had won, and when an invitation came to me to write some notes about the origin of our Brotherhood, I determined that no generosity towards his memory should be wanting. In the year 1886 my papers on Pre-Raphaelitism were published in the *Contemporary Review*. In the following year I was appealed to by his nearest friends, and as the most appropriate member of the circle, to give an address at the unveiling of the fountain, designed by John Seddon, and ornamented with an alto-relievo bust executed by Madox Brown, erected on the embankment

[1] The property of Mr. J. T. Middlemore, M.P.

at Chelsea. Accepting the duty, I determined, therefore, to give the fullest measure of admiration possible. May it not have been that, in scribbling some of the sentences of my address in the cab, as I drove to the place of meeting, I was too careless of the construction that might be put upon my words? The manner in which all my ungrudging praises of Dante Gabriel Rossetti have been treated by varying commentators compels me to refer to my past utterances on this subject, and to the date of their delivery. The text here given is that of the *Pall Mall Budget* of the 21st July 1887, the week after the ceremony of the unveiling of the fountain :—

Ladies and Gentlemen—It is fair to assume that all whom I address have an interest, great or small, in Rossetti's genius. Certain may be offended that it expressed itself as it did. They may feel assured that what is called by great authorities "that fatal gift of originality" had too much to do with it. They may fasten upon some particular phase of his nature, which at a special time he exhibited, and decide from that that he was altogether perverse and mistaken, and they may stop far short of admiration, while they admit he was a genius about whom it is impossible not to feel curiosity. Others will go far beyond this degree of admiration, and they would be offended at anything short of the greatest praise. I don't think that any of the Committee have intention of deciding the point of his exact place among the great. We know that his work in art and poetry will live for exactly what it is worth, without flattery and despite abuse, in future generations in a manner more sure than it has so far done. I will not take up your time with apologies at my shortcomings for the office of speaker. I conclude that I have been chosen to this honour because I was his early companion day after day, at that period in life when he was just feeling strong enough to take independent flight. He was open with me, as boys will be when they know that their comrade is as much in earnest as themselves. We talked much about poetry, but what he said about reducing it to words I will not pretend to remember so well, for life was too much of a storm at the time to have prepared me to justify an independent opinion, or to allow me to put to immediate test the views he approved or opposed. I will leave others to treat of his poetic theories and practice. What he said and did in relation to the sister art, with what others may report on his poetry, will

give explanation of our acting in concert to-day. I will begin with a story which he told me at the opening of our friendship, which it is well to give at this gathering, where any misunderstanding of facts may be corrected more speedily than it could be on any other occasion. When Rossetti was about eighteen or nineteen he had passed in part through the Academy schools, and had the sense to see that he was in need of a painting master. He had seen Madox Brown's works in Westminster Hall, and he had a profound and enthusiastic admiration for them; none the less because the press of the day, which idolised Henry Howard and Frost—I will not mention other great lights—for their graceful composition, full of so-called sweet classicalities and beauty, had denounced Brown's contributions as altogether wanting in true taste. Gabriel, as he was then called, wrote a letter to this master in terms of the highest appreciation, the better to carry conviction with it that the writer was influenced in no degree by the vulgar judgment of the day. Without experience of the full complexities of social wickedness, perhaps he overdid the professions of admiration. A few days later, Rossetti was in his second-floor room, which served as library and studio combined, when the servant came in saying that Mr. Brown was waiting below to see him. In the single name Gabriel could not identify the visitor, but he at once descended, when he met a gentleman of very reserved aspect, with a noticeably thick walking-stick in hand, who produced Rossetti's letter, saying, "This letter came to me yesterday, and I wish to see Mr. Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti." Rossetti's outburst of gratitude for the visit, and the gentle manners of the young man, soon removed all suspicion of hidden purpose in the mind of the visitor, who later admitted that he had had some thought that the effusiveness of appreciation in the epistle, from an unknown writer, was not altogether necessarily to be taken on trust, and that the walking-stick had been made a companion in the visit with the idea that it might be useful in convincing the writer if intending to be personally insulting—that he had caught a Tartar. I am happy to be able to say of this visit that it ended in Madox Brown taking Rossetti as his pupil, and that the master altogether refused to listen to Rossetti's inquiry about the terms he should pay. No one could, you will agree, more appropriately take upon himself the work of designing Rossetti's figure in the monument now unveiled than the master whose friendship with his pupil began so sturdily. Mr. Seddon, who chose Rossetti to do the altar-piece at Llandaff Cathedral, executed with not less devotion the architectural part of the memorial. Friends, this is not a funeral monument.

There is no unfitness in thinking of the incidents of moment in our past companion's life which had a laugh connected with them. It astonished me when I was young to find that very serious men love fun most heartily. They weep when it is the time to weep, it is true; but they see the fun and absurdity of life. No one did this more than Rossetti. I feel called upon to bring out this phase of his character, because the work he left was uniformly sad. My memory of him is of the heyday of his life, and many of our hours then were spent about this very spot. In 1849 we came here to find a house which we could share together. There were two or three or more to let in Cheyne Walk. We preferred one just vacated by Mr. Dyce, but the rent was £60 per annum, on a lease too; and with taxes the responsibility was too great for me at least. As young painters we had no prospects but of the meanest incomes, and so we found separate lodgings, he in Newman Street, and later one at the foot of Blackfriars Bridge, and I took apartments in Cheyne Walk, where often he was a visitor, sometimes sitting down hour after hour to design or to write. Occasionally we went out on nocturnal expeditions on the river, not often, for he could not swim. He never became an oarsman or a sculler; but I remember his first ambitious effort as a boatman, to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter; but generally we were quieter. The star-checked gloom, the long deep-draggled lamps, making the water into a bottomless pit, the black piles of the timber bridges, the tides empty of all but floating barges, slowly guided with deep-falling, splashing sweeps, the challenged echoes, the ghostly houses on the bank, with windows glaring as the dawn stared into them as into the wide-opened eyes of a corpse; and last the jocund day uprose, cloud garlanded—these things were worth the seeing, the hearing, and the learning, for they had a voice for each. They should not be forgotten till the last slumber (slumber which has fallen upon him in untimely season), and yet, as I believe, behind my time as I am, even this sleep will not chase away such memories. Just as there are many ways of becoming great, so there are many ways of being an artist. Rossetti did not make himself one, did not have it thrust upon him; he was born one. Do not let me be misunderstood. It was not that he did not work; he was not systematic in his earliest Academy training, but he was untiring in his application, and in his wrestling with the difficulties of a design. "How often," he said to me once at my lodgings, "one has after great reluctance to give up the very dear feature in a conception for which it was first undertaken!" He had the genius for taking pains, there can be no doubt, but I

will return to my declaration that he was born an artist. Deep down in the recesses of his being he had a rich store of human and spiritual interest, and these were always speaking to him, and he listened as one does to ever-advancing music; and he saw delectable images, and he taught his tongue to interpret these, and he trained a cunning hand to give them form for other eyes. He was a true seer. We leave the generations to settle what his application of this power was in value, but we pin our credit to the assertion that he was really a true seer. He did not take other men's utterances and dress them up into new and fashionable forms, but he drew them from a fount of his own. He had to suffer for this offence at once. He will have still to give an account of his stewardship to posterity, if nowhere else, as we all shall—the more certainly perhaps because he had the charge of so many talents. He never doubted of his call to exceptional effort in life. I will not scruple to illustrate this by a reminiscence of his youth told by himself. When he was at that period in life at which parents have the most justifiable anxiety to discourage habits of shifting from one aim to another, his friends had the greatest desire to see him engaged at an occupation that would have a promising future in it. An influential friend secured for him an appointment in a telegraph office, when telegraphy was in its first development. Gabriel, as he was called then, went to Nine Elms to see the principal in the office. He was received very cordially and was assured that all would be made very comfortable for him. Without needless waste of time, the newcomer asked to be shown the work that would be expected of him. He was assured it would be the simplest in the world, and this was demonstrated by sight of the instrument at work. "There were two dials like clock faces," he said, "and to each there was an index. The operator took hold of a handle. I laughed to hear the thing going 'clock, click, click,' and to see the needle moving about in fits. 'There, you see,' said the gentleman, 'that's all.' 'Nothing else?' commented Gabriel. 'I am extremely obliged to you,' added Rossetti; 'it is really amusing. I won't tax your kindness more. Good day.' 'But it would be better for you to stay now. When will you return?' 'Well,' said Gabriel, 'it would be absolutely useless for me to undertake the work. I could not do it,'" and, in fact, the decision was a wise one for both sides. With the revolutionary year at hand it is frightful to speculate on the consequences that might have ensued to the drones in the world had he once taken the management of the wires in hand, for with other blood he certainly inherited some Radical inclinations from his father.

We will not presume in concert to lay down the law about his merits, but I think there is no reason why I should not state my own view about one of his paintings which I saw at the National Gallery a few weeks since. It was a copying day. I had gone in mainly to see the new "Raphael," and I had seen it, and had enjoyed the contemplation of many more of our precious possessions, those, naturally, which were new most arresting my attention. In turning about to see that I was in nobody's way, the picture of "The Annunciation," by Rossetti, seemed to speak to me long-forgotten words. I approached: it was being copied by two ladies, and I felt at once that they had made a wise selection. The living merit of the work made it stand out as among the most genuine creations in the Gallery, and I distinctly concluded that there was no painting there done by hands so young as Rossetti's were when he did that, which could be compared to it. He was twenty-one at the time. Raphael was twenty-four when he painted the "Ansidei Madonna." Raphael's picture, although of course more complex, and having special value as containing evidence of the steps by which he reached his final excellence, is not to be compared to it for the difficulty of the attempt or for the artistic discrimination of form, and there is no hint of the power of expression which Rossetti's work gives. Raphael, with all the patronage of the Church behind him, the protection of three successive Popes, and the study of Michael Angelo's Sixtine Chapel, eventually did supreme work, which ennobled the timid means by which he had achieved greatness. The "Ansidei Madonna" is remarkable as the work of an intelligent pupil to Perugino, so far not nearly equal in delicacy and penetration to his master, although beginning to leave his first style by the influence of Fra Bartolommeo. I cannot find that any idolater has been able to see a trace of individual thought in the work. Had Raphael ended here, nothing but search among the smaller masters of the time would have discovered him. There is a question—a narrow one perhaps—but not so much now as when other countries become reciprocal to our generosity. It is whether Rossetti was a foreigner? In blood he certainly was; in place of birth, he was not. The means of determining the point for the artistic result is to consider how far he would have been affected had he been born and brought up in Italy, how far his invention was affected by the influence of the character of thought ruling in England? Classicalism, till the middle of the last century, was becoming too imperious. It was like an aristocracy ruling without regard to the wants of a people. Classicalism a few centuries before had given refinement, elegance, and

even spirit to the Gothic; but it had become overbearing and was dying from artificiality. Gothicism opportunely came forward in different form. It is most easily recognised in the revival of literature in the Middle Ages. Warton's *History of English Poetry* first marked and encouraged its uprising. *Percy's Relics* extended it. Goldsmith was affected strongly by it. It gathered strength in the hands of Burns, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats. Painting is always behind literature, but several painters had worked in its spirit, more than are at first recognised as revivalists, for the Renaissance culture sometimes masked it, and the workers themselves gave it no name but nature. In Germany there had undoubtedly been a similar movement, which had affected its art, but it had been separate from ours. In Italy, in France, and in Spain there had been nothing of the kind. Had Rossetti been born and brought up in either of these countries, his art would have been totally different. His work was an outcome of English thought and enterprise, and for artistic considerations we do right, I think, to claim him as an Englishman. Men write and talk very often as though there were great patronage of art in England. If it were so, would it not be a greater disgrace that, having executed "The Annunciation," Rossetti, although an Englishman, never obtained a commission to do any public work, with the exception of the altar-piece of Llandaff Cathedral spoken of before, which his friend Seddon put into his hands? I have heard men express wonder that our artists do so few great works of permanent value. Artists cannot work for patrons not born. The bravest spirits get disheartened with a struggle in which the opportunities are never given to them. It has been recorded—doubtless faithfully—that Rossetti in his later days said, if he had his will he would never do any more painting.

If this meeting to do honour to Rossetti is ever to bear any fruit—if we are to take away any lesson from the record of his career, it is that our system of leaving the cultivation of art taste to buyers prompted by passing fashion only, and to committees for the erection of public monuments, many of whom know nothing of or, still worse, have only half studied the matters of which they have to judge, is a fatal one. I say this earnestly in the interests of the generation to come. England has so far wasted genius, such as no other country in the modern world has produced, and it will continue to do so unless the people in authority take counsel to treat art worthily, and to find out men, who, like Rossetti, work from direct inspiration, and not in the servile transcribing of fact or in the imitation of work by others, which

may have been living in the hands of the originators, but goes dead, never again to be resuscitated, in the process of repetition.

To have been of personal use to myself and my companion, any declaration of the interests affecting art should have been made before our course had been so far run ; the change now can only be of use for future workers. Being so, I am the bolder in advocating it as the best testimonial to be made to those who have laboured earnestly for their generation without due recognition, as did Rossetti.

It is appropriate that I should now speak of the work which Ford Madox Brown was executing at Manchester. He had been engaged by the City Council to execute a series of designs illustrating the history of Manchester. It was agreed that the utmost to be expended was £300 a year, and Brown was engaged for the first panels of the series. It was but poor pay indeed, for he had to expend much time in reading and in working out his subjects, thus each picture engaged all his time for a full year. They were intently thought out and each realised incidents of dramatic interest to the country. The series begins with the "Building of the Fort of Manchester," and proceeds through Saxon times with the Danes being driven out of the city, to historical incidents of the past and current century. The compositions are quaint, but rich in poetic ideas calculated to enthral the imagination of young and old. Eventually, he was commissioned to complete the series. Under such pressure as that at which he worked, certain parts were very much hurried and criticisable, but all may be safely left to be valued by posterity, that "very bad paymaster," when many other pretentious works of the same day will be left unregarded. Ill-fortune had ever tracked Madox Brown, and gradually ill-health began to show itself.

Mr. Whistler first claimed marked attention in 1860 by his painting "At the Piano," a striking example of frank manipulation and of wholesome but not exhaustive colour, it was purchased by John Phillip with loud appreciation of its qualities. In 1863 Whistler exhibited the

portrait of his mother, which was in a good light just above the line; this portrait made no attempt at profundity of tone and richness; it was limited throughout, though complete in its aims and impressive. My frequent absence from England prevented me from seeing many of his works; memory therefore probably does not enable me to do him full justice, but I cannot hesitate to record that at the Grosvenor Gallery he showed defiant slovenliness of work, which he could not have intended to be taken seriously. A daring example in my mind was a life-size canvas, loosely smeared with paint, which professed to represent a ballet dancer, and another dashing abozzo, said to be a portrait, scarcely fell outside this category. I have since seen other works of his which are rated as masterpieces; they may merit this designation in being thorough in all that he intended to express. He knew where it was prudent for him to leave off; but the great artists with whom he is sometimes classed knew how to go on beyond his farthest measure, and I believe it is not wise in this day of superficial excellence to approve what delivers us over to smartness with poverty in poetic refinement.

An admiring lady shortly afterwards, when his good fortune in financial affairs seemed to have come to a deadlock, accosted him with, "I am truly sorry, Mr. Whistler, to hear that you have been in considerable difficulties lately." "Whatever can you mean, I wonder," he replied, "I'm not in any trouble." She said that she was indeed rejoiced to hear it, for she had been told that he had suffered from extreme money complications. "You mean that I can't pay my creditors? Oh yes, but don't pity me. Pity the poor devils that won't get their money!" This levity of nature could not but affect his otherwise maturer art. All his wit that I heard of was not of that nature which transfixes truth by a subtle shaft, but only of the kind which amuses for the moment, like a conjurer's trick confusing common sense.

Some of his early etchings of scenes on the Thames

were admirable; but his later work with the needle was careful only in the avoidance of those difficulties that come in the attempt to combine compound qualities.

In this running commentary it would be a glaring omission not to state that Herkomer, after some years of premonitory challenge, in 1875 awakened the attention of the exhibition world by his excellent painting of "Chelsea Pensioners," and he confirmed his reputation with some masterly portraits exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery and the Academy.

Shields's grace was displayed in "The Good Shepherd" and seen in many church decorations, and, apart from this claim to excellence, he rose to distinction by illustrations to Defoe's story of *The Plague*.

The party of mediævalists had increased and was now daily gaining a wider world of admirers. It traced itself to the original example of Overbeck and through Madox Brown to Rossetti, through the channel of whose labours the love of nature could more or less be found mingled with it, but its true recommendation was its antiquarianism, which was always welcomed by the ecclesiastical party. The Rev. E. Young, in a book published in antagonism to Ruskin's pamphlet defending Millais and myself in 1851, wrote: "All I ask is that heaven-born realists would at least abstain from Scripture subjects." The party this reverend critic represented soon recognised that Rossetti in his earliest work (and those who accentuated his antiquarianism) did what was looked upon as the appropriate decoration for churches of the Gilbert Scott type. The aims of the mediævalists were free from all suspicion of the new and unexpected in their designs. Each incident and the general treatment was bounded by Church precedent of centuries ago. The yeast of Christianity had ceased to leaven the whole lump, and the new school of Churchmen and their Church decorators were bound never to show advance in critical understanding. To label the painters who worked in this spirit Pre-Raphaelites was in accord with the first distortion of the meaning of the word, in

this sense the name became "precious," and was ardently acclaimed by what was called the "Utter School"—a flock of creatures hovering around the central constellations, sometimes altogether obscuring their leaders by their egoistical excesses and obtrusive adumbrations.

Abstention by Rossetti from public exhibition had in the end been far from causing a decrease in his popularity. His course led to the conviction among a large circle of amateurs of the day that artists who painted for the public eye, allowing crowds to come to their private views, must be of Philistine calibre. In 1854 Gabriel in his picture "Found" had made a hearty attempt to adopt our method of exact allegiance to Nature, and in doing this he marked his final departure from the "Early Christian" school, to which, through Ford Madox Brown, he had devoted himself. His non-completion of this had a great significance. In some of his pen-and-ink and water-colour drawings, however, he had shown for a time our original interest in variety of natural incident and personal character, as, for instance, in his "Monk Illuminating," "The Lady Poisoner," "The Madonna in the House of St. John," "Mary Magdalene at the door of Simeon," and "Dr. Johnson and the Quaker Ladies." This obedience to natural invention was, it will be seen, but transient, and never afterwards revived in his oil practice, indeed he soon branched off into a treatment, sensuous and august, which, as some thought, gradually grew to be overpowering, as is the odour of voluptuous perfumes in a closed room. In furtherance of this exotic spirit he indulged in a mannered posing of figures, and the adoption of a uniform type of feature expressing his ideal of beauty, which, intended or not, betokened indifference to healthful variations of character. His privacy at the time kept his later works from my knowledge, until one by one in the course of years they have been seen in loan exhibitions and sale-rooms. The manner he developed showed a settled aversion to the vertebrate principle of Pre-Raphaelitism in its original inception, for this was primarily the exercise of

discrimination in the individuality of every character depicted, in order the better to make manifest how varied and bounteous Nature is in her gift of beauty to the world. The exquisite execution of the component parts of these paintings did honour to his Brotherhood training. Burne-Jones, Spencer Stanhope (the latter had enrolled himself in his earlier work as of naturalistic aims), Strudwick, and one or two other mediævalists, took up Rossetti's first manner, but did not follow him in the ornate strain of his last period, adopting instead a spirit of grace and purism approaching, as it seemed to some, the abandonment of a virile temper in favour of a sweetness altogether feminine. Where such spirit was in accord with the theme treated as in Burne-Jones' pictures "The Days of Creation" and "The Hours," no contentiousness could restrain full admiration of the work.

Other painters loved to exaggerate the more "enfranchised" phase of Rossetti's mind, and with these were joined many, not graphic or plastic artists, but men of literary aims who caricatured the verbal sentiments of Rossetti, who intensified what they represented to be his ideas with obtrusive parade. Talking in mincing affectation and adopting a tone which they stamped as that of extreme "culture," these busy jackanapes were characterised in a spirit of irony as "unutterably utter." Gilbert and Sullivan in the opera of *Patience*, and Du Maurier in *Punch*, held them up to deserved ridicule, without, however, at the time abashing these defiers of all common-sense in the slightest degree. It had been from the beginning a penalty that if any one of our body provoked hostility, justly or unjustly, each other of the active members had to suffer. Accordingly, the appearance in force of many quattrocentists of different degrees of ability, and the loud exaggerators of Rossetti's defiant sensuousness, led unthinking critics again to say that these quattrocentists and the affected foppery of their frenzied satellites were alike the representatives of Pre-Raphaelitism, and so some of the public applied to

Pre-Raphaelitism itself such ridicule as appeared in the opera, while it was in fact justly directed against what might be considered the alien fringe and reversing mirage of our company. The outrageous sentimentalists in fact distorted every emotion of human sympathy and tore "passion to tatters" in hysteric grimacings, that would relegate healthy manliness to be a mark of childishness or rudeness, and would deny the name of poetry to all that was not sickly and morbid. The gushing tatterdemalions who paraded their idolatory for this rotten affectation of genius were satirised thus in *Patience* :—

If you're anxious to shine in the high æsthetic line, as a man of culture rare,
You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms and plant them everywhere.
You must lie on beds of daisies and discant in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind.
The reason doesn't matter if the subjects only chatter of a transcendental kind.
And every one will say, as you walk your mystic way,
If this young man can understand these things that are far too hard for me,
Why, what a very cultivated, clever young man, this clever young man must be !

And again :—

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid spleen,
An attachment à la Plato, to a bashful young potato or a not too French, French bean.
Though the Philistines may jostle you will rank as an apostle in the high æsthetic band,
If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your mediæval hand.

Again :—

A Japanese young man—
A blue and white young man—
Francesca di Rimini, niminy piminy,
Je ne sais quoi young man.

A pallid and thin young man—
A haggard and lank young man—
A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery,
Foot in the grave young man.

This was no mere passing frivolity, it was the fumes from festering decay ; it was the complete distortion of art which is the highest perfecting principle of the human mind, expressed by strenuous labour. The Lord of Misrule had usurped the throne and was caricaturing beauty and wisdom into tawdry over-dressed vanity and folly. The men who thus turned honour into dishonour, and travestied innocent gladsomeness into licence and raillery, were equipped with weapons first made for the hands of virtue. Pertness was made to pass as wit, and contempt of common sense as wisdom ; it was rioting and selfishness masked by pretentious learning and sophistical philosophy alluring weak minds with the sheen of superficial culture. Many of its votaries were employed on the press, and as their sympathies were with false art, so they used their opportunities to applaud sham sentiment, and to uphold all artists in letters or in picture images who mocked rectitude, and who disported themselves in topsy-turveydom or in wild recklessness of handling. One of these public teachers took opportunity when writing of "The Sentinel of Pompeii," honoured by all with common sense as the typical representative of life's devotion to duty, as the "personification of crass stupidity." Suffice it to say that the system of appreciation of current exhibition work was dictated by a kindred rule of honouring all flippant selfishness. It was a relief to the healthy-minded that not many years' toleration for such noxious examples and precepts were needed to bring them to shame and destruction.

For simple Pre-Raphaelitism some able neophytes still appeared. E. R. Hughes, with a sweet drawing at the Academy, and Cecil Lawson, in his "Minister's Garden," seemed well capable of representing not only the literal truth but the healthy poetic spirit of our

principles. It was apparent, however, that many who deluded themselves that they were adopting our ideals went out to the fields, and sitting down transcribed chance scenes touch by touch, without recognising that art is not prosaic reproduction. Every hour a view, indoors or out-doors, near or far, changes its phase, and the artist must capture that which best reflects the heavens. The dull man does not discern the image of the celestial in earthly things, and his work accordingly may be deservedly admired for its care and delicacy, but the spectator passes by and forgets it. Yet the painters of such works were often cited as masters of the purest Pre-Raphaelitism. The special champions of our third member in his later phases, treated Millais and myself as unmoved by the canonical breath of poetic dogma. When it was pointed out to them that our pictures had never attempted quattrocentism, they met this argument with the conclusion that we two were unable to reach the exalted heights of the "arch Pre-Raphaelite." But this was not all, comments on the men treading in our footsteps were framed only to make our guilt more undeniable.

Ensuing upon the disappointments in the sale of our first works, occasioned by the fury of the press, Millais had recognised the imprudence of undertaking paintings the price of which would put them beyond the reach of collectors or dealers unwilling to risk more than a small sum on the venture. It might be possible to adduce examples of painters who, not being original reformers, had escaped the bitter hostility of critics, and had later come forward with subjects manifestly built upon themes which Millais had used under need of restraint as to development and price. The newcomer was held up as an example to us, was lauded beyond measure, and accordingly obtained a price for his first success thrice what Millais had been able to count upon.

John Brett's picture of "Val d'Aosta" is a case in point, which in a similar way had a prototype in one of ours. He sold it to Ruskin for 300 guineas. To

his later picture "The Stone Breaker" similar observations would apply. Owing to the miserable prices with which we had to be content, it will be seen how much less handsome use we could make of our powers in the early days than some of our followers were able to do in their day, and this was assuredly due to the fact that they followed our example, when the strangeness of our style had already begun to disappear by repeated familiarity to the eyes of annual visitors at exhibitions, and to critics who had committed themselves to denunciation of the original offenders.

But to return to passing events.

Sir William Agnew, after the exhibition of "The Shadow of Death" throughout the country, liberally presented it to the Manchester Town Council for their permanent gallery. For years after my return with the "Innocents" picture I retained my Jerusalem house, in the lingering hope that I might still use it for subjects that I had postponed for leisurely treatment, but it was becoming evidently impossible to overcome the obstacles in the way of my immediate return. At this juncture I delighted in taking in hand a few small pictures of no very definite subject, relying alone on their æsthetic character. To this end I brought to completion "The Bethlehem Bride," "Amaryllis," and "Sorrow."[1] My aim was to give varying types of womanhood with unaffected innocence of sentiment. An artist should always make sure that in his treatment of Nature alone he is able to incorporate some new enchantment to justify his claim as a master of his craft, doing this at times without reliance on any special interest in the subject he may illustrate. Millais, I have proved, was most rigidly staunch at the beginning of the contest. I claim that he never actually abandoned reliance upon our living principle. Notwithstanding his occasional lapse into unelevated themes, he was moved by a wonderful rebounding power which enabled him often

[1] The property of the late Mr. George Lillie Craik.

to reaffirm his poetic insight with commanding strength. His "Eve of St. Agnes" must not be forgotten as a wonderful example of poetic power. It is not Keats' "Madelene," and it has not the surroundings of the age illustrated in the poem. It is the main idea only which is derived from Keats. The manner is altogether the painter's own. Any one who looks upon this work, upon his "North-West Passage," his "Vale of Rest," and a picture of "Cinderella" that he painted at the beginning of the nineties, must recognise the painter's claim still to rank with the highest of those in any age who wielded the brush; who does not, has gone very little way in art discrimination. His original steadfastness was more admirable in my eyes, because in general sentiment he was—not speaking politically—a steadfast Conservative, and had unlimited reverence for the powers that be, and this strain in his nature induced him in the fulness of time to covet contemporary recognition and honours. A baronetcy was conferred on him in 1885, and he was happy in his exaltation. In talking to him at about this date I asked, "Can you remember what paper it was in 1849 which, in its art review, spoke of our two pictures at the Royal Academy as the main feature of the exhibition, and greeted them with marked respect? I was told of this, but never saw the article myself."

"No, I certainly do not remember one generous word printed of us the first year, and the second year, when Rossetti had given away our secret, I remember only treatment that would have been unwarrantably cruel had we been the vilest criminals. No, we made a miserable mistake in accepting others to form a Brotherhood with us, when we knew little or nothing of their abilities and dispositions. One condition of our compact was that we should become helpful to one another, as a means of making our Body the stronger. The practical interpretation of this on the part of the others was amusingly one-sided. You taught Gabriel to paint at a perilous sacrifice to yourself, and I kept back no secret

from him. We brought out our very precious guineas to start *The Germ*, so that the writers could publish their poems and articles ; and we did etchings in addition, and met other liabilities incurred for their advantage. Did they ever do anything for us? No! Gabriel stole a march on us to get the picture which you had helped him to paint seen in the Hyde Park Exhibition a week before ours appeared in the Royal Academy, and when he found the penalty of public exhibition was to suffer abuse, he left us to bear it all alone, and when he felt that he could stand alone, he studiously kept out of our way. A few years ago, not having seen Rossetti since you were first abroad, I met him one evening at Sandys' studio, and he warmed up somewhat in his mood, and coming out late at night we walked together till he came to my house. As he asked me what I was doing in the old way, I said, if he liked, I would take him into the studio, which I did ; and on leaving he pressed me to come and see him. Twice I called and was refused at the door, and he never wrote to me any explanation, and I could see he was determined to indulge his old jealous temper. Why, it was only a month ago that I passed one of the set in a cab, and when I nodded to him he held up his head and looked quite indignant."

I replied, "I am sure the man you mean couldn't have done that but from failure to recognise you."

"Oh no, I am sure he knew me very well. Have you seen a book on Rossetti by Knight? You haven't! Mary read it to me lately, and in the evening afterwards I met him at the Garrick, and went to him saying, 'You've written a very readable and plausible book about Rossetti ; but it is altogether a romance. Why, instead of getting your information from the family, didn't you come to me or go to Holman Hunt?' And when I told him the facts of the case he avowed that he would not have published his book as it was had he known the facts. All this distortion of our real purpose as Pre-Raphaelites makes me disposed to repudiate the name."

One Sunday afternoon he called upon me at Fulham, and at the end of his visit told me that Charles Keene, the *Punch* illustrator, was seriously ill, and sinking in decline. He wanted to call upon him, but didn't know in which part of Hammersmith he lived, so I volunteered to walk with him to find Keene's house. Sallying out we went through the churchyard to the Bishop's Walk, when

THE MOAT, FULHAM PALACE.

suddenly he stopped and said, "You are leading me all wrong, we ought to go that way," pointing back to town. I replied, "Not at all. You trust me. I know the neighbourhood well."

The fields of the Bishop's Park were full of strollers with their families. Looking around he spoke out, "Bless my soul alive, do you mean to tell me that that's the place where, when I was a child, I used to come fishing for sticklebacks?" Still speaking, as if to the public, "Only

think, and now here am I a baronet and all that sort of thing, with a fishing of my own of several miles, and land to shoot over." The public stared at him almost as though he were as important as the bishop himself.

We found the home of the *Punch* illustrator. He was sitting in a well-stored library, looking a very Don Quixote avowing the recognition that he was on the last stage of his knight-errantry in this world.

Millais in the eighties and the beginning of the next decade had been vigorous, hearty, and as full of passion for his painting as when he was a boy. He worked quickly, and had not endless patience for a protracted composition ; but he was still, according to the original principle, a Pre-Raphaelite, and his work went to prove that our England again held a high place among the artistic nations of the world, as high as her artists could make it without a public behind them fully to appreciate the vital importance of art. Yet he had been driven to believe that a man should adapt himself to the temper of his time, and many a friendly bout occurred between him and me on this theme. I contended that reasonable limits to this necessity must not be overstepped. He accused me of adopting a too unbending attitude towards a happy-minded world. "You argue," he said, "that if I paint for the passing fashion of the day my reputation some centuries hence will not be what my powers would secure for me if I did more ambitious work. I don't agree. A painter must work for the taste of his own day. How does he know what people will like two or three hundred years hence? I maintain that a man should hold up the mirror to his own times. I want proof that the people of my day enjoy my work, and how can I get this better than by finding people willing to give me money for my productions, and that I win honours from contemporaries. What good would recognition of my labours hundreds of years hence do me? I should be dead, buried, and crumbled into dust. Don't let us bother ourselves about the destinies of our work in the

world, but as it brings us fortune and recognition. Let the artists of the future work for the future, they will see what's wanted. Why, you admit you can't paint more large pictures because people don't take off your hands those which you have done. Of course you can't, but isn't this proof that your system is wrong? For my part I paint what there is a demand for. There is a fashion going now for little girls in mob caps. Well, I satisfy this while it continues; but immediately the demand shows signs of flagging, I am ready to take to some other fashion of the last century which people now are quite keen on, or I shall do portraits or landscapes. You say that if the world went on this system it would never advance at all, and that all the reformers of thought, Socrates to wit, were wrong on that principle? I don't hesitate to say they were. Why should he have tried to interfere with the beliefs and religions of the day? There were priests established in connection with the temples to teach people! It was not his business to oppose them in their duties. I don't pity him, and it was quite natural that they should put him to death, otherwise he would always have gone on making mischief; he ought to have attended to his own business, and then no one would have hated him. A man is sure to get himself disliked if he is always opposing the powers that be. Now I'm really sorry when I see you attacking prejudices. Why did you make that wild onslaught in *The Times* on the Royal Academy? If it isn't perfect, nothing is really perfect. You say that the laws after one hundred and twenty years require great modification, and that men shouldn't be elected from within, nor in any way for the whole term of their life. It's only a few people, who are impatient to get in, who want a change. Oh, I don't mean you. I know you don't want to be elected. Now look at ——, he used always to say he would bring an action against the Academy for defamation of character if they elected him, and directly we did elect him he was only too glad to accept. Well, it's the

same with all of them. The change they want is the one that will lead to their being enrolled in the Body. Why did you make a ferment about artists' materials, saying they were not always reliable? you only disturb buyers' confidence in pictures, and of course you will suffer as well as others. The old masters' pictures have often changed. You won't persuade me that Titian painted trees and vegetation in full light brown and black. Of course they have changed; notwithstanding this the whole is still beautiful as to harmonious colour. A painting which is of good colour originally may alter in parts, yet it never deteriorates to bad colour; but a painting which is bad colour at first, no alteration can convert into good colour to the day of doom. Our materials are quite as good or better than those which the old fellows had; the proof is the wonderful way in which the paintings that we did more than forty years ago retain their brilliancy. Why, your 'Christian and Druids,' 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' 'The Hireling Shepherd,' and 'The Strayed Sheep,' are as bright and sound as though they had been done yesterday, and so are mine of the same date. It is true that lately, when I saw the 'Ophelia,' some of the foliage had gone quite blue, as I have seen leaves in Dutch fruit paintings changed; but I could put it right in half an hour if the owner would let me take it in hand. Lately, you know, there has been a prejudice against allowing a painter to touch an early work of his, and I have not yet heard from the possessor of the 'Ophelia.'[1] Why, my picture of 'Lorenzo and Isabella' is as pure and clear as any early Italian or German work. You say we happened to be very lucky in our plan of painting in one coat on an absolutely white ground, and with copal varnish, and that we were more fortunate than we knew of at the time, in having the choicest of our colours pre-

[1] The alteration referred to came from the use of a paint called chrome green, which we were assured was a simple chromium, whereas it was an admixture of chrome yellow and Prussian blue identical with the Brunswick green used by house painters for common doors and palings. Out-of-door exposure in a few years causes the combined pigment to lose all its yellow, and in some degree this seems to have been so with Millais' picture.

pared by George Field, whose system has been proved to be more perfect by the defects of imitation pigment supplied since, and labelled with the same names. Well, you see, we took things as they came, and we were very right. If we had gone bothering about, waiting till we had proved that the materials were perfect, we should never have done anything to this day. You now see, my dear fellow, that I don't like you to be always thinking about the remote future. It is to-day we have to live, and you, for the sake of some far-off good which may never come to anyone, sacrifice your present chances. Why, if I were to go on like you do I should never be able to go away in the autumn to fish or to shoot, and I should be always out of health and spirits, and one should always try not to be a 'distressful person.' I should become so if I did not get my holiday. You take my advice, old boy, and just take the world as it is, and don't make it your business to rub up people the wrong way."

I had indeed hoped to convince artists that it was a grievous loss to their profession that the cessation of the old system of apprenticeship had brought about ignorance and indifference to the character of the materials used in their work.

Millais went on to say, "You've talked once of getting some post at the South Kensington Schools. I would not really, old fellow, advise you to try. You would only meet with rebuff, for I know that the officials before whom the question would come regard you as a kind of firebrand, and they would oppose your application tooth and nail. This is one of the consequences of your wanting to turn the natural stream out of its bed, and you can't complain. Your last picture of 'The Innocents' was the best you ever did. I know your powers better than anybody. Set to work to meet the taste of our own day, and not that of the future, and you will soon get over your difficulties. Why, I've just sold a picture done in two weeks which will pay the expenses of all my family, my shooting and fishing too, for our whole time in Scotland."

Thus Millais, with ever transparent impulsiveness, revealed his tempered convictions to direct me to a prudent course.

My ever affectionate confidant of student days, being widely known for his excellent qualities, was at this time a favourite of society, dividing the honours of contemporary recognition with Leighton, although the latter enjoyed the higher dignity of President of the Royal Academy.

CHAPTER XIV

1889-1896

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. Lamb.

A Parsee could never be present at the rising of the sun without bowing himself in worship.—"Cama," *an Indian Parsee.*

"I am afraid, my Lord," Constable said, "the judgment of a painter is of very little value in an auction room; for *we* only know good pictures from bad ones. We know nothing of their pedigrees, of their market value, or how far certain masters are in fashion."—C. R. Leslie.

I now used the leisurely opportunity which the postponement of further travel gave me to paint in oil, with extended confines, the design of "The Lady of Shalott," as it had appeared in the Tennyson illustrated volume. I allowed increased space above the head and at the sides of the composition, which gave room for new inventions to make manifest the significance of the subject. I had advanced far with this work when the spring season reminded me that the date was near for reconsidering a subject long in my mind, which my Eastern expeditions

had hitherto hindered me from taking in hand. This subject was the ceremony of May morning, Magdalen Tower, Oxford, at sunrise, when the choristers, in perpetuation of a service which is a survival of primitive sun-worship,—perhaps Druidical,—sing a hymn as the sun appears above the horizon. On the morning I ascended the Tower, making observations and sketches, and a few days later I returned to settle to work. For several weeks I mounted to the Tower roof about four in the morning with my small canvas to watch for the first rays of the rising sun, and to choose the sky which was most suitable for the subject. When all was settled I repeated the composition upon a larger canvas, the President obligingly placing at my disposal a studio in the new buildings of the College.

It was a singular pleasure to me that the Rev. Dr. Bloxam, the nephew of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who had been active in saving the beautiful rite from extinction, was still alive, and that I was able to introduce him into the picture. It was exhibited in 1891, and the reproduction was made by the Berlin Photogravure Company. This, while perfect in details, was, as the reproduction of "The Innocents" had been, very troublesome in needing work to make the general effect true. It was while finishing this painting at Oxford that I had the last opportunities of meeting my very dear old friend Mrs. Combe. She expressed her regret that she had on the impulse of the moment separated "The Light of the World" from the other pictures which, excepting the portrait of Canon Jenkins to be given to Jesus College, her husband had always destined for the Taylor Building; she assured me she had made provision towards building a chapel expressly for my picture of "The Light of the World" at Keble College, which hitherto had been ill placed, and that the picture would be certain to be treated with due regard under the protection of Mr. Wilson, the new warden. When I was in London with the Magdalen Tower picture already done and exhibited, I was grieved

May Morning on Magdalen Tower.

STUDY FOR "THE VISION OF THE SHEPHERDS."

to hear that this saint-like mother of all the poor in her districts at Oxford had been called away from them. Her retained collection of pictures was accepted on certain conditions by the Committee of the Taylor Building, where they now form part of that interesting gallery.

In the autumn of 1892 my wife and I travelled in Italy and Greece, in which latter country, after our visit to Athens and Olympia, I regretted more than ever that in 1856 the steamer on which I embarked at Constantinople for the Piræus had broken down in the Dardanelles, and that thus I had then been prevented from visiting the land of the demigods. Returned to Naples we took ship to Alexandria, and thence journeyed to Cairo, which I found, after an absence of thirty-nine years, so changed that in the morning, on sallying forth into the Usbequieh, I should have been unable to guess that it was part of the same Cairo that I had known. After a few visits to the wonderful Museum and surrounding places of interest, we went up the Nile as far as Philæ, revelling in the inexhaustible glories of the temples on its banks. At the end of March we made our way to Jaffa, and soon found ourselves once more at the spring source of Christendom. When in 1854 I approached Jerusalem every feature in its place was historic; there was no house outside the city, but now the whole plateau from the ridge where formerly Jerusalem first came in sight was covered with an assortment of stone houses and cabins of every variety of ugliness, villas with verandah blinds and chimney pots, sheds of corrugated iron and factory chimneys. All the dear old windmills had disappeared or were in ruins, and it was with difficulty that we could recognise our own house. This being dilapidated, we took up our abode at the hotel. I had undertaken to make designs for Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, "The Light of the World," and this necessitated many excursions to collect matter. While progressing with this task the Greek Easter was at hand, and I felt it would be a pity if I, who had seen the wild ceremony of the miracle of the Holy Fire so often, and

knew the difference between the accidental episodes which occur, and those which are fundamental, should not take the opportunity of perpetuating for future generations the astounding scene which many writers have so vividly described. I obtained a position in the gallery with the point of sight most commending itself for the picture, and there adding to a store of sketches made on previous

W. H. H.

THE NILE POSTMAN.

occasions, I drew rapid mementoes of the moving mass, and employed the remainder of my time in Jerusalem advancing this picture on canvas. In the end we packed up such furniture as moth and thieves had kindly left us in our house, and abandoned it and Syria for ever.

On my return I devoted myself afresh to the picture of "The Lady of Shalott," which, although hindered from time to time, was now much advanced, and alternately I worked at "The Holy Fire" picture, for which I was glad to get Oriental sitters by the help of the manager of the

Asiatic Home at Limehouse and elsewhere. Whilst I was painting "The Holy Fire," Mr. J. T. Middlemore purchased my second canvas of "The Triumph of the Innocents," the first finished of the two pictures, and larger than the other by some inches. It has differences also in form and colour. My water-colour drawing of "Christ with the Rabbis in the Temple School" also then became his property. The first he destined for the permanent Gallery at Birmingham on certain conditions not yet fulfilled. His private collection contains some smaller pictures of mine, including the replica of "The Shadow of Death" made by me for the engraver's use.

Millais had written to me about the year 1870 when I was in Jerusalem, that the "first volume of our lives" had closed, and was sealed up, and that now "the second volume was fast advancing"; at the period I have now reached the third volume was drawing nigh to completion. The ever-pleasant, good-hearted artist and man of letters, W. B. Scott, had been taken ill at Penkhill Castle, and had gradually grown weaker till he died, 22nd November 1890.

But to return to surviving friends and interests. A banquet was given to art and literature by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House; Millais, representing Sir F. Leighton, was seated at the high table next to the host, and Madox Brown was exactly on the opposite side of the table, facing Millais and a bevy of other Academicians. There were many vacant places between him and me, and I asked him to come and take the chair next to me, explaining that he would meet friends whose conversation would interest him. "Thank you," he said, "I would rather sit here." I left him alone, severely frowning at his diplomaed brothers of the brush, where he remained all the evening, silent. A mutual friend told me that Brown had said he wished particularly to draw the attention of the Academicians to the fact, that although he was not a member of the Academy, he had been conspicuously honoured by the civic authorities with a central

W. H. H.

CORFU.

place at the high table. It is possible that many of the Academicians went home without benefiting by the reproof that dear old "Bruno" felt to be so necessary for them. He had now lived beyond the full term of threescore years and ten, and his days had become sad. His only son Oliver, a youth of great promise both as painter and writer, had died, and this bitterness was followed soon after by the death of his wife. While still struggling manfully with ever-continuing money difficulties, he could not repress complaint to a friend at his evil fortune. His health was fast failing, and he was seven hundred pounds in debt, which was indeed a disgrace to his country. The profession of an artist is an expensive one; a writer needs but his pens, ink and paper with a little space to write in, but an artist must have large rooms with many appliances, as necessary to him as scaffolding to a builder in his operations. He must have money at all stages of figure subjects to pay models and to buy materials; during the probationary period of his career he may bear many discomforts with patience, but when he has the full responsibilities of life, he must have the opportunity of repose away from sight of his work, that he may not miss refreshment of mind and body. Brown had always been most studious, industrious, and frugal, and had produced many noble works of which the country must eventually be proud; yet here he was in his last years suffering in mind as though he had been a profitless ne'er-do-well. A few of his friends met together and agreed to raise a subscription to purchase some of his works without his knowledge, and the contributions had accumulated although without public appeal to a sum handsomely covering his liabilities. Unfortunately, just as all was prepared for approaching him, a newspaper stated the fact in its gossip column, which Brown saw. He was inflamed to great anger, and went off to Frederick Shields, who was acting as secretary to the fund, and expressed his indignation at the insult that had been done him; he denounced it as an attempt to impose charity upon him

The Miracle of Sacred Fire.

Church of the Sepulchre.

and left the house in hot temper. Shields discreetly kept silence and trusted to time to appease the artist's ruffled feelings. Within a week Brown communicated to him that he was sorry for his outbreak of displeasure, that he now recognised all had been done in thoughtful kindness, and hoped his friends would not think him so ungrateful as he allowed himself to appear at first. The possessor of the picture of "Christ washing the Disciples' Feet," who had offered it at Christie's a few months before, and had bought it in at £80, consented to take for it a portion of the sum in hand, and the Council of the National Gallery expressed themselves pleased to receive this tardily appreciated and yet truly noble picture. Since it has been hung in the Gallery the work has ever grown in reputation. The painter's strength was now fast failing, he took up his daily work each morning, but increasing weakness interrupted his application, and on the 6th of October 1893 he breathed his last. I attended his funeral at Finchley Cemetery, and left feeling profoundly how his death would be to me a never-ending loss.

I return to my own affairs. "The Holy Fire" picture was approaching completion. I designed in the pediment of the frame the seven-branch candlestick as a symbol of religious truth for the illumination of the people, which instead of giving light is negligently left to emit smoke, thereby spreading darkness and concealing the stars of Heaven. On the base I designed two scrolls, upon which is written a description of the strange incidents of the ceremony.

Whether the celebration is regarded with shame by the advocates of unflinching truth, or with toleration as suitable to the ignorance of the barbaric pilgrims for whom it is retained, or with adoration by those who believe the fire to be miraculous, it has been from early centuries regarded as of singular importance. It echoes in many respects the mad excitement of the Asiatic mob in the temple at Ephesus. It has been described by many

writers, but had never yet been painted; its dramatic, historic, and picturesque importance (which last it is now fast losing owing to the growing adoption of European costume) strongly recommended it to me for artistic representation, and every year the survival of the early record must be more valued. I exhibited this picture at the New Gallery, and afterwards lent it to Liverpool; I then determined to retain it in my own house as being of a subject understood in its importance only by the few.

On the 23rd January 1896, Lord Leighton died after acute suffering. I have already paid my tribute to his extraordinary genius. All the world testifies to the brilliancy of his qualities, both artistic and social. Sir John Everett Millais was elected as President to the vacant chair on the 20th February 1896; unhappily he was already smitten in health, and it was difficult to believe, as some of his doctors advised, that his illness was but a transient one. He clung to hope, and went on working steadily to the last. Although he and I had of late been moved by different ambitions since the days of our youthful friendship, we had always been able to confide so thoroughly in one another, that our affection could well afford the strain of differing views, and in fact these often made it the greater. The truth of his doomed condition, at first resolutely ignored, came very suddenly to him, and then day by day he stepped down into the grave, but never lost his composure or noble personality. When all were afflicted to hear that he was reduced to speechlessness, few could be admitted to have interview with him. The Princess Louise was amongst those who entered to mark their esteem for the dying President; when the visit was brought to an end, Her Royal Highness asked if it were possible to do anything that would give him comfort. He thereupon beckoned for the slate, and spurred by the chivalric feeling towards the wife whom he had championed throughout his life, whose history had been too generally misunderstood, he pencilled in clear, unwavering writing, "I wish Her Majesty the Queen would

see my wife." The Princess was a gracious agent, and Queen Victoria's womanly heart was touched by the message; on the following morning Lady Millais was summoned to Windsor. He lived only a few days more to feel the gratification of this recognition. According to his direction I took my allotted place as pall-bearer when his body was received and lowered into the tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 13th August 1896.

On October the 3rd of the same year died that noble designer and poet, William Morris. Although he had been an off-shoot from our original energy, and had become a most sturdy and valued friend, his artistic activity was only indirectly prompted by Millais and myself, the immediate impetus having come through Rossetti after he had separated himself from us. This reference to Morris makes it fitting that I should again allude to his remarkable companion, Edward Burne-Jones, whose original impulse to the professional practice of art also emanated from Gabriel. I am induced to claim Burne-Jones' strenuousness in the rendering of his designs as the outcome, though at second hand, of my teaching of Rossetti; perhaps this helped to induce more than casual observers to confuse him with the original Pre-Raphaelites. His special manner, however it will already have been understood, was not in accordance with our first purpose. Burne-Jones' work so admirably fulfilled his aim that all were justified in regarding it as the perfection of the modern quattrocentists' school of art, but his nature as revealed in his art would give the world only a limited appreciation of his personal spirit. He was a man of exquisite wit and humour, enjoying an unsurpassed sense of the ridiculous. He superadded to Rossetti's earlier spirit a certain classicalism of style in the posing and drawing of the human figure. This last character was mainly encouraged by the influence of Watts. Gabriel was alone in his cultivation of the sensuous air, reflected from examples of later Italian masters, an air which was justified to many by its consummate character, so that his

prestige still held the field, and he was accepted as leader in the Dantesque spirit of sadness, never breaking into cheering strain.

Certain generous friends in 1900 subscribed to have my portrait painted by Sir William Richmond, R.A., who, by acceptance of the commission, became the largest contributor. They presented me with this, together with an illustrated address written by Leslie Stephen, and a piece of plate bearing a generous inscription, both of which gratified me deeply.

The Times, in reference to this tribute, published a leading article acknowledging my claim to the honour done me. It was the same liberal spirit in which it had admitted Ruskin's defence of us in 1851, and my pleadings against the denunciation of Woolner by Jacob Omnium.

Among the distinguished artists who have acknowledged the direct influence of Pre-Raphaelitism upon them, Sir William Richmond avows its benefit at an early period.[1] G. F. Watts expressed recognition of the value of our reform in his evidence before the Royal Commission in 1863,[2] and, as remarked already, he testified to his sympathy with our principles in the manner of the portraits exhibited in 1859 under the name of F. W. George, as well as in many private and appreciative confidences to myself. As a final reminiscence of this great artist I have to add that in his later days he had built himself a country house and studio near Guildford. He named it "Limner's Lease." Till the spring of 1904 his gallery in Kensington was open to the public on stated days, but recently he had carried out a purpose of sending the greater number of the works to his country house, where he had built a large gallery for the satisfaction of all comers from neighbouring towns. Only a few paintings remained at Little Holland House, Melbury Road.

[1] "Ruskin as I Knew Him," by Sir William Richmond, in *St. George*.

[2] "The only definite reform movement (which the Pre-Raphaelite school may be called) was certainly not stimulated by the Royal Academy, and even met with opposition from it."

One morning when I called I found that house in *impromptu* festal state, for the rustic workers in wood-carving and pottery who had been trained in the school founded by Mrs. Watts had come to London to see the exhibitions, and the guests were just sitting down in the dismantled gallery to a substantial repast. After exchanging some words with the young men and lads, as I left the studio I fondly glanced at the beautiful picture of "Echo" still upon the wall, which at the Westminster Hall competition was the first of Watts' paintings I had ever seen. I ascended with the host to the room where the family meal was laid. He was quite his own gentle and eager self in all but a slight deafness left in spite of benefit conferred by an electric treatment. He expressed his great desire for the success of the craft industry, whose workers I had just seen, and whose character he highly approved. He regarded the effort as a means in one small degree to stem the tide of idleness, of want of pride in work, and indeed, of that combination among workmen to avoid the full amount of application which honest pride required of them in the execution of their daily tasks, and which would be in the long run profitable to themselves. He avowed that he was depressed at the prospect to our country, and indeed to the world at large, by the inordinate indulgence of all classes in idle pleasure, which led men to schemes for acquiring money with indifference as to who might be ruined in the struggle; he deplored the indulgence in gambling of every kind, so rife from high to low, as leading to degraded ideas of honour which could only disintegrate any nation. "We see," he said, "with what avidity people rush to races of all sorts. In the morning the roads are crowded with men who ought to be at their work, all striving to arrive first at the place of contest, not for interest in the healthy competition itself, but for the sake of betting recorded in their books as they go along. Even little messenger boys in the street can be seen writing down their stakes, and snatching in the afternoon at the first halfpenny paper

recommended as giving 'All the winners.' The people thus use their School Board education for short-sighted cunning in place of profitable labour, which alone increases the wealth of a nation. Past savings, instead of being augmented, are rapidly passing from the pockets of one man to those of another, leaving the wear and tear of daily consumption ever decreasing the world's store of wealth needful for further enterprise, so that continually the number of unemployed and unemployable becomes more numerous. I have myself always been in favour of extending privileges to working men, but they are no longer working men. I know instances of many quite ridiculing the idea of taking delight in their work, and performing it gladly as they used to do. Now bricklayers and carpenters accomplish only a third of a day's work, defending their sloth with the statement that the Union would not allow them to do more." In confirmation of his view I instanced the case of a paper-hanger who, when asked in the evening why he had dawdled away his day, confessed that he could have done four times the quantity were it not for the rules forbidding him, and of a carpenter engaged on a Saturday morning in putting in a screw who, on hearing the clock strike twelve, put down his screw-driver, declaring that his time for work was up! and he should do no more, however urgent the job might be. Watts lamented these practices, supported by the excuse that they increase the demand for work, while in fact they prevent many who would give employment from putting their plans in hand. "We all know," he said, "of native products being driven out of the market by much cheaper and better work from abroad, and we learn of manufacturers removing to Belgium and Germany to escape the tyranny of idleness. I am seriously distressed about the future of England." He was told on many hands that the old-fashioned and affectionate house-servant of former days had almost disappeared, and he added: "With stories such as one I heard, of a young lady who gave up charitable work to devote herself all

day to the playing of 'Bridge,' by which she gained some hundreds increase to her family allowance, it is natural that domestic servants should also become short-sighted and irresponsible. As artists we should cut a sorry figure if we put down our brushes at any allotted hour. One lesson in our art is the example it gives of strenuous effort and perseverance; but indeed, there are now artists both in painting and sculpture, whose works at modern exhibitions make their authors appear to be actuated by the prevalent spirit of shirking their labour instead of showing sign of determination to overcome difficulties of approach to perfection. Protection may or may not be wise, I do not know, but I am sure that the real evil to England at this time is the disposition to evade labour, and, now that short-sighted selfishness is so rampant, I do not see how the evil will be eradicated. For my part it is lamentable to think that the course of folly dooms a nation, glorious as England, to decay. I do not fail to recognise that England has in previous times recovered from threatenings of disaster, but we want candid and courageous leaders to speak openly of the real danger that threatens the country."

It was an unusual thing for Watts to express himself so sadly. I had to break away abruptly, hoping that on another visit we could resume the talk with happier outlook, but in a few days he caught a chill, and grew feverish and increasingly weak, with intervals of flickering hope to his devoted household. In a glorious peace he died on the 1st July 1904.

The history of the Pre-Raphaelite reform movement has now been patiently chronicled, and I would gladly close the story, but there are some distortions of truth still left undestroyed, and these demand the franker attention, because they are direct survivals of those unfair statements which ignorantly falsified our principles in the beginning.

It has been seen that in the fifties there was a large

conversion of younger artists to our reform, and that even several equals and elders were influenced by it to some degree. It were wearisome to do more than insist upon this fact as proof that our immediate influence was at once to introduce a measure of new life into the contemporary art of our youth. Who can say to what lengths the invigorating purification might not have extended had we been allowed a reasonably fair field for our energies? The savage prejudice against our work not alone nearly destroyed ourselves, but hampered and hindered the progress of the general conversion we were attempting. As it was, we did not suffer our martyrdom in vain. Had we not continued faithful to our standard, not only should we have been proved too weak for our special effort, but artists, such as Leighton, F. Walker, Mason, and others too numerous to mention, stirred by vigorous blood and a high enthusiasm to do battle in other ways with evil fashions in vogue, would all have been in danger of defeat. The evidence of our influence upon our early converts, with the fact of the check in their discipleship received from the enemies of our school, need not here be enlarged upon, but the degree of destruction which the inimical spirit caused even at the fountain-head must not go unrecorded. When the works of Millais were collected at the Grosvenor Gallery, an ardent appreciator of his genius, Lady Constance Leslie, went early in the day to the exhibition. Ascending the stairs, she encountered the painter going out, with head bowed down. As she accosted him, and he looked up, she saw tears in his eyes. "Ah, dear Lady Constance," he said, "you see me unmanned. Well, I'm not ashamed of avowing that in looking at my earliest pictures I have been overcome with chagrin that I so far failed in my maturity to fulfil the full forecast of my youth." He had cause to feel this disappointment, but the blame can scarcely be laid at his door by any one who has traced with attention the fury directed against us. In these days, it is true, the country raises its voice aloud to declare an interest in art,

in foreign art particularly, but it fails to show any adequate idea of exalting and cherishing native art.

In England in the eighteenth century only portraitists could get a living. Wilson would have died a pauper had he not succeeded his brother in the family inheritance. Had Wilkie, Constable, Stothard, Turner, been natives of any other country, the Government would have taken some pains to gain examples of their work for the nation. While they were working, the rich men of England bought few but old pictures, and many native artists gained their bread only by restoring and repainting these. Turner, by acceptance of very modest prices to begin with, and the strictest economy in bachelor life, slowly accumulated wealth, but he is mostly known to the world by the wonderful paintings which came back from exhibitions unsold, and which were left by him to the nation. Before the end of his time, the tendency to establish facilities and rewards to tempt youths to become artists had scarcely declared itself. But the fashion of encouragement to studentship has been going on since then at a compound ratio, and by it people are induced to suppose that nothing more can be desired to establish England's repute as artistic, than this universal educational activity. The result is that many youths enter the career who by natural inclination would never have thought of it, who are in fact not endowed for the pursuit, and therefore can never win lasting distinction either for themselves or for their country, but will rather deprive better men of their just opportunities.

That Millais was at a time tempted more or less to meet the public taste, to forget his higher aspirations, and to make his Pegasus take the yoke to draw an unworthy load, has been held up to his condemnation; while during his bitter struggle, any foreign artist or other mere product of a school, who came forward with superficial proficiency was lauded and patronised out of all measure. The modern maxim that art is of no nationality and of no race, that it is, in fact, of one character and

universal, is an attempt to justify fashion. No less true statement was ever made. Art has ever been the tacit expression of a nation's character. Egyptian art exactly bespoke its nationality, the Greek genius made a new image to enshrine its own soul. Latin art, again, evolved a fresh form to express its powerful individuality ; so it was with the Italians, Germans, Dutch, the ancient French, the Spanish, the English, and all other nations of the earth. French art has ever been, and must be, different in its spirit to that which has given life to English art. Certainly, while the confusion of one with the other may enchant the thoughtless by its superficial dexterity, it would develop a bastard breed of irresponsibility that would not deserve the name of art at all.

While Millais was painting those exquisite pictures "L'Enfant du Regiment," "The Blind Girl," "Ariel," and "The Fireman," for which at the most he was barely rewarded sufficiently to meet the expenses of new paintings, foreign pictures with showy attractions were hailed with laudation, which ensured their sale in England at extravagant prices. I must again call attention to the still more excessive case of contempt for native genius in the fortune, or rather misfortune, of Ford Madox Brown. When in his last days he was receiving only three hundred a year for his works in the Manchester Town Hall, and was crippled on the small pittance left after paying his expenses, the press was praising the annual commonplaces, and extolling to the skies as miraculous the very mundane productions of his unworthy compeers from abroad : the extravagant glorification, to wit, which greeted Meissonier's microscopic representation of two dull old gentlemen playing chess, or the picture representing nothing more ennobling than a sign-painter painting his board, or again, a draughtsman sketching in a barrack yard with a crowd of dull onlookers, or, as the highest flight of military interest, Napoleon on his white horse ; by which the French artist was finally able to obtain from English millionaires one thousand guineas for each inch of his panel,

the while no French millionaire would buy the works of any English painter. Gustave Doré at the same time, having exhibited in London enormous drop scenes illustrating sacred story, was praised by English critics in columns of rapturous text, by which, while corrupting the taste of our nation, he became so popular that he gained a handsome fortune from England in a few years, whilst Brown was reduced to penury. What can be the wisdom in multiplying students if, when one in a thousand of these becomes a great artist, the opportunities that he ought to have for doing justice to his powers are immediately given to inferior foreign artists in preference to him, and when eventually his life is reviewed, his memory is charged with doing unworthy work, which he had no choice but to do in order to live. There need be no objection to the patronage of foreign artists of worth if their countries reciprocate the enthusiasm, or if enough patronage exists at home first to do justice to the exalted spirit in true English art. Not only is this not the case, but when evidence is given that English artists sometimes winced under the stinted encouragement of timorous buyers, their impatience under the failure of recognition is severely criticised. Burke says that in the long-run "men will do what it is to their interest to do." When all the pitfalls in the way of an ardent-minded artist have been avoided, and he has come to the front, tried and proved ready to do the country honourable service, if then he is put aside contemptuously, and the services of mere pretenders are taken in preference to his, the blind course is as detrimental to the country as to the artist. From the manner in which an artist is discussed by the elegant world, it is concluded that he can do ideal work without considering whether there is a patron waiting for it or not. The old masters, when once their abilities had been proved in early manhood, had no difficulty so great as that of deciding for what patron they should labour, whether for Pope, King, Church, monastery, municipality, or merchant prince. How enviable was their

lot! How can it be wondered at that they left so many works in comparison with modern artists? Turner never had a public commission to execute in his life, neither was Millais ever employed on any public building either by Government or by ecclesiastics. Perhaps in this connection I ought to regard it as a compliment that I also was never engaged on any public work.

Notwithstanding Millais' occasional occupation upon unworthy themes, his fastidious eye and poetic taste were still intact, and his original conscientious sense instinctively asserted itself in work triumphant at all points, so that England had no excuse for failing to see the rareness of the glory he was prepared to achieve for her. Whenever he was engaged in painting a beautiful woman or a child's head, his best powers came into action, and no painter of any nation or time surpassed him in delicacy of expression or in variety of unaffected charm. This makes the extravagant appreciation of Meissonier the more ridiculous, for the French artist could not paint a woman at all. Millais' was the frank English beauty typified by Gainsborough, sometimes with fuller solidity of modelling, and with often the fancy of Reynolds or Romney in addition. His men's portraits at times reached in excellence the best of those by the Venetian painters, or those of the great Dutch School. It is said by mercenary arbiters of the day that his works do not maintain the highest prices at Christie's. The list of prices for various years is an interesting addition to artistic information, and must be of practical importance for picture-dealers; but surely, if works of art were so judged, their true value would finally be ruled by the purse of fashion, and high aspirations would be driven from the field; Blake at one period would have been stamped as an imbecile, and Flaxman and Stothard little better, Constable and every man of original inspiration as a perverse fool.

Fluctuations in the monetary value of pictures are but ephemeral, and do not touch their artistic value in the remotest degree. At Rogers's sale a "Madonna and Child"

W. H. H.

THE PEARL

of a more mature period than the Madonna "di Gran Duca," and of equal beauty, was sold to Mr. Appleton, the brother-in-law of Longfellow, for £500. No connoisseur could doubt that this picture is more precious than the Ansidei Madonna, bought for £70,000. Certainly, if the possessor of Mr. Appleton's Raphael sent it into the market now, it would fetch a proportionate price. I can myself remember when Raphael's picture of "Apollo and Marsyas," now in the Louvre, was offered for sale by Morris Moore in London for £400, and for twenty years no one would believe in its value. After his death it was purchased from the widow by the French Minister of Fine Arts, and now it would fetch thousands. Examples of the blunderings of the picture market might be cited without end. Had the prevailing taste always to be deferred to, we in our early days should at once have abandoned any idea of reform in art, but instead we should have imitated Frost, Howard, or Etty, and so subscribe to the dealers' existing standard. The right use of the auction list is not to settle the real value of pictures, but the uprising or downfalling of the taste of the buyer. I am told that Millais' transcendent picture of "The Three Sisters," when last under the hammer, was knocked down for about £600, while paintings no more exquisite, and certainly not so perfect in condition, by the three great portraitists of the end of the eighteenth century, realised sums from ten to thirty thousand guineas. Time has always heretofore retrieved the fallen fortunes of supreme works. It has also sometimes pulled down meretricious paintings set in high place by a fashionable coterie. It would be unaccountable if years did not bring the price list for such pictures as that of "The Three Sisters" to accord with the valuation set by just discrimination upon all supreme works.

Many of Millais' landscapes, painted instead of ill-paid imaginative compositions, were of the highest pictorial order, and will take their places in the slow-growing general mind as among the glories of British art. In a later passage concerning particular pictures it will be proved

how triumphant in the end he emerged from the routine followed to meet vulgar taste by giving elevation to the subjects of his own choice. Ford Madox Brown's discriminating remarks upon the picture of "Lorenzo and Isabella," when he came fresh from the studio where it was standing just finished upon the easel, were so just and appreciative even as briefly reported by me, and my admiration of it expressed from time to time in the foregoing pages is so great that I need not here enlarge upon its merits, but I must dwell somewhat upon his succeeding picture of "Ferdinand lured by Ariel." We must first put ourselves back to the date when it was painted. The exhibition world was full of pictures of fairies and attendant spirits, and without exception we may see that these were all conceived as graceful human pigmies. Millais, at one burst, treated them as elfin creatures, strange shapes such as might lurk away in the shady groves and be blown about over the surface of a mere, making the wanderer wonder whether the sounds they made were anything more than the figments of his own brain. Millais' was the poetic imagination not to be passed over unnoted, although its originality was hastily taken by ordinary minds as the point on which to condemn it. The landscape of "The Woodman's Daughter," painted in 1850, might not be so conclusive in the testimony it offers of a new *evangel*, but the charms throughout the background of the "Ophelia," and the pathetic grace of the love-wrapt maiden, are enough to proclaim that not in one feature alone, but in the whole picture, a new art was born. Certain theorists say that it is not the province of art to deal with Nature in detail, that it should not realise, but only suggest. This dictum may have its honest place when referring to pictures demanding abstract treatment, but it is often made the defence for poor and empty attempts, and is sadly out of place in the judgment of Millais' treatment of the new problems which we had set ourselves to solve. The fault lies in making a canon only exceptionally justified, into

the binding law of an Inquisition. It is not my purpose to deny that previous landscape art had been both admirable and appropriate to the end it had in view, but it had not dealt with this particular aspect of Nature, or, when it had essayed anything of the kind, it had avoided the difficulties which we grappled with and conquered. The assumption that what we did was mere prosaic imitation, within the range of common workmen, is best met by comparing our work with that of some dull imitators who were destitute of poetic discrimination. Certain examples of these attempts, prominent at the time, have now disappeared. In some later prosaic transcripts of Nature an effort was made to lead the world to think them more exact than ours, the outlines of small forms being trivially and mathematically cut out. We saw that in Nature contours are found and lost, and what in one point is trenchant, in another melts its form into dazzling light or untraceable gloom; that there is infinite delight to the mind in playing upon the changes between one extreme characteristic and another. It was in such subtle observations and renderings that Millais could afford to smile at his adverse critics when they said that the profound following out of Nature was fatal to poetry. Adherents to our reform in the true spirit and not in the dead letter have proved that poetry in painting is not destroyed by the close pursuit of Nature's beauty. My assertion that Millais' picture of "Ophelia" was the exponent of a new revelation in art is no over-statement; that it was as inexhaustible in its worth as all good art is, is also undeniable. The background of "The Huguenot" is of a much simpler kind, but let men who want to understand the truth compare the painting of the bricks and mortar of this picture with the brick wall in the picture of "The Barrack Yard" by Meissonier (who is regarded as a painter of miraculous finish), and they will soon be able to estimate the difference between the perception of infinite variety and mere regard for geometrical precision. The next picture, "The Blind Girl," may convince any one of the

painter's deep and pathetic sense, which enabled him to interpret with keen pity, direct from his own observations, the lot of those stricken ones whose deprivations rebuke our own dumbness in thanksgiving. "The Fireman" is the recognition of true heroism by an original mind, and is of no transient interest only.

Millais' nature never led him to draw inspiration from the poetic treatment of others. The charms of a scene before him overmastered for him all conditions of his subject, which he would no longer allow to burden him. For him, as he had said early in life, Nature was always so much better than anything he could substitute, that he never hesitated to follow her if the cardinal idea was not threatened by so doing. It was the abuse levelled at "Sir Isumbras" that drove him to despair of appreciation for work that made no compromise with the taste of the day. For seven or eight years he had struggled unflinchingly for his higher unalloyed purpose. Was it to be wondered at that at this point he was at times tempted to bend to the counter claim of his home interests? yet let it be remembered he was never hopelessly enthralled by the worldly meaning of duty. In his picture from Keats's poem of Madelene disrobing on the Eve of St. Agnes, the main interest to him was in the sweetness of an innocent damsel, seen only by the rays of Diana's orb piercing through the window, and contrasting with the rich gloom of a ghostly bedchamber which entangled the mind with its mysterious depths. To him propriety of costume and the feudal conditions expressed by the poet were of small account. He would have had to make research that was hateful to him for such details, and when he had acquired his authorities there would have been the toil of putting together the piecemeal parts without seeing the while the effect which they would produce. Beginning his painting with the young girl before him, there was as she stood an element of maidenly reserve that no undress of a Norman lady would have given so persuasively in his hands; and then why trouble to find out the exact

character of a Gothic sleeping couch, he argued, when a heavy four-post bedstead had enough associations of romance? One detail in the poem he did indeed put to the test was the poet's description of the colour thrown by the moonlight through the stained casement :—

> As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon
> Rose bloom fell on her hands together prest,
> And on her silver cross, soft amethyst,
> And in her hair a glory, like a Saint.

On trial he found the diverse hues transmitted by the moon were not strong enough to be distinguished, and so the painter was freed from attention to the poet's "rose bloom." The projected shadows of his square window frames were unflinchingly copied from a room at Knole, where he worked during some nights for the midnight effect, introducing, as it happened to be there, a green baize door and all the flooring of the room as he found it! This was his original instinct; let us not cavil at a picture so enthralling. His later picture, "A Scotch Idyll," will prove that to the end he never lost his inventive faculty, that indeed he was ever able to command appropriate treatment, to give enduring enchantment to a simple idea.

Of English race as he was, living in Scotland, and married to one of her daughters, he felt the settled happiness which the union of the two races had brought about. His imaginary incident is of two youthful musicians in the English army after the battle of Culloden who have drawn to their place of encampment three Highland lasses. One boy is thrilling them by the strains of his flute, and the faces of the girls, as they lie on the grass, bear the expression of being carried away by the magic of the notes. How unaffectedly he has composed the scene, and in what a transcendent manner has he caught the natural sweetness of the faces! Proudly and yet with simplicity the boy proceeds with his charming task, and the innocent damsels follow the airs with rapture,

while the spectator feels that already the evil spirit of discord between the lately contending factions has been laid at rest. This noble picture will hereafter be honoured as a national heirloom, both for its idea and for its artistic perfection. It was followed by a series of admirable portraits, Lady Campbell of the same year being one of the best, and these were continued to the end. Between these the ground was richly grown with subject pictures and landscapes, "The Ornithologist" to wit, which had its charm in beautiful figures of women and children, "The Old Garden," and, towards the close, the impressive picture, "Speak, Speak," and the martyr figure of St. Stephen, painted when the gates of darkness were well-nigh closing upon the painter.

These are but a few of the many examples claiming recognition for Millais as that of a man whose message was not one at second-hand, but direct from the Fountain of Truth. Surely it is the grimmest form of censure that would condemn an artist with such a noble claim to heroism in his youth, and such undying power of high purpose to the end, because he showed some human weakness in turning aside for a while to the only chance which his country left of gaining the means to continue his struggle. Discouraging and dangerous as the retreat might have been, it was a matter of admiration that it had no destructive force on his permanent power.

CHAPTER XV

RETROSPECT

1897

In morals, as in art, saying is nothing, doing is all.—Renan.

God sometimes granteth unto a man to learn and to know how to make a thing, the like whereof in his day no other can contrive, and perhaps for a long time none hath been before him, and after him cometh another not soon.—Albert Dürer.

The earliest impulse in art was to present what recommended itself as fascinating and beautiful in the limner's eyes; but however strictly this was the aim of each workman, the representation that he made was always different from that of his fellow-artists, indeed each drawing, made by students in a modern school from the same model, differs from its neighbour; either human vision sees things with a bias, or the hand is directed diversely by the individual's nature who interprets it. Art, like astronomy, has its "personal equation." The human mind for good or for bad operates in all the hand portrays; if an artist suppresses his personal partialities for grace of form, putting aside the principle of selection, and, rejecting nothing which is ugly or confusing, he throws away that guiding spirit which alone advances to perfection, his work cannot progress in either grace or beauty. It is only by striving after the highest that the noblest service may be fulfilled. That this has been required of art since society was

systematised is proved by the manner in which she has been called upon to serve in the worship of the Unseen. But a danger to the artist, to the purpose of his work, and to the work itself, lurks in delight of the idea alone without care of the fulness and beauty of the form in which this is presented. All appeals to the strong emotions demand the representation of truth and beauty in the expression of its outward form. Without consummate treatment in this respect, the work gives only the ghost of a thought, for it may truly here be said, "The blood is the life." The Greek Church in its art has proved how deadness follows the pursuit of the mere exaltation of a starved truth; but in recognising this peril we must not ignore a no less certain danger which must overtake us when we abandon our ideal ambitions to make instead merely an external likeness of a fact—a danger none the less sordid when it is decked in sensuous splendour. Modern days show us so glaringly the limitations of this materialistic school, that we need not cite examples to prove the case. We have all seen in exhibitions, paintings whose fit home could be but in a collection of the lower types of creation in a physiological museum, and others suitable only to inspire horror in a Turkish harem. Millais was not a painter with a determined eclectic purpose, but his worship of Nature led him to love the intangible beauty she offers to them that can see. It may be said, notwithstanding his lapses from highest purpose, that he disdained polluted nature, and never, in order to win favour with the fevered sentimentalist, allowed his art to deal with the morbid. Surely it were preposterous to agree with what is flippantly said, that Pre-Raphaelitism had produced only trivial and transient results.

As regards the other member of our Body, whatever the full estimate of Rossetti's genius may be, there must be no belittling of his artistic power or of the influence he exercised over Morris and Burne-Jones. Beginning with them when they were far beyond the age for ordinary youths to enter upon the career of

art, he managed to bring them to such proficiency as painters that small trace was to be seen of the results of loss of boyish training. From small experimental beginnings Morris, allied with Madox Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Philip Webb, acting, as I have shown, upon an idea promulgated by Millais and myself twelve years earlier, gradually developed a system of ornamentation so royal and perfect in principle, that again the spirit of British taste, which had produced the old cathedrals, the rich wood carvings of varying types and ages, the choice embroideries, the gorgeous metal work of iron, gold and silver, the graceful fittings of old English homes, the exquisite Wedgwood ware, and the old Worcester and porcelain work, had been re-awakened. The vulgar ugliness of design introduced in the Regency days exemplified by the Brighton Pavilion and mahogany monstrosities of furniture now appeared to have received its death-blow. The new spirit did not stay its hand with this conquest, but when mature also overcame the modern Gothic introduced by the servile minds of Pugin, Barry, and Gilbert Scott. William Morris and his band did their work honestly and well; whether the world can duly appreciate and profit by the service will depend very greatly upon the influence of the press. If this be moved only by the constant love of new sensations and ceaseless hunger for foreign influence, as indeed may be somewhat feared, "sin lieth at the door," not of the artists, but at that of the men who occupy the post of leaders of public taste. Ten or fifteen years ago there could have been no hesitation on the part of any competent authority to decide that a most effectual and apparently permanent progress had been established in the forms and decorations of objects connected with our daily life. This had grown up, year by year, very slowly at first, from 1861 until the adoption of Morris's control and superintendence in house furnishing was regarded as a necessity for all aspiringly fashionable people, but, alas! it proved to be nothing but a game of follow-my-leader.

People who had felt themselves "Philistines," if they had not an interior supplied from Morris and Co., soon showed that they were merely obeying the passing craze of the season, and when his design was no longer a novelty they turned to other modes, sometimes of the most egregious baseness, extolling their last choice as much in advance of Morris, just as they had formerly compared his designs with their previous wall-paper patterns of realistic roses tied up with ill-designed ribbons and devices of equal triviality. It would indeed seem as though the reform in this respect had no lasting value; the clamour of tongues may indeed rule that the "New Art" has superseded Morris's designs and assume that the last phase of taste must be the best.

Another signal example of the benefit accruing to decorative design from minds versed in pictorial art is given by the achievements of William de Morgan in ceramic pottery, which in the branches it undertakes is of such exquisite character as to furnish a worthy equivalent to Italian and Spanish productions. The artist's chemical and scientific profundity enabled him to add to his beautiful forms metallic lustres of refined fascination such as never should be allowed to lapse for want of appreciation. Instability in the public taste, when an advance has really been made, is a deadly token of the failure of capacity for sound judgment in the wealthy classes, and destroys confidence among craftsmen that sacrifices such as Morris made to obtain the best results will be worthily rewarded.

I would also remind my readers of Woolner's worthiest achievements, for he undoubtedly gave an excellent example of a more finished and nervous treatment of marble than he found prevalent at the time; this was to be seen in his busts and sometimes in his whole-length figures. However much of mannerism may have been present in the mien and bearing of the heads, and in the occasional habit of enlarging the eyes, his workmanship must ever be looked upon as admirable. The heads of Tennyson, F. D. Maurice, Carlyle,

and Rajah Brooke must be regarded as fine examples of realisations and skilful carving. A small model of a girl at a well, striving to kiss a young brother writhing in her arms, was so graceful in line as to justify the belief that he would succeed in groups of poetic nature, if he had an opportunity of undertaking them. His statue of Sassoon sent to India was, as I remember it, truly admirable. The group he made for Sir Walter Trevelyan's hall at Wallington possesses fine points in sculpturesque form and finish.

The accusation of the ineffectiveness of our reform in art has compelled me to record first what should be known of the career of the active members of our Brotherhood, what they did by their own hands, or by their influence on others, and thus in turn I am compelled to speak of myself. I confess I cannot do so without expressing regret at the limited quantity of my own productions; the story I have told will explain how little this was within my control. I speak with the more hesitation because I am conscious that already incidents connected with my own experience have been largely dwelt upon in this book. In part, the temptation to such egoism has arisen from my own interest in the East, where I lived so long while the character of the people and their adaptability to the illustration of ancient history still existed. In other matters, the inclination to speak of myself has been induced from determination to be candid about the experiences of all native-born artists subject to the conditions of patronage in this country. I have hoped thus to enable the outside community of taste to decide how best to assist the labours of future men.

Life, as the years advance, becomes a more sacred trust, and it is of vital importance to decide that one's course is not undertaken without just consideration. I am persuaded that my decision to realise my purpose of painting in the East, at whatever cost it might be, was no rash one. It was certain that the time had come when others in the world

of thought besides myself were moved by the new spirit, which could not allow the highest of all interests to remain as an uninvestigated revelation. From the beginning of my attempt till this time many thinkers of various schools have devoted themselves to elucidate anew the history treated in the gospels, and the desire for further light cannot be quenched. The conviction I started with, that much of the teaching of Christ's life is lost by history being overlaid with sacerdotal gloss, is widely shared by others. The subjects I have treated have been few for the extent of time I have expended upon the pictures; but I console myself with the reflection that my object gave some degree of magnitude to the attempt, and that thus the lack of quantity may in the end not be taken altogether as a mark of incapacity or indolence. I have established my claim as a pioneer for English art in study of historic truth, which artists of other nations in their own ways have followed. I was told when it appeared about 1860, that Renan's "Vie de Jésus" would entirely destroy my understanding of the history in the gospels. I therefore felt it incumbent upon me to use the quiet my re-arrival in Jerusalem in 1869 gave me, to read the book. It was an exponent of the prevailing spirit of investigation, not only by comparison with records of the time, but also by reference to Eastern life as traced by a resident student in Syria. The failing of the book lay in its lack of imagination concerning the profundity and sublimity of the mind and purpose of Jesus; a mere provincial and enthusiastic dervish of modern type was made to figure in the place of the most unflinching proclaimer of truth and love.

To exercise original thought on sacred story must, it seems, ever be a *challenge* to the world. Carlyle, it will be remembered, saw in "The Light of the World" only a proclamation of ecclesiastical dogma, and so denounced it. Kingsley also very actively took up this cue. Thackeray at one time, for the same reason, was reserved, and

evidently suspected in me a degree of want of thought or of insincerity. In 1869 Ruskin blamed me as a supporter of absolute credulity. On the other hand, the extreme High Church party regarded my humanistic treatment of the life of Christ as wanting in reverence. Fortunately the unprejudiced public instinctively felt an interest in the attempt to make the story live as history, and their demand for engravings from my pictures induced the publishers to give me that support which enabled me to persevere; not, indeed, so soon or so thoroughly as I had desired, but after long waiting. In liberal quarters the clergy distinctly gave their approval to my purpose, for they did not fail to see that my work was done with reverence, yet none of these were powerful enough to commission me to paint any picture in a church.

"The Finding of Christ in the Temple" passed into the collection of Mr. Charles Mathews, and when his pictures were dispersed at his death Messrs. Agnew purchased it. The establishment of permanent art galleries in provincial towns had now made a home for pictures not suitable for ordinary living rooms. The Liverpool community purchased my Jerusalem painting of "The Triumph of the Innocents."[1] Mr. J. T. Middlemore, M.P., recognised the fitness of my picture for the Gallery of his native city, and, as has been already recorded, taxed his generosity to secure it. "The Shadow of Death" had been similarly presented to Manchester by Sir William Agnew.

The suspicion of certain thinkers that "The Light of the World" was painted to support the Puseyite movement had no justification.

Mr. Combe, to whom the picture belonged, had, with Mrs. Combe, from the Littlemore days a loving friendship for Dr. Newman, who had first introduced them to one another. This perhaps gradually led them to acquiesce in the degree of ritualism at the Church of St. Barnabas,

[1] The larger replica is still the property of Mr. Middlemore.

which they had built and endowed. The clerical circle at St. Barnabas were not so tolerant towards my broader views as Mr. and Mrs. Combe, and declined my offer to design and superintend some decorations, and to paint some figures on its walls myself. The good "Squire" had, from his first acquisition of pictures, declared that they should eventually go to one of the University Galleries; but when all were mourning his death on the day of his burial, Mrs. Combe, moved by impulse of sacrifice, used her prerogative to give the picture to Keble College. Mr. Butterfield, the architect, decided that its proportions were too small to be a feature in the architecture of the chapel chancel. I objected to the proposal that it should be placed on an easel, or in the sacristy as too dark a chamber, and so for some years it was secluded from the public in the private rooms of the college. It was then proposed that it should be placed in the library. I met Mr. Butterfield to see the place suggested. Demurring to its darkness, I was obliged further to protest, because underneath the spot there ran hot-air pipes, sending up blasts of heat through the open screen, which, passing over the picture, would ruin it.

The offer was then made to seal up the pipes with boards hermetically. As time pressed I agreed, with caution to the officials to guard against any injury that might still arise. The prejudice of the narrower High Church party against my conception of the subject disturbed my participation in Mrs. Combe's confidence as to the authorities' sympathy with the picture.

When in 1886 the painting was lent for exhibition in London, its condition was truly lamentable, the surface being shrivelled up by long-continued heat. Regarding this as an accident which would be regretted by Keble College as much as by myself, I with great pains and expenditure of time restored it before its return.

Both before and after the death of Mrs. Combe, having frequent reasons to doubt the safety of the work, I eventually undertook the subject in a second painting of life size.

This I had on hand for several years. To guard the replica against being shut up from the public or subject to any private caprice, I imposed conditions upon its sale.

When it was on exhibition in Bond Street, the bursar of Keble College appeared and declared to all present that the facts of the College treatment of the picture as given in the pamphlet then issued were incorrect, and that the artist knew it to be so. The next day the following letter from Dr. Lock, the Warden, was published in *The Times* :—

Keble College and "The Light of the World."

To The Editor of "The Times"

Sir—I feel sure that you will, out of your sense of justice, allow me to claim some space in your columns in order to justify the Keble College authorities from the aspersions made upon them in your columns on Monday last with reference to their treatment of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." I make no complaint against the writer of the article in question ; he has evidently relied upon the note issued at the Exhibition of the new "Light of the World" by the Fine Arts Society, and he might naturally expect such a note to be authoritative. But, as I have to-day been reading through all the correspondence upon the subject, I do not hesitate to say that that note is so full of perversions of fact and of unjust insinuations that it ought to be withdrawn from publication.

Allow me to relate the facts :—

1. In 1872 Mrs. Combe offered the picture to the Keble College Council on condition that it should be placed in the College chapel, which was at that time being designed by Mr. Butterfield, and was to be erected at the expense of a private donor, Mr. William Gibbs of Tyntesfield. The Council consulted the donor and the architect, and pressed upom them the advisability of modifying the designs so as to include the picture in the structure. Both donor and architect were quite clear that the plans were too far advanced for any change, and that, great as were the merits of the picture, it was not of a piece with the whole tone and treatment of the rest of the chapel, and therefore they refused to consent to any alteration, leaving the Council free to place it anywhere in the completed

chapel (*e.g.* on an easel in the chapel or in the vestry), if it should seem desirable. As soon as the chapel was finished, these alternatives were considered, but it was seen at once that none of them would give sufficient light to do justice to the picture, and it was decided to put it into the library. Mrs. Combe expressed her "entire acquiescence" in this proposal, and Mr. Holman Hunt wrote to Mrs. Combe: "It seems to me a very wise decision that has been made. I quite agree that the proportions of the church itself are too large to afford a fitting niche for the picture. . . . In the sacristy the light and space are not enough for our picture."

2. For nearly twenty years the picture hung in the library, and in order to do it honour we had Mr. Ruskin's description of its symbolism printed and hung up by it. But it is complained that it was placed in such a position that, through the proximity of a hot flue, it was seriously damaged. With regard to this, some damage was perhaps due to the hot-water pipes beneath the picture, but I have little doubt that the damage is greatly exaggerated in the note, and it ought to be known that Mr. Holman Hunt was himself consulted as to the position chosen, and that the Council carried out the one suggestion which he made, that a covering should be placed over the hot-water pipes at that part.

3. In 1894 we were enabled, by the munificence of Mrs. Combe, to build a side-chapel. Here at last we had a place appropriate for the picture, and it was at once transferred thither; a stately frame was designed for it, and it was placed on a swinging hinge, so that visitors can always move it to catch the right light. The note says that it was placed in the new frame "without the title, and bearing a different and totally inappropriate text." These statements are absolutely untrue; the original gilt frame has never been touched; it has been set entire in an oaken frame; the title is there still, as well as the original text, the same which Mr. Holman Hunt has repeated in his new picture.

The note further adds that the picture was refused for public exhibition at the Guildhall. We have had so many applications that the picture may be exhibited elsewhere that we have been obliged to make a rule against it; but, as a matter of fact, when, in 1899, application was made that it might be exhibited in the Guildhall, the Council set aside its rule and gave consent, but the proposal was vetoed by Mr. Holman Hunt himself.

"The artist," we are told, "was driven to the conclusion that his work was permanently hidden from the world." Hidden

from the world! Did the artist make that complaint when his picture was the private property of Mr. Combe, and could only be seen by his private friends? Why make it now, when for five hours every week-day in the year the whole world can, on payment of a small fee, have access to the picture, and when every visitor to it receives a printed copy of Mr. Ruskin's description of it? The artist, no doubt, would prefer that no fee should be charged. We too should prefer it; but to prevent harm to the picture it must be in the care of a servant, and it can scarcely be expected that an unendowed college should be charged with this expense. The artist is kind enough to admit that since my appointment as Warden the picture has been treated with greater consideration. But I have no right to claim this praise; the transference of the picture to the chapel was made by my predecessor, Dr. Wilson, and all correspondence shows that Dr. Talbot was as proud of the picture and as anxious to do it justice as either Dr. Wilson or myself.

4. The note states that the picture was not regarded favourably by the authorities of Keble College, and insinuates that it was "presumably on religious grounds"; and your article explains this by suggesting that they thought "the picture too liberal in meaning." I confess that I entirely fail to understand what is meant by such an assertion, but, as the picture never has been regarded unfavourably, it is not worth while to consider the motives. Our one aim has been to treat the picture with all honour; our College was founded in the belief that the subject of the painting is the Light of all mankind; the picture, whether in the library or in the chapel, has helped many of us to a stronger faith and a greater confidence in that Light guiding us in our studies; it has, I believe, inspired some of our members to take part in spreading that Light throughout the world; and we welcome with unmixed pleasure the news that Mr. Holman Hunt has produced a replica, and that Mr. Booth is going to send it for exhibition through the Colonies, in the hope that it may have something of the same influence there as the original has had here.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

WALTER LOCK (Warden).

KEBLE COLLEGE, *March* 22, 1904.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES"

SIR—I have to ask you to extend your well-proved courtesy in permitting me to make some observations upon a letter that was published in your columns of March 24 from the Warden

of Keble. In a printed notice issued at a recent exhibition of my replica of the picture "The Light of the World," I gave some reasons why I painted this replica. But as I understood that these remarks were disapproved of by the Warden of Keble, and at the request of those who were conducting the Exhibition, I consented to their removal from the Catalogue, as I had no wish to revive an ancient controversy. The Warden of Keble College has, however, by the statements in his letter, left me no option but to reply.

The original picture was hung in proximity to some hot-water pipes and, as I have been informed, there was also a flue behind it. I do not, of course, impute to the authorities that they tried to destroy the picture, but when it came to my studio it was very severely damaged with blisters, and in parts the paint had scaled off. The Warden says, "he has little doubt that the damage is greatly exaggerated." This is an airy way of dismissing the subject, and hardly very gracious, considering that it took me four or five weeks' labour to repair the injury, time which I gave gratuitously, the cost of relining the picture being defrayed by Mrs. Combe. The injury might have been arrested if the authorities of the College had caused the picture to be occasionally inspected by an expert, but I do not think they were aware of its condition, or saw much difference when it was returned. Its state, however, can be vouched for by several persons now living, and is not a matter on which any doubt can exist.

In my note I stated that "when the chapel was built the picture was placed there, but in a new frame, without the title, and bearing a different and totally inappropriate text." This statement is designated by the Warden, with more directness than courtesy, as "absolutely untrue." In fact, however, when I heard of the new frame, and the absurdly inappropriate text upon it, I journeyed to Oxford to protest, and I saw the frame and text myself,[1] and remonstrated with the late Warden. The matter does not rest there; other persons saw it also, and their testimony corroborates mine. The frame and text were afterwards removed, and the former frame restored. As to my complaint that the picture is not sufficiently accessible, the Warden says that a fee is necessary, as "it can hardly be expected that an unendowed college should be charged with the expense of showing it." He adds, "the artist no doubt would prefer that no fee should be charged." I must say I should prefer it. When

[1] The text substituted for "Behold I stand at the door and knock," etc., etc., was, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Seek, and ye shall find."

the picture was given to Keble, still more when the generous donor, my early friend, further bequeathed £1500 towards building a chapel for it, I had hoped it would have been accessible to poor as well as rich. It is, perhaps, unlikely the Warden and I shall agree on this matter. But one of my reasons for painting the replica was the hope that it would be accessible to all, and, thanks to the public spirit of another donor, I believe that this hope will eventually be realised. When the picture was the private property of Mr. Combe no charge was made for its exhibition. It was shown freely, and was lent for long months to the Royal Academy, the Paris, and other Exhibitions.

I regret that the few words of explanation I wrote should have given rise to this controversy. I have no wish to prolong it. I am willing to believe the professions of the Warden that the authorities now value the picture, and I hope that they may be induced some day to exhibit it without charge, in the same way as other Colleges allow the masterpieces in their possession to be seen without exacting any remuneration.—I am, yours,

W. Holman Hunt.

18 Melbury Road.

To The Editor of "The Times"

Sir—Mr. Holman Hunt so willingly admits that the Keble College authorities now value "The Light of the World" that I agree with him in wishing not to prolong this controversy.

It is, however, fair both to himself and to myself, to explain the point on which we seem to be in direct contradiction, I mean the statement that the picture was placed in the chapel without its title, and with the addition of an inappropriate text.

Mr. Holman Hunt has himself supplied the link which explains the contradiction. The original statement that the picture was so placed in the chapel, gave the impression that that was the condition of the picture during the ten years that it has been placed there; and this I was sure was entirely untrue.

Mr. Holman Hunt now adds that the offending frame and text were afterwards removed; he is therefore referring to the first frame, which was designed for the picture when it was transferred to the chapel. This, however, was disliked by the late Warden, as well as by Mr. Holman Hunt, and was in the chapel for so very short a time (I think not more than a very few weeks) that it had entirely escaped my memory. Mr. Holman Hunt says this had no title and a different text; in this it is possible

that he is right. I at least have no recollection of the frame sufficient to make me doubt his word; and as it was at once condemned as unsatisfactory, the point is unimportant to the main issue of my letter.—I am, yours respectfully,

WALTER LOCK.

KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD, *March* 31.

I had no reason after this handsome retraction to prolong the correspondence.

The Right Honourable Charles Booth bought the picture. Sympathising with my desire (suggested by Lady Loch, the widow of the late Governor at the Cape) that it should be seen in the Transvaal, and finally presented to a public gallery, he transcended the original proposal by generously determining in true imperial spirit that the picture should be exhibited throughout the realm, and eventually be presented to the Tate Gallery where it should never be secluded from the public.

I have still to defend our movement against the charge of being ephemeral, and to sum up its claims.

It would be impossible to follow the tale of enchanting works in painting and in decoration which unchartered Pre-Raphaelites, candidly professing influence from our example, contributed to its honour.

My assertion as to Brown's relation to us in no way modifies his claim to having been the painter of many pictures which will ever touch the hearts of mankind and will always add to the reputation of British genius. The increasing conversion of art lovers to his merits is now, alas, too late for the country's full benefit from it.

The cruelty of the world towards poor Chatterton, whose only offence was that he asked to be heard as a poet under a feigned name, will never henceforth be remembered without recognition of Henry Wallis the painter, who first so pathetically excited pity for his fate in his picture of the death of the hapless boy.

I must also remind readers of many exquisite poems

painted by Arthur Hughes, transcribed from human life during the last fifty years.

Windus also for many years added to the toll of poetic scenes ere he put by the brush.

The list might be greatly amplified, but it should be enough to silence the detractors of our reform. I am persuaded that had not the hue and cry against Pre-Raphaelitism been so blindly savage and so general, such tardy patronage would not have been extended to our works ; had it been otherwise, many more pictures, both by my hands and those of others, would vindicate the power of our principles.

It is far from my purpose in distinguishing the different manners and varying priority of artists who joined in our movement to determine the relative artistic merits of each. But it has been seen that William Rossetti is followed by many in taking my laudation of his brother as a support to his theory that Gabriel was "the leader" and true representative of the original purpose of Millais and myself. With misreading of evidence and long possession of the public ear which he and his followers have enjoyed ; and by means of a multitude of publications great and small, they have led the world to assume that Rossetti's priority could not be disputed, and that his type of work was a true representation of original Pre-Raphaelite intentions.

It did not seem possible that this confusion could occur when I paid my tributes to Rossetti's merits, for I wished to prove that Pre-Raphaelite rivalry could bear no trace of envy. It was not then necessary to dwell upon the circumstances marking his estrangement from us ; I was not called upon in my panegyric to indicate the dates and character of his progressive steps in design and workmanship, nor how these compared with those of other Pre-Raphaelite workers. At that time so many were alive who knew the facts, that the shadowy pretensions of Rossetti's priority were not worthy to be taken into account. The case is now altered. In

The Tracer.

writing the History of Pre-Raphaelitism I must correct erroneous conclusions from any source, yet I would protest against my delimitation of Rossetti's claims being taken as a withdrawal of my testimony to his independent excellence. In disproving all right to leadership for him, it must not be assumed that I fail to acknowledge the distinction which, in its degree, his genius brought to our cause ; and I must maintain that his training in my studio had a lasting influence upon the spirit of his mode of expression. This apprenticeship gave his art an actuality without some degree of which all painting is characterless and unpersuasive, particularly so when of revivalist temper. Our methods of work, however, had serious results on our output. After going apart on our several ways Rossetti began to depend more and more on the practice of making separate studies of the parts of his pictures, while this habit decreased with Millais and myself. Our experience told us that in determining the character of heads and all parts of the figure in a complicated composition, it was of vital importance to have all the surrounding parts of the design in sight, and that studies on detached paper could not be conducted with this advantage. The parts separately studied when transferred to the canvas proved to be irresponsive to the rest, and so with independent emotion for each part, the whole seemed to be, in our judgment, too spectacular in aspect. We therefore settled the exact pose of the heads, and other parts of the composition on the canvas itself, hence our isolated drawings were made only under exceptional circumstances. The loss was an obvious one, for when an improvement was resolved upon, the previous work had to be rubbed out, instead of adding to the number of our productions. Rossetti, indeed, unaffected by such conviction, grew to love the stateliness of scenes so arranged, and increased his practice of drawing preliminary studies until he made complete cartoons for his projected subjects ; thereby multiplying his designs very liberally. With this he developed a facility in drawing which tended to an amplitude of pose and form, such as

in his earlier days he would have avoided as belonging to art over-luxurious in manner.

In my *Contemporary* articles of 1886 on Pre-Raphaelitism, I felt the difficulty of ignoring the reiterated declaration by the two nominal members that our Body consisted of seven. It is undeniable that, after Millais had agreed that Gabriel should be a third member, Collinson, Woolner, and W. Rossetti were proposed as additions. Thereupon, fearing indefinite extension, by proposing Stephens I limited the full number to seven. William Rossetti, appropriately for the time, was made secretary of the tentative society.

The hope that the body would fulfil our expectations in the course of a year or two gradually waned. The new members soon made it evident that the only part of our combination which they enjoyed was the pleasantness of our Bohemian meetings. When the original members looked askance at the non-appearance of work by the inactive ones, the latter could see nothing wanting except in the character of the original rules, and proposed revision; further suggesting that each member should draw up a statement of his understanding of the objects of Pre-Raphaelitism. This constituted an overt admission that they had not understood our purpose from the beginning. Confidence between us as to art problems ceased, although we still personally remained cordial to one another: the honorary secretary soon gave up all efforts to become a painter. Indeed, it may be added, it was too late in life for him to undertake the necessary studies. He has said that he is destitute of the gift of genius; but the sonnet on the cover of *The Germ*, which ends with the line, "Truth is a circle, perfect, great or small," goes far to disprove this too-modest disclaimer. His other sonnet, "The Evil under the Sun," witnesses to his large pity for the oppressed, and when the tyranny of Pio Nono in the Papal States is remembered, the poem will be removed from the category of youthful outbursts which proclaim that whatever is, is wrong. It was fraternal modesty that

made him give up the pursuit of poetry. Genius, like every other possibility for man, claims cultivation, and this cultivation W. M. Rossetti forewent by consideration of circumstances that his brother might have the better opportunity. Who shall say that to write sonorous, well thought out, and perfectly adjusted verse is nobler than to live and walk through life with sincerity and generous unselfishness? But while I admire the self-sacrifice of my old friend, I cannot be a party to his endorsement of his brother's pretensions, or to his advocacy of his father-in-law, Madox Brown's priority in example. His fraternal and filial devotion have made him assume that their previous work was truly representative of Pre-Raphaelitism, and have led him to misapprehend the significance of the circumstances of our early days. His prestige as the secretary of our experimental society has spread abroad a misunderstanding of the true nature of our purpose, which, if left uncorrected, would be matter of much greater moment than any confusion of our relative personal claims could be.

In making my final pronouncement on the real value of current traditions, I feel that I must put aside my hesitation to controvert men with whom I still have the memory of an early and sacred friendship. A more complete scrutiny of the course they pursued is therefore necessary, and the investigation will show how damaging to the real workers were the results from their incorporation with us. Indeed, we were not long in discovering that our dream for the reform of art could be fulfilled only by the energies of independent allies. I must however forewarn readers that this research will involve a return to many early circumstances, so that those indifferent to such survey may decide not to proceed further.

The following letter from M. de la Sizeranne will show how widely established is the romantic fable, and how necessary it is to take radical means to examine the value of the different witnesses on whose evidence the fallacy rests. In acknowledging his courtesy in sending me

proofs of an article on the P.R.B. in the *Revue des deux mondes*, I pointed out that it would be incumbent on me to controvert his main theory about the initiative of our movement. He replied thus :—

Château de Marges,
. . . . .
Drôme. 24 *octobre.*

Monsieur—J'ai lu, avec le plus grand intérêt, la très aimable et très intéressante lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'adresser à propos de mon article sur *La Peinture Anglaise contemporaine : ses origines pre-raphaelites.* Voulez-vous me permettre, en vous en remerciant, de vous soumettre les raisons pour lesquelles j'ai cru devoir à Madox Brown, dans le mouvement pre-raphaelite, la part initiale contre laquelle vous protestez ?

Vous trouvez en effet que je lui ai fait une part trop grande, et vous m'informez d'abord qu'il ne fut que *nominalement* le maître de Rossetti, ensuite qu'il n'a jamais été sollicité d'entrer dans la Brotherhood, enfin que ses œuvres caractéristiques ont suivi, et non précédé, celles de la P.R.B. et qu'en particulier *Work* n'a été commencé qu'en 1852.

Sur le premier point, qui est purement une question de fait—un fait qui remonte presque à cinquante ans—j'ai dû, naturellement, suivre les témoignages des historiens du mouvement pre-raphaelite et de ceux qui y'ont pris part—or, j'ai d'autant moins suspecté ces témoignages qu'ils sont nombreux, désintéressés et parfaitement concordants. Voici en effet ce que je lis dans les mémoires de votre ami W. Bell Scott, t. i. p. 287 : "M. Ford Madox Brown came in, to whom I found Rossetti had been indebted for some lessons generously afforded. *This he acknowledged with much effusion.*" Voilà donc Rossetti lui-même qui témoigne. Et y aurait-il eu "much effusion," si l'enseignement de Rossetti avait été purement nominal ? Je lis dans le livre de Sharp : "M. F. Madox Brown, to whom the young artist (Rossetti) was ever through life willing to admit his early indebtedness,"—et plus loin, à propos du *Chaucer* : "A work, apart from its other great merits, remarkable for being the painter's *first attempt in sunlight* ; and from witnessing such work as this *no doubt in part grew the impulse* of protest against artificial methods that *afterwards* animated the young painters known as pre-raphaelities." Je lis dans Knight : "The movement which had been, in fact, *anticipated* by Madox Brown" ; et encore : "He (Madox Brown)

did more to influence the P.R.B. than any others." Je trouve, dans Sharp déjà cité, cette opinion : "If Rossetti be considered the father of Pre-Raphaelitism, Madox Brown may be considered its grandfather." Chez Esther Wood, cette autre opinion : "Soon came Madox Brown to encourage their tentative efforts, and to aid them (the P.R.B.) both with *practical* and *friendly instruction*." Chez M. Harry Quilter, cette affirmation : "I must show clearly by the consideration of Madox Brown's own painting and the records of his own words how *irresistible is the evidence* that he was, *in all but name*, the real founder and leader of the P.R.B. movement, the inspirer, as well as the teacher." Enfin, pour revenir à un témoin direct, immédiat, à un membre de la Brotherhood, je lis chez M. F. G. Stephens, P.R.B. : "Nevertheless, there can be *no doubt whatever* that to Brown's guidance and example, we owe the better part of Rossetti as a painter *per se*" (*Portfolio*, May 1894). En réduisant l'éducation de Rossetti par Brown à quelque chose de nul et de *purement nominal*, vous exprimez donc une idée nouvelle, une thèse imprévue, qui viendra démentir tout ce que vos compatriotes et, entres autres, vos anciens confrères ont écrit sur la matière. Je lirai les développements de cette thèse avec le plus vif intérêt, mais jusqu'à ce qu'elle se soit fait accepter, ce n'est pas moi seul qui suis "quite misinformed," c'est tout le monde. Sur le second point, qui est également un point de fait, c'est-à-dire la question de savoir si Madox Brown a été sollicité de faire partie de la Brotherhood, j'ai dû également suivre les témoignages nombreux et concordants que j'ai trouvés dans les livres. Ainsi M. Knight dit : "The only cause of his (Madox Brown) not becoming a member of the Brotherhood was his disbelief in the advantages of clique." M. Sharp écrit : "M. Ford Madox Brown, *it is well known*, refused membership on the ground of scepticism as to the utility of coteries." Le catalogue de la "National Gallery," de 1894, s'exprime ainsi : "Madox Brown refused to be enrolled as a member of the little clique," et M. Walter Armstrong de la sorte : "Madox Brown expressly declined membership on general disbelief in its utility." Enfin, M. G. F. Stephens, que j'ai dû croire bien placé pour savoir ce qui passait dans la Confrérie, puisqu'il en était, a écrit : "Naturally enough, Brown was *solicited* to become a Brother, but he, chiefly because of the rude principle which for a time was adopted by the other painters, declined to join the Society. . . ." (G. F. Stephens. *Portfolio*, May 1894.)

Assurément, Monsieur, je ne cite pas tous ces témoignages pour les préférer, si nombreux soient-ils, à celui de l'auteur du *Light of the World*, mais simplement pour établir que vôtre

épithète "*quite misinformed*" s'applique à tous les historiens du Pre-Raphaelitism et, en particulier, à M. G. F. Stephens, P.R.B.

Aussi bien, ce ne sont là que des questions historiques, moins importantes que la question esthétique, ou je ne vous opposerai d'autre témoignage que le vôtre, persuadé qu'au fond nous sommes du même avis. Assurément les P.R.B. ne se sont pas de l'abord inspirés de *Work*, mais je n'ai point parlé de *Work* dans mon article, et, pour qu'il ne puisse y avoir aucun doute, bien que je le connusse, je n'en ai même pas prononcé le nom. J'ai parlé des cartons de Westminster. Or ceux-ci auraient beaucoup impressionné les futurs P.R.B. Vos souvenirs en font foi : "I had been content to see M. Madox Brown's works at Westminster Hall with great silent recognition of the genius in the picture of *Harold*, but Rossetti with more leisure had taken the pains to find him." (William Holman Hunt. "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. A Fight for Art." *Contemporary Review.*)

Dans votre lettre, vous qualifiez cette œuvre de "wild" et de "grotesque." Je ne le conteste nullement, mais précisément, auriez-vous employé ces mêmes expressions s'il s'était agi du tableau correctement vulgaire d'un académicien de 1880 ? Et ce "mannerism" que vous signalez dans *Parisina*, était-ce le style alors en vogue en Angleterre ? Cette *Justice* "comical" encore que "distinctly clever" était-elle conçue comme on concevait alors un tableau sous Maclise ou Mulready ? Non assurément. . . .

ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE.

The writer, it is seen, perfectly justified his assumptions by adducing evidence from the authors who have written on the subject, who, by their corroboration of one another, could not but convey the impression accepted by him. Unfortunately these various contributors to history are not independent witnesses, as they at first appear to be, but are dependent for their information on the "Brown-Rossetti" centre, and wrote under the influence of the same prepossession as these so-called "original members" themselves, wholly disregarding, or possibly wholly ignorant of the facts established by the dates I have given. As I confine my extracts to that part of M. de la Sizeranne's letter concerning his own justification, I ought to state that he concludes with polite encomiums upon Millais and myself.

M. de la Sizeranne could not, of course, be expected to know the relative values of the writers he quotes. Two of them only have any sort of original value, Mr. W. Bell Scott and Mr. F. G. Stephens. The others derive their knowledge from more or less acquaintance-ship with Rossetti, or from the printed writings of Mr. W. M. Rossetti. Mr. Knight would be the last to claim for his casual pronouncement on Rossetti any authority as a critic of art. Mr. Sharp's accuracy of statement and perception will be referred to later, his personal knowledge of Rossetti was confined to his later years, and his only importance is that of reporting the legend current in the Rossetti circle at a time when we and others pursuing the original idea had long ago marked our separation from the mediævalism which Rossetti had confused with Pre-Raphaelitism. The other writers cited have no first-hand knowledge of the facts or persons at all, and their accuracy may be judged of by an extract from the work of one of the most responsible among them (Mr. Cook's excellent handbook to the National Gallery).

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the head of the romantic movement in modern English poetry and of the Pre-Raphaelite movement in English painting, was born in London, the son of Gabriel Rossetti—an Italian patriot and commentator upon Dante, who was at the time Professor of Italian at King's College. Like all the members of his family, young Rossetti had innate taste and interest in art, but in the direction which his art took—Gothic instead of Classic—he was the outcome of English influence. He never doubted, says his friend, Mr. Holman Hunt, of his call to exceptional effort in life, and from the time when he was not more than nineteen or twenty he began to exercise a powerful influence on many of the foremost minds in art and literature of the time, such as Mr. W. Morris, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. G. Meredith. He was the leading spirit in the little band comprising, beside himself, his brother, W. M. Rossetti, Millais, Woolner, J. Collinson, and F. G. Stephens—who associated themselves under the name of "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." To the general public, however, he was little known as a poet until 1870, when his poems and

ballads were published—or as a painter till the year after his death, when a collection of his works were exhibited at Burlington House—for he lived almost as a recluse and seldom exhibited pictures. From eight to fifteen he was at King's College School. He then studied art . . . in the studio of Ford Madox Brown. In 1849 he exhibited his first oil picture, "The Girlhood of the Virgin," and in the following year he painted "Ancilla Domini." His picture is admirably illustrative in its simplicity of the aims of the Pre-Raphaelite School, whilst at the same time it is wholly free from the affections peculiar to Rossetti which characterise his later works. Upon the originality of thought displayed in this picture Mr. Holman Hunt has expressed himself thus:—(Here follows a quotation from my Chelsea address.)

Mr. Cook, it will be seen, mixes up men associated broadly together in aim, who never met till seven years or so after the initiation of our reform.

The quotation from Mr. Bell Scott should certainly not be read as an isolated passage, for the next page of his book (288) gives the number of the lessons so generously afforded by Ford Madox Brown. In Rossetti's own words, "He set me to fag at some still-life drawing and painting both; but I could not stand that kind of thing, and *after a time or two* gave it up, began the picture beside Hunt, and there you saw me." Rossetti's enunciation of the fewness of times that he worked under Brown was undoubtedly an exaggeration, yet his first youthful and just gratitude for Brown's offer was quite properly not limited in expression by his inability fully to take advantage of it. Surely, if ever obligation approached the "purely nominal," it was that which closed at such an elementary stage, and which was succeeded by a course which brought about the completion of Rossetti's first painting and which directed him to a new spirit of design.

It is enough, however, to point to the plain facts which show that Millais and I could not have been in 1848 the followers of a young man of whom we scarcely knew, who only some months afterwards I was teaching to paint, and helping day by day, or that we could be the

disciples of a painter whose tuition "after a time or two" my pupil had given up, and whom we did not then know. But I must now account for the growth of the legend we so long allowed to pass almost unquestioned.

The rumours of Rossetti's leadership in our reform, which I have hitherto reported as coming to our ears, were first circulated about 1856, but these were not traceable to any one with a right to claim authority, and neither Millais nor I regarded them as deserving attention. We still felt this, even after Ruskin had delivered his opinion in one of his Oxford lectures, "I believe Rossetti's name should be placed first on the list of men, within my own range of knowledge, who have raised and changed the spirit of modern art, raised in absolute attainment, changed in direction of temper." And again: "Rossetti was the chief intellectual force in the establishment of the Modern Romantic School in England." (A statement by the way which applies to Rossetti as a writer.)

We heard of this only at second-hand, and as we both felt that the author had arrived at his conviction on independent grounds, he was in his just province as a critic in forming his opinion, and we were the last men called upon to remonstrate. The case is different now that W. M. Rossetti has repeatedly declared his brother to be our leader, in writings which inadvertently reveal his want of knowledge as to the real inspiration of Pre-Raphaelitism. Hence we must scrutinise the evidence. When asserting, for example, that his brother always assumed the place of priority in every company, he altogether ignores the teaching and help which Gabriel acquired from my guidance and constant attention during the progress of "The Girlhood of the Virgin." I must remind my readers of what has been already said, that he certainly could not, without my supervision, have had any painting ready for exhibition in 1849. W. M. Rossetti's opinion of his brother's priority is supported by F. G. Stephens, and the strength of their double testimony reflected on all hands may be gathered from M. de la

Sizeranne's letter already quoted. The foundation of the whole theory seems to have been a letter of Ruskin's published by William Rossetti, who introduces it in the following terms. Perhaps the first portion of the letter which is "torn off" would have enlightened us still more.

The letter from which I here give an extract is woefully torn. The first portion evidently replies to something that Rossetti had written regarding Millais and Hunt, and regarding his own subject of modern life in the picture called "Found," which work he was now inclined to lay aside on the ground that Hunt in his picture "The Awakened Conscience" (begun and finished at a date later than the beginning of "Found") had been treating a modern subject of somewhat similar bearing.

Ruskin's Reply to Gabriel's Letter

Geneva, *June* 15, 1854.

I know that, so far from being envious of them, you are thoroughly happy in their success; but yet you feel that there is as much in you as in them, and you have a kind of gnawing pain at not standing side by side with them. You feel as if it were not worth while now to bring out your modern subjects as Hunt has done his first. Now as to the suggestion of the power which there is in modern life if honestly treated, I firmly believe that to whomsoever it may belong in priority of time, it belongs to all three of you rightly in right of possession. I think that you, Hunt, and Millais would, every one of you, have made the discovery without assistance or suggestion from the other. One might be quicker or slower than another, and I suppose that actually you were the first who did it. But it would have been impossible for men of such eyes and hearts as Millais and Hunt to walk the streets of London, or watch the things that pass each day, and not to discover also what there was in them—something to be shown and painted.

This letter offers the first piece of published evidence emanating distinctly from Gabriel himself for claim of "leadership" in any respect. The suggestion that my picture of "The Awakened Conscience" was anticipated in idea by the design of "Found" (for W. M. Rossetti asserts

that the former was "begun and finished at a later date than the beginning of 'Found'") seems to convey a charge of plagiarism on my part, so it is needful to enter into the exact facts of the evolution of my design.

Rossetti, it is obvious, assumes that he was the originator of the general motive of pity for the fallen embodied in "The Awakened Conscience." It may be remembered that in 1850, outraged with the difficulties of working from ever-changing foliage in Sevenoaks Park, he returned to our lodgings and set to work on a design from *Philip van Artevelde*.

> Sang mouth of neither wife nor maid
> To heart of neither maid nor wife;
> Lead we not here a jolly life,
> Between the sunshine and the shade.

The embodiment of the idea proved so far difficult that he gave up the unfinished drawings, and we heard no more at that time of the subject. When "The Light of the World" was on my easel at Chelsea in 1851, it occurred to me that my spiritual subject called for a material counterpart in a picture representing in actual life the manner in which the appeal of the spirit of heavenly love calls a soul to abandon a lower life. In reading *David Copperfield* I had been deeply touched by the pathos of the search by old Peggotty after little Emily, when she had become an outcast, and I went about to different haunts of fallen girls to find a locality suitable for the scene of the old mariner's pursuing love. My object was not to illustrate any special incident in the book, but to take the suggestion of the loving seeker of the fallen girl coming upon the object of his search. I spoke freely of this intended subject, but, while cogitating upon the broad intention, I reflected that the instinctive eluding of pursuit by the erring one would not coincide with the willing conversion and instantaneous resolve for a higher life which it was necessary to emphasise.

While recognising this, I fell upon the text in Proverbs,

"As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart." These words, expressing the unintended stirring up of the deeps of pure affection by the idle sing-song of an empty mind, led me to see how the companion of the girl's fall might himself be the unconscious utterer of a divine message. In scribbles I arranged the two figures to present the woman recalling the memory of her childish home, and breaking away from her gilded cage with a startled holy resolve, while her shallow companion still sings on, ignorantly intensifying her repentant purpose.

I explained my rough design to my good friend Augustus Egg amongst others, and shortly after he told me that Mr. Thomas Fairbairn had been greatly interested in the thought, and had expressed a desire that I should paint the picture for him.

I gladly undertook the commission. I cannot distinctly remember that I told Rossetti of all these fluctuations of thought, although it would have been natural to do so. It never struck me that these ideas had anything to do with Rossetti's relinquished mediæval design. He had not been the first to represent a girl saddened by the thought of her folly, for Millais had done two or three pen-and-ink designs illustrating unconsecrated passion in modern life. Hogarth, Greuze, Northcote, and many others had treated the theme in moods widely differing, and I never suspected that Rossetti could claim a monopoly in the expression of piteous sympathy for the victim of folly. But he seems soon to have set to work to complete his illustration to *Philip van Artevelde*, and by way of publishing his claim, inscribed the margin with the declaration that the design had been commenced in 1850 and completed in 1853, and that it was given by him to his P.R. brother, F. G. Stephens. This was three years after we had, for good reason, given up the use of the monogram.

Ruskin's letter is of the more importance, as it dates the beginning of Rossetti's new pretensions, and coincides

with Woolner's report of Rossetti's claim that he was the leader in our reform, which provoked Woolner's ridicule, and so caused the final separation between them.

In 1851 Millais had painted his century-seasoned wall in "The Huguenot." Up to 1853 Rossetti had not done anything in strict accordance with our exact study of out-door nature. He had not attempted hitherto to give the truth at first-hand to such accessories. The first indication of such a desire is in a letter to his mother, then staying at Frome, which shows a sudden resolve to follow Nature without any compromise in the details of his picture of "Found":—

LETTER TO HIS MOTHER

September 30, 1853.

Have you or Christina any recollection of an eligible and accessible brick wall? I should want to set up and paint it early in the mornings, as the light ought to be that of dawn. It should be not too countrified (yet beautiful in colour), as it is to represent a city wall. A certain modicum of moss would therefore be admissible, but no prodigality of grass, weeds, ivy, etc. . . . I suppose Christina's pictorial eye will by this time have some insight into the beauties of brick walls.

"The Awakened Conscience" was finished in January and exhibited in May 1854. Brown, in his *Diary*,[1] November 1 of 1854, shows that "Found" was then only just begun; and not having had Gabriel under his guidance for five years, he was surprised, and speaks unapprovingly of his former pupil's manner of work in painting the calf, etc., but he records no attempt to enforce mastership, which he would have done had not Gabriel's docility in practice been regarded as altogether broken off. In any case, I can aver that neither Gabriel nor any of our circle ever said a word to me about his design of "Found" until after my return from Syria in 1856, and even then no more had been done to it than the painting of the cart and calf and a few other accessories. The diary kept by

[1] Published by W. M. Rossetti.

Brown at Finchley in the last months of 1854 sheds direct illumination on facts which touch to the quick the question of Gabriel's claim to have been the leader both in my

D. G. Rossetti.

FOUND.

personal question and the general one of our reform. The entry runs :—

November 1, 1854.—We went after his calf, and succeeded to a miracle.

November 12, 1854.—Gabriel gone to town to see Miss

Siddal. Getting on slowly with his calf. He paints it in all like Albert Durer, hair by hair, and seems incapable of any breadth; but this he will get by going over it from feeling at home. From want of habit, I see Nature bothers him, but it is sweetly drawn and felt. . . .

November 27, 1854.—Saw Gabriel's calf; very beautiful, but takes a long time. Endless emendations; no perceptible progress from day to day, and all the time he wearing my greatcoat, which I want, and a pair of my breeches, besides food and an unlimited supply of turpentine. . . .

By the whole passage it will be seen, with other suggestions most distinctly enunciated, that Rossetti was painting in a manner foreign to that prescribed by Brown. The latter's influence, therefore, was put aside in the direction which Millais and I had been condemned for taking five years before. From whom else had Rossetti obtained the resolution to go to Nature for every feature of a picture, and to paint it in the most direct and finished manner? It was precisely what I had tried to induce him to do in my studio in 1849, and again at Sevenoaks in 1850.

When Rossetti first came to be taught by me, the background of my "Rienzi" had all its landscape painted from Nature; and, as I proceeded, Brown on his visits often uttered satirical pleasantries on the "microscopic" vegetation, and also on the armour and details, as these were gradually added. The scrupulous humility with which Millais and I were disciplining ourselves we had continued ever since, and had enforced attention to this purpose in all our exhibited works. Either Rossetti derived his manner from us, or, if he invented it, it was five years after the practice had been invented by us.

I must take this opportunity of expressing my surprise that my ever esteemed friend W. M. Rossetti allowed himself to publish without submitting to me the unfounded nonsense which Brown persuaded himself Gabriel had told him about my having been employed when about thirteen

at one of "these league bread-shops." I cannot claim the credit of having risen from such a humble position as that which this legend would suggest. When a poor sinner is dead and buried any absurd fables to which an idle word may have given rise have to go uncontradicted, and be handed down as unquestioned history, but while he remains still breathing he certainly should be consulted by any one pretending to publish truth as to the origin of any absurd improbability. Since this statement is given on the authority of friends with whom I was closely allied when the diary was written in 1854, I cannot let it pass without distinct contradiction. I confess that I do not yet know what a "league bread-shop" means. The same diary goes on to report a meeting of Brown with Millais and Collins at the house of Mr. Seddon. He says :—

> *April* 17, 1855.—To Seddon's to meet Millais, Rossetti, and Collins. Conversation between Seddon, Millais, and Collins highly moral and religious; they of opinion that no really good man is ever unsuccessful in life. If he dies and leaves a wife and fifteen children they are sure to be well provided for, and he not to bother about it, Millais citing as instances two examples to the contrary of irreligious men going to the dogs.

I have little doubt that Brown was setting forth some of his extreme revolutionary ideas, and that Millais took occasion to suggest to him how the parade of such views stood in his way with his fellow-men, and that "going to church" was merely a typical example of sober and orderly procedure. It is entertaining to note that Brown's diary on the next day, being Good Friday, has "Went to church"!

William Rossetti goes on to champion Brown's anterior claim; speaking of the Free Exhibition, he writes :—"Its first year, 1848" (that is, a year before our pictures with the P.R.B. on them appeared at the Royal Academy), "had been distinguished by the display of Madox Brown's highly interesting and important painting, 'Wickliffe reading his Translation of the New Testament to John of Gaunt,' a painting which, in its bright but rather pale colouring,

lightness of surface, and general feeling of quietism, had beyond a doubt served in some respect to mould the ideas and beacon the practice of the P.R.B.'s." If this estimate of the work and its influence had been really justified it was more wonderful than even its proclaimer of precedence thinks, for I never spared the precious time to go to Hyde Park Corner to see it, and I am sure Millais did not. What I thought of the picture as to its artificial composition when first I saw it in Brown's studio I have already explained ; as to its colour, I have a distinct remembrance that it struck me as being harmonious and pleasant in a decorative sense, but as to natural truth much wanting in solidity—the hues being those of gelatinous matter if not of stained glass, rather than of substances absorbing some rays and reflecting others.

Brown was naturally reluctant to acknowledge his conversion to views introduced by men several years his junior, yet after his astonishment at the perfection of Millais' Keats picture in 1849, when he had got free from other work, he began his sweet little painting of "Waiting" in 1853, which, after many years' retouching, was more exquisitely detailed than anything he had hitherto done—more so, indeed, than any of his pictures of later years. It has already been shown how his picture of "Christ washing Peter's Feet" was a new departure on a method of work openly derived from us ;[1] and his picture of "Work," begun in 1852, is shown to have been conducted, in the painting of the landscape, on the plan which we had inaugurated of working frankly on the canvas itself from Nature, which neither he nor any other figure-painter before us had attempted.

The *Diary* thus examined proves to be a wonderful confirmation of the other evidence that neither Rossetti nor Brown were originators of our reform. Rossetti's

[1] See F. M. Brown's *Life*, by Ford M. Hueffer, p. 77. Brown did not always appreciate the motives of his friends when they attempted to serve him. See his reference in his *Diary* to "Millais' lying instigation" (Pre-Raphaelite Diaries). It may be assumed that this diary was not meant for his friend's inspection.

picture "Found" was left at the last altogether incomplete, for no other reason than his want of enduring interest in the theme, which he certainly would not have lacked, had it sincerely represented his own natural sentiment. If Rossetti had, whilst participating in our close alliance, once indulged the ambition to play the part of leader with which his brother credits him, there would have been instantly a dissolution of our Brotherhood, at least of the active members. The comparison of dates with the evidence from Brown's *Diary* should convince any one who wishes to arrive at the truth as to the order in which the members of our circle influenced one another.

The design of Rossetti's "Girlhood of the Virgin" was of Overbeck revivalist character, which no superintendence of mine as to the manner of painting could much affect, and his "Annunciation" still reflected Brown's early Christian phase. The more thorough realisation of form and freer painting of these works, while conferring a naïve charm on them, did not make them fundamentally Pre-Raphaelite in character. The first painting designed by Rossetti, and begun in accordance with our aims, was undoubtedly "Found."

The more sensuous phase of taste developed in Rossetti's later period was of hothouse fancifulness, and breathed disdain for the robust, out-of-door growth of native Pre-Raphaelitism. I have seen statements that the difference between the works of Millais and myself, as opposed to the Rossetti school, arose only from our inability to ascend to the fuller purpose of the third member of our Brotherhood.

The question of pre-eminence of production is not for me but for posterity. My business is to prove that what Rossetti did was a divergence from our aims. Some light on the persistency of the opposite contention may appear when it is understood that neither W. M. Rossetti nor F. G. Stephens ever grasped Pre-Raphaelitism, and their attitude fostered much of the suspicion and enmity which met us at the outset of our activity.

As W. M. Rossetti and Stephens have repeatedly stated that they were *de facto* members of the P.R.B. and have not been contradicted, it is natural that the public should assume that they knew all the circumstances of the time. W. M. Rossetti treats the matter as though in our first intention they had not been required to become practical artists. Had we not originally required excellence in art as a qualification for P.R.B. membership, we should not have chosen the name of Raphael to mark the boundary line of progressive and decadent art ; Pre-Machiavellian, Pre-Dantesque, or Pre-Aretinesque would have been more appropriate names.

When after a year or so we, the active members, saw that the majority of the seven only talked, indeed often in misconception of the objects of our Brotherhood, all that could be done by us was to discontinue keeping up an outward show of combination, by ceasing to convene or attend official meetings. It was natural that their neglect of daily experiment in work should be followed by absence of interest in new questions of practice, and we therefore ceased to speak to them in confidence, and soon their revelations proved how thoroughly ignorant they remained of the ideals towards which we directed our steps.

CHAPTER XVI

RETROSPECT

There is a haughty courage, an elevation of thought, a greatness of taste, a love of liberty, a simplicity and honesty amongst us, which we inherit from our ancestors, and which belong to us as Englishmen; . . . I will only instance Shakespeare and Milton, the one for dramatic, the other for epic poetry, and leave them to seat themselves at the table of fame amongst the most illustrious of the ancients. A time may come when the future writers may be able to add the name of an English painter.—JONATHAN RICHARDSON, 1792, p. 92.

Alas, it is not with the weapons of argument, but with those of jealousy and abuse that the battle is fought, when any contest arises about poetry.—ERASMUS.

> . . . That pioneer their kind,
> And break a pathway to those unknown realms,
> That in the earth's broad shadow lie enthralled;
> . . . . . .
> It is God's day, it is Columbus's.
> A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,
> Is more than time enough to find a world.
>
> J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

IN the *Contemporary Review* it was needful to show that beyond Millais, Rossetti, Woolner, and myself, the others did not demand mention. But by way of saving the susceptibility of the lapsed members, I dwelt upon the case of Collinson, who, although a practical painter, could be cited as one not of a nature to enter into our fight. These sleeping brothers still continue, however, to cry out "We are seven!"

Nurses look forward to the time when infants begin "to take notice," some infants there are who go beyond

the stage of babyhood without developing this instinct, some indeed (otherwise of great ability) go through life without the power of observation, in fact men, with a consuming faith that they have nothing to learn, never acquire this useful faculty. Yet it may be seen that many such collect the records of others, handing them on, perhaps unconsciously, as observations of their own. Only thus can we explain the errata of the voluble novices of our Brotherhood.

I am now bound to examine salient examples of their misinterpretation of P.R.B. purpose. W. M. Rossetti writes :—"One of the original drawings and slight paintings done under Brown's eye by D. G. Rossetti early in 1848, and already referred to as a drawing of a long narrow shape, in body colour barely a little tinted, with a plain gilt ground ; it represents a young woman, auburn-haired, standing with joined hands. The face seems to be a reminiscence of Christina Rossetti, but the nose is unduly long : the drapery is delicately felt and done, and the whole thing has a forecast of the Pre-Raphaelite manner." This study, like the copy he did under Brown's direction, was of the true German revivalist style, one of the mannerisms which Millais and I had set ourselves directly to oppose. William Rossetti goes on : —"Hunt's picture as yet had no distinctly Pre-Raphaelite quality. Millais' were quite in the contrary line." He should have added to his true judgment on the past that Hunt, however much he may be thought wanting in this respect, never did at any later time work in this spirit—neither did Millais, as any discriminating person must see.

In his words above, W. M. Rossetti gives evidence of the erroneous idea of the Pre-Raphaelite purpose, and that he still retains this perverted notion. According to him our discovery was of a road already traversed by certain affected Germans, and among English with different lines of divergences, by Herbert, Maclise, Dyce, and others. Pioneers do not find lodgings already prepared for them ! That he cannot assign our work to any established school

is proof that we were not wayfarers lodging at an inn, but explorers of the unknown.

Thus true P.R.B.-ism was not recognised by him from the first, and a surreptitious bantling was honoured in its place. So far for the fact alone, the inference from which is that his testimony of the influence of one member of the brotherhood upon another loses all value.

The same old comrade makes an amusing claim for Mr. F. G. Stephens' right to full membership when he says, "Mr. Stephens had a great liking for the early schools of Art, Italian and other. Possibly his knowledge of the Italian schools exceeded that of any other P.R.B., and so far he might reasonably be called a Pre-Raphaelite." Certainly Mr. Stephens always seconded the movement for modern Gothic, and accordingly sympathised with Rossetti's revivalism, and encouraged the unobservant to be blind to the constant negation of mediævalism in every point of our work.

Millais and I regarded contemporary Gothicism as a deadly blight upon the fair blossom of advancing taste, seeing it was causing destruction to edifices of vital beauty and past history, while to the artist it was paralysing all inventive genius. These two "fellow-members" were, in fact, from the first noisily contentious for their own prejudices, and, at the same time, stirred up needless strife against the true cause and ourselves. It is impossible to exaggerate the injury thus suffered. The resolve of Millais and myself in 1848 to join in the search for new possibilities in art was of a strictly peaceful nature, and if we decided upon a monogram on our pictures as a mark of union, it was only as a bond to one another; we had no pictures ready for such distinctive sign until the formation of the Brotherhood, which necessitated addition of the third letter of our fateful cabalistic sign. Our new ideals, although distinct, were not intended as an inimical affront to existent artists; we tacitly pleaded with our elders for toleration of our new experiment; in truth we were possessed with a sense of indebtedness to the

Academy at large, and reverence for certain of its members. That many of the original provisions of the Royal Academy foundation needed serious rectification was not at that time our business. Until the meaning of our innocent monogram was revealed, and contemptuous epithets were levelled by our new members at the established dignitaries of our profession, no serious sign of hostility appeared against us; in fact, as I have instanced, I met with much friendly appreciation among the heads of the profession, and it is possible that we might have won general welcome among the authorities of the time, and from the outside public, had we pursued our original purpose quietly. It is stultifying in writing a history of Pre-Raphaelitism to be compelled to avow that our impulsively formed Brotherhood was a tragic failure almost from the beginning, and that we became the victims of the indiscretions of our allies. Youthful hope at first prevented us from being oppressed by the thought of the enduring character of the penalty incurred, and we fought still for the precious kernel of our broken shell; but our professed coadjutors kept alive the strife, and those assailed looked upon us as the promoters of strife. Many of the Academicians who had been distinctly friendly towards us as young exhibitors were now persuaded that we entertained contempt and hostility towards the whole of their Body.

Miss Christina Rossetti's sonnet has already been quoted.[1] Samples of Mr. F. G. Stephens' criticisms and remarks when he was writing in the *Critic* we will not trouble to examine; but after his appointment on the *Athenæum* in July 1859, war was at once declared against the Royal Academy and its members. This was marked by a letter, "from a correspondent," headed "The Crimes of the Academy," which in its rhetoric was exalted at times to the finest frenzy:—

> Has this wealthy and fattening body done its duty to English art? No. It has always been the patron of mediocrity and the

[1] Chapter iv.

enemy of genius. Are not all the deaths from suicide, starvation, or broken heart, of poor and neglected English artists of genius, ever since the presidency of Reynolds, to be laid at its door? If a corporation has no soul and no future, at least it ought to expiate the sins of its earlier days. Should not its paid functionaries, its coach-builders, and snuff-box chasers, and miniature-painters, instead of accumulating useless money unjustly got, have devoted themselves to searching everywhere for stifling and neglected genius, and when it has fallen among thieves, should it not have bound up its wounds and carried it from the roadside to the inn of charity, to the country of charter and monopoly that flows with milk and honey? No, the ghastly razor did its duty; starvation's throttling hand wreaked its malice; the terrible pistol shot pierced the young brain; the dying hand ripped the hated canvas year after year, often within a few hundred feet from where those pompous, bloated, cauliflower-wigged mediocrities called R.A.'s sat at their groaning tables. Slandering the absent, slavering the present, and believing themselves the be-all and end-all of Art. Is there one instance where the Academy had held out its hand to the poor sinner, sinking, worn out with the long buffeting in the Black Sea? Did those silver buckled feet ever mount the greasy steps to a poor man's garret? Did those gilded coaches of your Mosers and Wiltons, your —— and ——, ever stop to take up the Lazarus of art as he lay at their gate full of sores? Never, because rich mediocrity in place and power always did and always will hate and detest the very name of originality, novelty, and genius.

I will now stop to analyse how this great, brainless, ruthless Body was scarcely in being before it began to crush Barry, to insult Reynolds, to despise Wilson. We all know how it neglected Blake, hated Haydon, and let poor Morland die in a sponging-house; shall these crimes be, and yet no vengeance, no sentence of condemnation on a body which has kept art in chains now so large a part of a century?

Let us take a few of the less well-known crimes of the Academy, crimes of omission—the crimes of commission would fill an encyclopædia.

First the case of Toms, Reynolds' assistant . . . etc., etc.

This letter left us all open to suspicion as to its authorship. Following this there appeared attacks on members' pictures which far exceeded the bounds of critical convention. These can be found if needed by

the inquisitive. A few extracts from a "gossip" column will sufficiently illustrate the humour of the writer.

In July 1859 appeared :—

In Maclise we still see the result of colourless chalk drawing, and the results of gold medal draughtsmanship.

In a book on *Living Painters*, by a writer unknown to us, the following encomium on my "Claudio and Isabella" was found :—

His back is towards the prison window, and out in the summer light there are flowers and life. His guitar, with its scarlet ribbon, hangs in the sunshine. The face is turned towards you—and such a face! He is young, and loves the world; his mouth is the mouth for love, and a brow, a brow for pleasure garlands; and that whole face tells us of weakness and self-love. He is blind to those sweet, stern eyes that gaze into his very soul, and see the craven fear that cowers there. To him death is the fearful thing —to her it is the shamed life that alone has terror. How in his bewildered fearfulness he fingers the chain that fetters him to the wall! To loosen that at any price—anyhow to get away from that. The colour is glorious, so fine that the poor frames that neighbour it seem to enclose mud by comparison.

Considering all the conditions of Mr. Stephens' relations to us, and the well-nigh general hostility of the Press towards Pre-Raphaelite works, it might have been reasonable to pass over this stranger's opinion in silence, had his superior judgment prevented him from endorsing it, but his *sense of duty to the public* prompted him to issue a review of the book as follows :—

Mr. W. Hunt's "Claudio and Isabella," a beautiful but affected picture, and verging, as serious men's works are apt to do, on the ludicrous. . . . The antiquarianism in this picture, drawn from a painful and jarring play, was not thoroughly assimilated, and there was just a suspicion of the fancy ball, the station house, and a broken shin about the whole thing.

Writing of a double vacancy in the Royal Academy the same writer says :—

Will jealousy of the Pre-Raphaelites exclude Holman Hunt? We shall see.

Had he really understood our purposes, he would have been cognisant of my determination never again to compete unless the Academy were radically reformed.

Later, in the *Athenæum*, he says :—

> But how could the Academy that insulted dead Reynolds, that would let Barry and Wilson starve, that drove Haydon to desperation, whose annals are annals of shame and neglect, discover the merits of poor Nasmyth ?

And again :—

> Why should art be managed in the dark, while science and literature are content to be conducted in broad day ?

When Maclise had completed his cartoon of "Blucher meeting Wellington on the Field of Waterloo," artists of all classes determined to testify their recognition of its singular masterliness by presenting to him a gold porte-crayon, together with a simple expression of their regard for the excellence of the work. On August 6, 1859, the following appeared in the *Athenæum* :—

> The gentlemen who have presented a tiny testimonial to Mr. Maclise desire us to say that the testimonial is not a "pencil-case," but a "porte-crayon." We have no objection if they think porte-crayon better English. Authors of dictionaries translate porte-crayon into pencil-case, and pencil-case into porte-crayon. We are also requested to state that the expression of good-will to Mr. Maclise was not confined to Royal Academicians. The pencil-case (we must be excused for writing English) was accompanied by a round robin of congratulatory names, including those of nearly all the men in or out of the Academy eminent in art.

It will be evident from the foregoing extracts that Mr. Stephens up to this date spoke in unrestrained terms of indignation towards the Royal Academy, and especially revealed disdain for Mr. Maclise's ability. In view of this fact all artists were surprised when in the *Dublin University Review* of October 1859 a highly appreciative article on Maclise's cartoon appeared, signed F.G.S. Mr. Maclise, in recognition of its appreciative character, invited Mr. Stephens to call upon him whilst painting at the

Palace of Westminster. From that date the paper in which he was understood to write changed its tone both towards this particular artist and towards the Institution to which he belonged, until eventually the critic manifested great indignation towards any aspersions upon the Royal Academy. Whatever was his particular policy however, it will be seen that he indulged his pen without due thought of its effect upon others.

One example of this critic's ill-supported statements occurred in my own experience. In the summer of 1861 family considerations made it impossible for me to return for a long stay in Syria. On chatting with me at this time he reminded me of what I was losing in public esteem by not again appearing with an important picture. I admitted that the fact pressed upon my mind only too heavily; but I confided to him, as an old friend, a project as to a large painting for which I could find all my materials as near as the coast of Norway. My composition was to present the camp of an army of Vikings making preparations for a descent upon England. I explained to him the special points on which the interest of my treatment would depend. The main object would be to show that this was not a mere marauding expedition by havoc-dealing pirates, but that these Vikings were emigrants, proved by their use of forges to make ploughs and harrows, and other implements of agriculture, to accompany them on their journey. Also there should be marriages, I said, being celebrated between the young warriors and the brides with whom they were to depart on their expedition. These were to represent some of the happier young sons who were going to seek their fortunes, while others of them were parting with their lovers with signs of plighted troth to be redeemed later by the peace-crowning success of their expedition.

In the *Athenæum*, July 13, 1861, appeared a notice of the Trevelyan paintings by W. B. Scott, then on exhibition in London, which ended thus :—

The descent of the Danes pleases us best, not only on account of its greater fidelity to Nature and the immense variety of incident introduced as occupying the figures, but because the scene is not without humour in conception, and seems more original in its nature than any of the others. Tynemouth Rock, at the mouth of the Tyne, forms the background, hazy in the mists of a spring morning. The boats and galleys of the invaders are approaching the beach, while the first party has landed and is scrambling up the cliff laden with all the paraphernalia of a quiet party of emigrants -ploughs, gardening tools, as well as weapons in the hands of the men, an old woman laden with her cat and other valuables, the young mother with her child, the elder children with their toys. In short, it is clear the party has come to stay. Some of the men hastily erect a slight place of defence to secure the landing at the top of the cliff.

On reading this perspicuous description of the picture, little doubting that the critic had derived his facts from recent investigation, I felt mortified, suspecting that I had mistaken the remembrance of a feature in the Scott composition for my own invention. To make sure I re-inspected Scott's painting, and it proved that the invaders seen from the upper cliffs were represented half a mile away descending on the beach from their boats, where implements of agriculture, had there been any, could not have been discriminated at all. The persons in the foreground climbing up the cliff were not Vikings, but only panic-stricken Celts hurrying to make their escape without either ploughs, gardening tools, or any other agricultural implements. I pointed out the error to the critic, and the reply was that he had had no time to go to the Gallery to see Scott's pictures before writing his review, and that, having my ideas in his memory, he had forgetfully utilised them in the description of the Danish subject of the series. Thus the salient feature of my subject was forestalled, and I had no choice but to relinquish it.

Mr. Stephens, in a special number of the *Portfolio*, published a monograph upon Rossetti, in which he indulged his romancing humour, regardless of the actual

facts. Thus he speaks of the "dismal" studio in Cleveland Street with "dust" and "smoke stains." It had been whitewashed and distempered thoroughly ere our entrance; Rossetti left in seven months, and I within eleven. In this memoir Stephens introduces a

W. H. H.

D. G. ROSSETTI, 1853.

pen-and-ink sketch of Gabriel (here reproduced) with the following words :—

Still later, but of the same period, is the profile portrait of himself drawn with a pen, and here reduced from a sketch which Rossetti gave to our friend Arthur Hughes.

As a critic he ought to have seen by the style of the drawing, as well as from its being in profile with the eyes looking down, that it could not have been drawn by the artist himself. It was, in fact, a hasty scribble done by me when I, with pen in hand, sat on the opposite side of the table to my companion, and the unconsidered trifle was given by Gabriel to Alexander Monro, who afterwards presented it to Arthur Hughes.

This is a grudging reference to my tutorship of Rossetti :—

"He very soon departed from the uncompromising principles of the indomitable friend."

Even where W. M. Rossetti does not quite coincide in the view, he always speaks in most approving manner of these "recollections" by Stephens. He accepts reminiscences which I revived in my address on the unveiling of the fountain in Cheyne Walk as originated by Stephens, unmindful of my more intimate connection with the events.

When, to show the hopelessness of counting upon indolent members, I wrote of James Collinson,[1] I hoped to escape the necessity of enlarging upon this point ; I am now driven to pursue the matter further, for the continued claim of the non-workers to have been original members has naturally disarmed scrutiny as to the accuracy of their statements, and the ponderous accumulation of fable has discouraged me till now from attempting to overturn the romances. A few additional selections from Mr. F. G. Stephens will further illustrate the playfulness of his pen. Like the "frequent visitor" to my studio when "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was on hand, who so confidently denounced as inaccurate the swords represented, Mr. Stephens states in the *Athenæum* of March 27, 1886, as the terms on which I sold the same painting that

"It was bought for £128 and £60 in sherry."

[1] *Contemporary Review.*

The reader will remember how, while engaged on the painting, Warwick mulcted me of £20, and much imperilled the finishing of my picture for exhibition, thus nearly ruining me; many months afterwards a case of wine came to my lodgings from an anonymous donor. At first I regarded its delivery as a mistake, and left the case unopened pending inquiry. After some weeks I accepted it as a present from some unknown friend. The case proved to contain about a dozen and a half of wine. When I would hide the nakedness of the land from a guest I produced one of these, and on some of our boating excursions I took a bottle or two of champagne for the party, so the last bottle disappeared. To this day I have no knowledge of the donor; but it has seemed possible that Warwick in some bill transactions, having to take part of the money in kind, had sent this wine to me somewhat to assuage the pricking of his benumbed conscience; but it is quite possible that they came from a real friend. The picture by young Danby, which I received from Mr. M'Cracken, representing £60 of the price paid for my "Two Gentlemen of Verona," remained on my hands until my departure for Syria, when Mr. Broderip took it from me at the same price. Such is the accuracy of Mr. Stephens' reminiscences. His further acquaintance with our affairs is revealed in a letter of his, published by Mr. J. G. Millais in the year 1851:—

"Mr. Holman Hunt was surely, though slowly, following his path to fortune."

The stories I have told of my continued impecuniosity, years after the appearance of Mr. Ruskin's letter on "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," reveal again how Mr. Stephens writes without any understanding of the position of the real members.

It is no exaggeration to say that, owing greatly to such misleading utterances, the Pre-Raphaelite combination

brought continuing misfortune to its originators, while to its nominal members it has been a lifelong source of fortune. It is with unfeigned pain that I have been compelled in self-defence to select the foregoing examples of Stephens' observations on the subject, for I cannot forget the cordiality which once subsisted between us.

What M. de la Sizeranne had advanced about Rossetti's priority, M. Chesnau, M. Rodd, and other foreign critics had already said less elaborately, for they all relied upon the same English authorities, who, however remote from the centre, and however little they knew Dante Gabriel Rossetti (except at a time when his mind was unhinged), have founded their theories upon the unbalanced information of either F. M. Brown, W. M. Rossetti, or F. G. Stephens. Mr. Harry Quilter and Mrs. Esther Wood are also quoted by the French critic as justifying his theory. I think my investigations may undeceive even the witnesses themselves. Certainly it will convince the unprejudiced that they judged the question without full knowledge of the facts. Mr. Sharp signalises himself by the statement that we were an outcome of the Puseyite movement. He continues :—

> So much has been said for and against the Pre-Raphaelite movement ; it has incurred so much enmity and misrepresentation, and, moreover, as all facts concerning its origin are becoming somewhat vague and confused, I have devoted the following chapter to the consideration of it and *The Germ*. . . . Rossetti was essentially the animating or guiding member, as well as original founder. . . . It was not long after the composition of "Hand and Soul" that a meeting was held in the studio at No. 83 (*sic*) Newman Street, the outcome of which was an organised Body called the Pre-Raphaelites, and the organ thereof styled *The Germ*.

Let us sedately examine this confident statement. William Rossetti rightly says that "Hand and Soul" was completed in December 1849. Gabriel took Newman Street, October 1849, left it August 1850, so, according to Mr. Sharp's assertion, the end of December 1849

may be assumed to be the earliest possible date of the double prodigy, the birth of Pre-Raphaelitism and *The Germ*.

The early pages of this book prove that the Pre-Raphaelite principle was agreed upon in February 1848.[1] In the spring of 1848 I began "Rienzi," Millais and I commenced the Keats' designs in June or July, in August I accepted Rossetti as my pupil in Cleveland Street, in a month or so Millais and I agreed that Rossetti should join us as a Pre-Raphaelite; and further we consented to extend the influence of our enthusiasm by adopting four prospective members, and we then called our body the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The three active members sent pictures to the next spring exhibition, that was in 1849, with P.R.B. on each picture.

The letters P.R.B. on the pictures was the public declaration of our projected reform, of course commenced several months earlier, more than a year and a half before the meeting reported by Mr. Sharp, when he declares Pre-Raphaelitism was first instituted. It is on his delusive assumptions, therefore, that Mr. Sharp relies for his declaration that Rossetti was the father and Brown the grandfather of Pre-Raphaelitism.

The character of the evidence given by both the inside and multitudinous outside writers, who have rushed forward with such eager readiness to instruct the public, can now be judged, and no one will wonder that I felt so long disinclined to cleanse out the Augean stables they had choked up. I might sum up the case more elaborately, but I think any one who really wishes to know the truth will be satisfied with the evidence I have given, and will understand finally that Pre-Raphaelitism did not begin with Madox Brown, nor with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and that it was not antiquarianism or quattrocentism in any sense, and this last is the really vital point. I have recognised that there is a snare for educated people to regard most highly that art which is an

[1] Page 81.

imitation of ancient approved examples, rather than that done with new inspiration from Nature herself, and that they are apt to underrate the discovered truths of their own time. With grateful reverence for the noble creations of previous artistic nations in all their diversity, and recognition of the value to be gained from their technical teaching, our object was to be enslaved by none, but in the fields of Nature and under the sky of Heaven frankly to picture her healthful beauty and strength. In reverting to this question, it cannot be too clearly reasserted that Pre-Raphaelitism in its purity was the frank worship of Nature, kept in check by selection and directed by the spirit of imaginative purpose. Only an inability to discern glaring differences of style, or a perverse disregard of dates, could allow contrary conclusions.

The present feeling towards art, notwithstanding the indiscriminate training of youths to the pursuit, is altogether dead to any thought of its never-ending universal preciousness, and compares most unfavourably with the desire among rulers in the past to make use of the cultivated genius of their age and country.

One matter now calling for attention is the consequences of the abolition of the system of apprenticeship which results inevitably from the influence of public academies. In the past the artist began his training much earlier than the majority of students do in the present day. Fourteen was the age at which the youth, according to Cennino Cennini, was apprenticed to a master. For the first seven years it was his duty, while being trained in more subtle matters, to attend to the mechanical parts of the industry of the studio. Academies give no such attention to material matters, and accordingly the student of somewhat seriously advanced age cultivates the practice of art in ignorance of the nature of the materials he uses. The aspirant is naturally impatient to prove his ability in original design, and does so without thought that he is neglecting a vital branch of

his art. The result is often fatally delusive. The painter, not being properly educated in the nature of his materials, is not able to judge of and use wisely the preparations supplied to him; the artists' colourmen, on their side, prepare their wares without knowledge of the uses to which their customers will put them; each may be working inimically to the other.

The old masters collected their materials from various sources. They knew how to choose panels or canvas, and to prepare their ground either with whiting, gesso, or white lead. For pigments, they recognised the difference between various earths and paints formed by the crushing of native rock, and the juices of various plants, and their chemical properties. They were accomplished in clarifying oils and in making varnishes, and knew how to choose and prepare paper suitable for silver point and for large cartoons for their uses, and all the materials employed in their work. They despised no drudgery that would contribute to the permanence of their work, and when they had grown past the labour of the workshop, they were able to judge the nature of the articles offered to them. But the modern student, disdaining this humble branch of his art, is not prepared, on arriving at the age when he ought to have finished these preliminary exercises, to undertake material and technical preparations, as was habitual under the apprenticeship system, and to follow the traditions of masters whose successive experiences reached back to remote antiquity. To the modern practitioner, the only difference between one paint and its fellow is that one is a bright and another is a dull colour, and he knows not that certain pigments put into conjunction will vitiate each other's permanence, and that several require special treatment in their employment. It is owing to the respectability of the best artists' colourmen that under this system the evils suffered have been so far limited. Yet it is only after many years have gone by that the painter can judge of what he should have understood at the beginning of his career; and even then

there is no established opportunity for him to hand down to his successors the knowledge he has acquired. In the year 1880, feeling seriously that the evil was not only great, but that the consequences of ignorance were increasing, I applied to the Society of Arts for an opportunity to demonstrate this ; I gave an address on the subject, and carried on the discussion which arose afterwards. I feel now that much good was done in convincing artists and colourmen of the danger of blind trust in the unprotected supply of the day. It transpired that the producers of colours were no longer small manufacturers superintending all their preparations personally ; these had been supplanted by the proprietors of large factories, where each production goes through numerous irresponsible hands. Thus a great deal of fastidiousness in the handling of materials had been lost. A full ventilation of the subject induced retailers, accordingly, to become more cautious than they had been of recent years in receiving materials from the wholesale dealer.

Since the time I brought this question forward artists' materials certainly deserve greater confidence, and drawing paper, which had become disastrously delusive in its apparent excellence, wrecking many a beautiful drawing, has now been conspicuously improved, and is, when made by the O.W.C. Company, quite perfect. Some other supplies have also improved. Nevertheless general matters will not be perfect till artists make themselves proficient in technical mysteries. The mischief entailed by want of drilling in the nature of substances was made distressingly apparent towards the middle of last century by the breaking up of surface in many of Sir Joshua Reynolds's later pictures. This was traceable to his use of asphaltum as a ground. In the early nineteenth century time had not yet revealed the disastrous consequences of using this pernicious Dead Sea pitch, and it was almost universally employed. Many admirable works by Wilkie, Hilton, and their contemporaries, have thereby been doomed to complete destruction. In another century no one will

know what powers of delicacy in manipulation those artists had, for the bitumen, ever dilating and contracting with atmospheric changes, is tearing the paintings to pieces. Landseer's early pictures are already ruined or on their way to ruin by its use ; fortunately, in the middle of his life, which was the beginning of ours, the treacherousness of this rich brown was discovered, and he and all sane men abjured it ; but even now there are painters who use the injurious stuff under one name or another, " Mummy " being one ; for this is a preparation from Egyptian corpses, which were saturated with this pitch. One may say, however, that when used now, it is only by painters indifferent to the permanence of their work, and such will not produce any paintings that merit preservation. I revert to this subject in the hope that the matter, as years go on, will command increasing attention. About the time of my public investigation of it, artists on the Continent were ready to recognise the importance of scrupulousness in their use of materials, for they had witnessed the ruin caused in the works of Horace Vernet, Gericault, and others from want of knowledge and attention. In Munich a society was formed, under the patronage of the king, which did me the honour of translating my pamphlet and enrolling me an honorary member.

When Millais and I were entering on our profession we were more fortunate than we knew at the time in having delicate colours, vermilions, madders, and cadmiums, prepared by George Field, an admirable chemist and manipulator of precious pigments. We used these with well-merited confidence. That ours was but a blind reliance was proved after Geoge Field's death, when some of the vermilions supplied in imitation of his blackened after a short time ; when tested these proved to have a large percentage of foreign matter in them. The excuse for this evil given by artists' colourmen was that the quicksilver mines in Austria had all been purchased by a millionaire, who had raised the price of mercury,

and that the wholesale dealer, assuming that any corresponding advance in price would reduce the demand, had concocted an imitation, which they sold to artists' colourmen without explanation. It was this discovery that first prompted me to open up the whole question, and to show the pigments which were inimical to one another, such as vermilion and emerald green, or emerald green and cadmium. Cadmium indeed at the best is very capricious, and if trustworthy, as many good authorities declare it to be, it is only so when very exceptional care is spent on its preparation. Some specimens painted on a trial canvas in 1860, had in 1880 sunk to the colour of dirty beeswax, and some, prepared by Mr. Dawson (and therefore above suspicion as to its genuineness), soon after became greatly vitiated, while chromes put on the trial canvas in 1860 are still incomparably superior in brilliancy to cadmium, lemon, and strontian yellow of the same date. I must refer any readers interested in this matter for further particulars to the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, 1880.

I should consider that this book would fail as a proper comment upon the state of art of our time if I did not enforce attention to these practical questions. Notwithstanding the carefully tested experiences that the old masters took such pains to transmit from generation to generation, they were not always free from a temptation to unwariness in new combinations of pigments, and changes have undoubtedly resulted. This is evident in the fact that often their foreground herbage is now of a deep brown colour, when on neighbouring objects the light is rendered so strongly as to prove that this part of the picture was also originally brightly illuminated throughout. By a course of instruction to the student such as I proposed, followed up by intelligent investigation, failures in the use of pigments should be lessened or altogether eliminated.

I must not leave this subject without drawing attention to the treatment of paintings after they have left the

artists' hands. The notion is widely spread that an oil picture will withstand any rough treatment. I have seen common dealers use saliva upon a picture to show up the darks, and rub it quite stiffly with their fingers. It is most injurious to treat paint thus, for nothing is more destructive to it. Mr. Mulready once told me that after his picture of "The Wedding Gown" had been on exhibition in South Kensington for a few years, he received notice that the surface was disfigured throughout by the appearance of numerous small white rings, an eighth of an inch or less in diameter. Examining it on the spot, he could not explain the cause of these, but when at home he discovered with a magnifying glass that they had been caused by visitors speaking in front of the work, and that unobserved globes of saliva had dissolved the integrity of the paint, contracting it, leaving white circles exposed; these he eventually repaired. Ever since this restoration the picture, being covered by a glass, has developed no such evil. This painting had evidently been executed with care, no coat of paint being plastered over another, and the layers being limited, for the sake of purity of hue, to as few as could produce the desired tint. Pictures thus conducted are of admirable permanence, as quattrocento paintings testify. But it is to be noted that all parts of such pictures as are painted with ochres and umbers may be perfectly lustrous at the beginning, and it would be unadvisable for the artist to add to the oleaginous vehicle in these clays while the picture is only surface dry. After some years the case is different. The earthy compounds will have sucked up the oil, and the dry pigment will have become again of an absorbent character. At this point the painting is in danger not only from the breath of spectators, but from injudicious treatment by well-meaning ignorants. If it has become dull in the parts that should be rich and deep, there is a great likelihood that a coat of varnish will be administered by a dealer. The effect of this is highly satisfactory at first, but as such varnish is almost certain to be either mastic or some other

spirit varnish with no oil in it, the brittle gum will enter into the dry earthy particles and contract them, so that before long minute cracks will appear all over the argillaceous browns. These, however, are not like the incurable fissures caused by asphaltum, for there is a possible permanent cure by judiciously careful treatment. Should the picture have been ignorantly varnished, the entire removal of the mastic by abrasion is necessary as a preliminary to the careful filling up of the cracks with paint; when the retouchings are perfectly dry, and are made equal with the surrounding surface, a coat of oil, or it may be of diluted medium, such as was used by the artist with his colours in painting it, should be applied. The picture might thus be restored without loss of its integrity. The intelligence of the varnisher will enable him to see that if the picture has not been varnished, and has no cracks, it may be coated at once with either oil or the varnish used by the artist diluted with oil by means of either heat, benzine, or rectified turpentine. When years have dried and hardened this coating, mastic varnish may be employed with impunity, because it will not be sucked in by the original pigment, and at a later period this may be removed or renewed. Even thus protected, it should be remembered that pictures are not made to handle or touch, for the purity of the paint will be sullied by such treatment, and particles of dirt will be driven into the interstices. It is most important to realise this truth as a guide to the officials in charge of porters employed in hanging pictures, for these latter are often, by long want of due control, too reckless in carrying works of art. Attendants at exhibitions should also be strict in preventing visitors to public galleries from touching the pictures. It may seem that painters of larger works than those to which I have alluded as needing scientific care, do not need this caution, but, in fact, the greater size of a work makes it need more knowledge and care in technical handling, and it may be added that any indications in paintings, of want of loving thought and attention, to have the material employed

well cared for, beautiful, and precious, is a sure sign by itself that the fabricator is not an artist by nature. Important as the character of the products used in art and the judicious employment of these must seem to the wise, I have known artists who declare that the ultimate stability of their works was of no concern to them. We need not consider these. Fashions do and must change in the world. Children have often an inclination to revolt against the course which their fathers pursued, and the antagonistic activity of each generation is apt to be thoughtlessly accentuated. Indeed, with the principle of forward movement admitted, rejudgment on the actual requirements of each age must be exercised. Yet enlightened adventurers will stop short when they see themselves approaching to the falsehood of extremes. The young in their daring may try new ice, but unless their lives are of no value they will not skate on it merely because their elders caution them against its fatality. National obligations require that to compete in excellence with other nations we must never abandon cardinal principles, for our art, like any other, has certain inevitable conventions, and if all arts are put aside, certain it is that the stability of the nation is doomed, and sottish barbarism will reign supreme. Our art, like other pursuits professing to refine the human mind, must be exercised with a sense of responsibility to the nation which gives it birth. The seeds of the blossom of noxious or benign growth are equally blown abroad. Evil seed will bear poisonous food, and good seed will bring forth wholesome fruit. Each human act may not, in the sight of contemporaries, gain its merited reward ; the innocent, indeed, often suffer cruel misfortune, and the wicked often triumph in their wickedness. Yet when the balance of good and evil in a nation affects the whole mass, a just consequence overtakes it in a way that may be recognised as the unmistakable judgment of the gods, or in other minds the unerring sequence of a settled course. We must dread to perpetuate from the past ideas which savour either of

barbarism, superstition, or false sentiment, and not less be on guard against the festering vanities of our own day, which are blazoned abroad by idle-minded mockers of rectitude. All art is a branch of that spirit of appeal from the Divine to the universe which has been working ever since our kind knew the difference between good and evil, and, like the course of all awakening powers, is beset by deceiving angels, who now, as in earlier times, devise new snares to entrap the careless. In the exercise of her holy function art must sort out the good and beautiful from the base and hideous. She presents the form of a nation's spirit, exactly as the sandy atoms on a vibrating plane make a constant and distinct pattern to the sound of a given note. Every vibration will interpret with equal exactness a noble or a frivolous tone, but the particles must be uncontaminated and safe from entanglement by obstructive elements, and be sheltered from gusts of wind that would whirl the atoms out of their places. But while the temper of the people is of necessity reflected by its art, in wise hands it may be controlled to an independent course and initiate a purifying influence, and help to mould the nation's thoughts, affections, and impulses. Art may be rich and accomplished in power, and of great perfection as to technique, but delusive in sentiment, and its excellence will all the more seduce the mind of its admirers, and lead them to forget the certain consequences of unrestraint—certain, not at all the less, if the work of art be cultivated in æsthetic manipulative powers, and only base in pandering to degrading inclinations. The evil contagion of false sentiment is not rendered innocuous by cunning workmanship. Mawkish imagination will not be confined to professed art powers, but extends to the whole nation, and ends either with temporary disaster, to be recovered from only by contrition, forswearing frivolity and vice, the following of a new course, or the penalty may be utter and final catastrophe. We have seen some such ruin overtaking nations in our day, and certainly destiny's thunderbolts are not yet exhausted.

Sorrow.

Twenty-five years ago I wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* that if copyright in works of art were not legally safeguarded, invention, which costs most time, would be discontinued by the painter, and he would consider only the meaningless surface of a canvas. Nothing tangible was done to protect design, and now my prophecy is verified to the full. With few exceptions, paintings are no longer strictly works of art, but only good or bad manipulation. Perhaps the admirers of elevated purpose in the latter half of the last century neglected too much the workman-like part of their ambition and provoked hasty reaction. The revulsion to materialism is a deadly sign. The artists of the new school emulate one another in the repudiation of inventive thought, and this, as it proves, encourages careless execution and neglect of fundamental form, and is allied to a system of outlawry both in purpose and method of expression such as was never before known in the history of the world. Such wildness, gloried in by labourers in what should be the most precious of human industries, stimulates a progressive lowering of the standard of personal responsibility, and must breed increased laxity of principle in social rectitude, until the example of defiant indolence imperils the whole nation. Since works done without a trace of patient study, and bearing evidence of ignorant handling of materials used in the arts, are now put forward as admirable examples of taste, we must consider what has brought about such a reversal of all the principles which developed the beauty of design. The few quotations from journalistic criticisms of the last fifty years which I have had to give heretofore will go far to prove that the influence of writers who have had no other qualification to judge of art matters than the possession of more or less literary facility, has been deterrent and even fatal to a steady advance of taste. The artist who had cultivated his abilities to the point of successful promise was generally without money at command, for the well-to-do students, as a

rule, found passing excuse for procrastination of the struggle with themselves, and therefore rarely reached full capability. The patron, although instinctively loving art, has often been only half confirmed in his personal convictions ; and if, when a work had won his admiration, he read a disdainful article on the production in his favourite newspaper, he imagined that the verdict was not alone the opinion of one writer, but the voice of the whole conclave of an unprejudiced and judicious committee. So with sturdy respect for his newspaper on all questions, he put away his opened cheque-book, or used it to purchase another production praised as up to the standard of the passing day.

The verdict of the journal most in vogue was often echoed far and wide, and set the fashion of taste for more than a few seasons. Thus the artist of original work was never left undamned, nor the maker of the trite and commonplace ever left unpraised. If the directors of art taste had in our youth only appeared as unpretending mortals of cultivated education and refinement, and had modestly expressed their partialities, the result might have been of value both to artists and the public. But not satisfied to be unprejudiced observers, they stood forward as supreme masters of the innermost mysteries of art. The present effect of this influence will not be gloried in, in the future. Ah ! in this usurpation of infallibility, what injury to English design have not these critics done by unfair laudations of inferior foreign art ; often in truth they have made pretenders who could not win respect in their own country take possession of all the enthusiasm of English patrons, and thus gained for a few years exaggerated favour, few, but long enough to drive many much worthier British artists out of the field. How happy were the masters of old time who were allowed to develop their art faculties without such baneful interference. In view of the extent of folly to which the class of art writers to whom I have referred have gone of late, it might be salutary for future genera-

tions that some specimens of the travesty of art which they have fostered should be preserved in the cupboards of our museums, together with the opinions and names of their appreciative critics.

It is one of the great objects of this book to lead artists to see the necessity of sitting in judgment on the fashion of the day, and of throwing away that which is wanting in healthiness or in pure and high purpose. The temper of theorists has led them very generally of late to pronounce without limitation that art has no connection with morals. They forget what inspired the growing development of ancient art, or they ignore that higher requirement which civilisation has brought to us, and condemn the ancient by our standard. Some wise words of Lord Leighton are of value on this point. After conceding that "Art is wholly independent of morality," he proceeds :—

> There is, nevertheless, no error deeper or more deadly than to deny that the moral complexion, the ethos, of the artist, does in truth tinge every work of his hand and fashion—in silence but with the certainty of fate—the course and current of his whole career. Believe me, whatever of dignity, whatever of strength we have within us, will display and make strong the labours of our hands ; whatever littleness degrades our spirit will lessen them and drag them down ; whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work ; whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it. For as we are, so our work is ; and what we sow in our lives that beyond a doubt we shall reap, for good or for ill, in the strengthening and defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot.

"That morality need have nothing to do with art" is to proclaim the undeniable, but the latitudinarian application of this statement is altogether false to the examples of antiquity. All art from the beginning served for the higher development of men's minds. It has ever been valued as food to sustain strength for noble resolves, not as that devoured by epicures only to surfeit the palate.

Undoubtedly the art of design often has been defiantly prostituted to immoral purpose, just as literature and poetry have at times made unlawful love and rebellion against just order seem affecting and seductive, and any penalty represented as suffered for such libertinage a matter of lachrymose sympathy; but the approval of such unwholesome pathos, the pandering to such sentiment, is the canker that must wreck all high art, and in certain course precipitate the ruin of its nation.

I will not believe that for more than a medlar season the fashion of mawkish unrestraint in vice will obtain foothold with any people trained under the pure influences of early English poetry. Let us weigh well what Chaucer says :—

> But certainly no word ne wryteth he
> Of thilke wikke ensample of Canace
> That lovede hir owne brother sinfully;
> Of swiche cursed stories I sey "fy";

or

> Elles of Tyro Apollonius
> Of swiche unkinde abominacions,
> Ne I wol noon reherse if that I may.

In these words we have the true English ring of healthful-minded Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Steele, Addison, Pope, Johnson, Hogarth (not to come nearer to our own time), all in different tones support this tradition of denunciation of impurity in art. The argument that art communicates its special blessings in producing refinement is a sophistical defence, for sure it is that a refined profligate is worse in himself and more mischievous to others than a rude one.

> Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Refinement should perfect virtue, even as polish does when laid over good workmanship, while yet it has no proper place when concealing underlying rottenness. It is on such grounds that I plead for the responsible use of all art. I am bound now to revert to the temper in

which Pre-Raphaelitism instinctively treated this question. It has been seen how in a quite child-like way we at the beginning set ourselves to illustrate themes which we conscientiously persuaded ourselves to be connected with the pathetic, the honest, the laudable, the sublime interests of humanity. When we treated of vicious power triumphant, it was to excite honest pity for the victims, and indignation towards arrogant vice. Some honest men that I have met have asked me with unaffected concern whether artists paint their subjects with full conviction, or merely as a bid for popular favour. Sincerity or insincerity of artists must of necessity reveal itself in their works. Take Millais as a fair exponent of our purpose; he only exceptionally painted so-called religious subjects, but he loved to illustrate what may justly be looked upon as holy themes. The story of Lorenzo and Isabella, considered on moral grounds, is thoroughly healthy and sound in its claim to human sympathy and interest; their affections were obnoxious to no righteous judgment, but only inimical to false pride and vanity. In his picture "L'Enfant du Regiment," the child sleeping on the warrior's tomb, contrasted with surrounding violence and bloodshed, typified the trustful peace which the building was originally destined to give. Although the work is not labelled religious, it may be regarded as a Christian homily. His "Blind Girl," moreover, is a heart-felt appeal to commiseration. "The Rescuing Fireman" provokes expansive recognition of the Divine in unpretending humanity. Rossetti's early designs were pronouncedly religious, and his design of "Found" was, in the just sense, intrinsically so. These pictures by my two companions would be enough to prove that our purpose had not only a newness in its outer form, but also took up in more extended aspiration the principle exemplifying that "Art is Love."

In fact, those who proclaim that art has no connection with morals often condemn our work on the ground of its double purpose. Still let it be said we did not label our pictures with a special appeal as "having a moral," for we

knew that a scene of beauty in itself alone gives innocent joy, with unspeakable strength of persuasion to purity and sweetness, and the painter's service in portraying it may be as exalted as that performed when the intent to teach is added thereto.

Before pronouncing the last words of this book, it is needful to declare that, notwithstanding what may seem to some inconsistent digressions, it is a history of a movement which strove to bring greater healthiness and integrity to every branch of formative art; architecture, sculpture, decorative design, and imitative painting, which are all dependent upon the use of materials for expression. In the effort to purge our art of what was in the nature of bathos, affected in sentiment and unworthy according to wholesome English tradition, we were following the example of the poets of the early Victorian age. All manly in their vindication of virtue, although some spoke in an over-feminine tone, our exemplars in letters had all been in accord to prune English imagination of unwholesome foreign precedent, tawdry glitter, and theatrical pomposity, corruptions which had descended from the attitudinisers of the two earlier reigns. The literary reformers, still declaiming in our day, had already revived the robust interest in humanity exercised by British men of genius in past centuries.

Emulation in the arts among different nationalities is a righteous contest. The literary example set could not but stimulate us, and the history of our movement may perhaps make the struggle for British restraint more than a transient legacy to artists in the future, and this raises a new matter for investigation.

The doctrine that art has no nationality is much bruited abroad and echoed by the shallow in this day. It sounds liberal and advanced, but it is altogether false to the precedents of antiquity. The art of all days, from that of the Babylonians to our own, has been characteristically national; to attempt to efface racial distinction in art would have been its destruction. In

these days there is still cardinal difference between the national sentiments of different nations, which can scarcely be confused together without injury to one or other. The technical qualities of British art have often been unfavourably contrasted with those of modern Continental schools, which have, it must be allowed, justly prided themselves on correctness of form and proportion, and thus have won from casual judgment the reputation of having the best academies for drawing. But mere exactness of proportion is of dubious account; a lay figure is perfectly proportioned, but there is no grace in its form. Sir Joshua Reynolds was not so accurate a draughtsman as David, but in grace he was as Hyperion to a drayman. Yet let us learn correctness; it will not war with beauty; were it so, Greek and Italian marble would not be exquisite; but correctness may be acquired at home. Flaxman, Dyce, and Watts developed their drawing in England, and in them never appeared impurity of taste. Students abroad run the risk of insidious corruption of idea, and lose shame at corrupted innocence.

Let no sentinel, on our confines, stand aside and allow to pass the derider of national purity, to whom the way has been barred by his great predecessors for so many centuries.

CHAPTER XVII

RETROSPECT

The godly seed fares well,
The wicked's is accurst.—THEOCRITUS.

But as it is in Nature, where from the seed is first produced the blade, then the green ear, and lastly, the ripe corn, so national virtues sprout up first in lesser excellencies, and proceed by an easy gradation. . . . I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but considering the necessary connection of causes and events, and upon seeing some links of that fatal chain, I will venture to pronounce that if ever the ancient great and beautiful taste in painting revives, it will be in England; but not till English painters, conscious of the dignity of their country and of their professions, resolve to do honour to both by piety, virtue, magnanimity, benevolence, and industry, and a contempt of everything that is unworthy of them.—RICHARDSON (1792).

DIFFERENCES of blood cannot be ignored either in literature or art. Nations may gain much in emulative competition one with the other; but the vertebral effort of each should be on native lines, and while reaching forward to perfection, it should cast away what to highest judgment proves unworthy. The opinion I formed on my first visit to Paris in 1849, that study for an English student in the French schools was nearly always disastrous, resulting in destruction of the power to develop the British instinct, has since been confirmed; indeed I have found that most men once possessed of Parisian sentiment seldom recover their native strain. Brown was a rare exception to this rule. The French School when led by Ingres and Delaroche was richly and powerfully endowed,

and it exercised becoming restraint; this justified high respect for its influence; but now that the foreign schools (I enlarge my term advisedly, since all Continental schools have now adopted the Parisian example) have become thoroughly unbridled in the rejection of humility, and treat ignorance and carelessness as a proof of masterliness, evil is a hundredfold increased. Drawing from the life in Paris is undertaken without due preparation from the antique, and habituates the eye of the novice to forms of poor type disfigured by the wearing of artificial clothing, and the weak developments of town life, to which evil is added the deadness of long-continued heavy posings, so that all ideas of grace or motion are permanently eradicated from the mind, and all ethereal ideas, the very soul of art, are eliminated. I cannot ignore a growing prejudice in favour of an artist being labelled as of a "School," using the word as identical with "Shoal"; this happily is not native to British art, and should be guarded against.

Independence of mind is evinced, both in graphic art and in literature, by manly scruple against sickly vicious story even more than by marked individuality of outward form. Of late years continental taste has been asserting itself injuriously amongst us not only in art and literature, but more disastrously upon the stage; and themes based upon moral turpitude, which our standard fathers of the drama rejected, escape the censors' veto, and are presented in spectacular form (that readiest in power of appeal to the people), making familiar and commonplace what else was outlandish and abhorrent to the inheritors of healthy and sturdy English tradition. Some writers indeed seem stirred by emulation to attract the idle-minded to new excitements, by magnifying latent horrors in life as bequeathed by ancestors, overtaking helpless and innocent persons, and forming a pursuing destiny to the inheritors, in the destruction of mind and body, contriving by the way to insinuate their silly arguments against the sacredness of marriage. To tolerate

infraction of social laws adopted to keep a nation innocent and happy, easily leads to the assumption that all bridling of natural impulse is but social convention, and man is told by dealers in modern materialistic fantasy that he is a creature above whom rules a blind fate that will make virtuous effort on his part simply futile ; that the inevitable destiny of heredity will make drunkards, or lead men to criminality ; and that the forces of the outside world will overrule resolutions formed by a healthy sense of responsibility and self-control.

Once talking with Sir William Gull of the force of heredity in disease, he reasoned that however strong this might be, there is a counterbalancing action in nature which throws off the taint and works for perfection ; otherwise the transmission of disease would have destroyed the human race, and all creation, ages ago. I commend this scientific teaching to authors inclined to inculcate pessimism and revolt against moral law, and note further, that were we overruled by the habits of our grandfathers, the cultivated classes of to-day would not have escaped the vice of deep drinking, or be as temperate as they undoubtedly are.

Wild revolt shows itself in the art of our day in the form of Impressionism.

The name of Impressionist as representing a class of modern artists is, it must be owned, a widely bewildering one, for in a collection of works to which artists thus designated contribute, are to be found productions of very varying types. The term might have been applied to every artist even in my earliest youth, for no one ever dismissed any part of his work without self-inquiry whether his achievement gave the "impression" of the object represented, but then the quality was only considered to be of value after many other excellencies had made a foundation for the redeeming grace to form colour and expression. When we Pre-Raphaelites were charged with exaggeration in our key of colour, and were told that our pictures had all the hues of the rainbow,

W. Holman Hunt.

we replied that the brown shadows of old professors did not give the impression of open-air effect which we had been surprised to discover while searching for the truth before Nature herself. We registered prismatic hues because we found that each terrestrial feature mirrored the blue sky and the tints of its neighbouring creations ; and we maintained that while a part of our picture by itself might appear over-coloured, it was consistent in the impression it gave of truth. I cannot understand the correctness of the term Impressionist as representing the paramount end of art. Undoubtedly many of the works classed by the public as impressionistic have no evidence of sober common-sense ; they are without perspective, correct form, or any signs of patient drilling and scholarship. They suggest suspicion that the workman never duly submitted himself to persistent tuition or patient practice, and not seldom on inquiry it will be found that he took up the pursuit of art so late in life as to prove that he had no natural call from her ; and he covers his inability to conquer the besetting sins, which every tyro must eradicate from his uncultivated disposition, by fine names and theories. In any case as a beginning to an art career such practice is most damaging, and even at the best it is liable to lead capable manipulators to a system of work representing the outside of things only, and to the immortalising of accidental points tending to caricature, so that the soul of a subject is lost. Whether it be right to catalogue the hideous canvases often appearing in exhibitions in recent days, chaotic in form, of sullied pigment plastered on offensively, both as to tint and texture, as " Impressionist " and to class as " Impressionist " sculptures of evil-proportioned humanity displaying a series of monstrous developments in lieu of heavenly-designed muscles, I will not determine ; but their makers are now the nucleus of an obtrusive party in the art world, and being a standing peril to honest and honourable art, it behoves us to find out from what source their degrading pretensions arise. Such art is the product

solely of modern days, for all previous students were taught to be reverent and careful in their beginnings. The new growth has professedly come from Paris, which, as we all recognise, in earlier days produced art justly eliciting admiration for its able workmanship, its dramatic genius, as also for the reflection it gave of the noble qualities of the nation at large. Seeing that an artist must by his work represent the nature dear to his own heart, it is incumbent upon all lovers of true art, having the interest of students in mind, to investigate the question how this poisonous influence is fostered, and what is the environment which tends to form the character of those exposed to it. No independent evidence collected from sources undeclared would be taken as without animus; opportunely we are supplied by an independent witness with an appreciative testimony on all the phases of student life in the French metropolis. This is stated in a book,[1] giving the professed experiences of two American friends studying in Paris. That the testimony is far from veiled sarcasm may be judged from the concluding rhapsodical passage of the volume which I cite later.

The Academy routine begins with the reception of a student at the Beaux-Arts. After the official enrolment, two orders of students are spoken of, the "anciens" and the "nouveaux." The writer describes his friend as electing to enter Gerome's studio. Among the new students were a Turk, a Hungarian, a Siamese, an American, and five provincial Frenchmen. "Five-and-twenty francs were demanded for the incidental expenses of the school and for the *drink*." "The Turk refused, explaining that he only had thirty francs for his month's living, but menacing stools and sticks opened his purse." "With the money collected they retired to a café, and sang songs fit only for the studio."

Coarse horse-play was conducted on the part of the "anciens" against the "nouveaux." The Turk was seized

[1] *Bohemian Paris of To day*, by W. C. Morrow, from notes by Edouard Cucuel. London: Chatto and Windus, 1899.

and bound, a mock branding being enacted upon him. Brutal threats and force were used against all those who refused obedience to the stupid and cruel whims of their persecutors. The Turkish victim, being left tied up on a lofty shelf, was found in the morning by the porter, having developed an illness of long and dangerous continuance.

Particulars are given of the career of poor models, who, beginning modestly, inevitably engaged in a reckless life as the mistresses of successive artists, and ended their days in suicide.

The author states that one of these, famous for her beauty, became the cause of a "students' riot in 1893, which came near to ending in a revolution." But she also at the last was driven to desperation, and ended her life violently, and "Paris laughed!"

The book goes on to give a description of a Saturnalia of the "Quat'z Arts," with proceedings too outrageous to transcribe here. The whole night was spent in an orgie in which all sense of honest fun was drowned in debauchery and blindness to that responsibility which every sane man owes in his dealings with his fellow-men. The wild crew, more or less mad, issued from their den of riot in the early dawn.

The deserted Rue Blanche re-echoed the wild yells of the revellers. The rows of heaped ash-cans that lined the way were overturned one after another, and the oaths and threatening brooms of the outraged concièrges went for nothing. Even the poor diligent rag and bone pickers were not spared; their filled sacks, carrying the result of their whole night's hunt, were taken from them and emptied. A string of carts laden with stone were captured near the Rue Lafayette, the drivers deposed, and the big horses sent plunging through Paris, driven by Roman charioteers. Within the court of the Louvre was drawn up a regiment of the Garde Municipale going through the morning drill, but when the mob of Greek and Roman warriors flung themselves bodily upon the ranks of the guard, ousted the officers, and assumed command, there was consternation; the drill was turned into a farce; the officers, furious at first, could not resist the spirit of pure fun, but took their revenge by kissing the models and making them dance.

The story goes on to describe this student life as the acknowledged preparation for the artistic career, and the writer's friend seems to have taken part in all the Saturnalia and misrule with zest, without a thought of his being answerable for his share in the inferno which consigned so many human lives to infamy and despair. Speaking of one student, it is said :—

> He came to Paris thirteen years before to study, with an allowance from his father of 100 francs a month. The young man studied diligently for a while, but soon found the easy life of the café, with the models for companions, more fascinating than the dull grind of the school. It was much pleasanter to enjoy the gaiety of the nights and sleep all day than drone and labour at his easel. He fell deeply in debt, and gave more heed to absinthe than to meals. For a whole year his father was in total ignorance of his son's conduct ; but one day a friend laid the ugly story before him. He instantly stopped the remittances and disowned his son, but there was his mistress always faithful to him ; she shared her small earnings with him. He had just gone the way of many and many another, and others are following in his steps, deluding self-denying parents and setting foot on the road which, so broad and shining at the beginning, narrows and darkens as it leads nearer and nearer to the rat-holes under the bridges of the Seine.

Passing by record of entertainments whose attractiveness consists in the mockery of all the most sacred and deepest interests of life, we come to the concluding passage in the book, which proves the author's undisturbed conviction that the life described is the perfect preparation for the artist's career :—

> Dear old Paris ! wonderful, bewildering Paris ! alluring, enchanting Paris ! Our student years are now just ended, and Paris is already so crowded with workers who cannot bear to leave it, that we must seek our fortune in other and duller parts of the world. But Paris has ineradicably impressed itself upon us. We have lived its life ; we have been a part of its throbbing, working, achieving individuality. What we take away will be of imperishable value, the salt and leaven of our hopes and efforts for ever.

We put down the book recognising it to be a suffi-

cient explanation of the source whence issues the bare idea that art is only admirable when severed from moral ideals, and is alone worthy to be wildly extolled when the artist, degraded in mind and crippled in all his powers of representation and expression, has produced on his canvas or in his clay the inevitable result of idleness, dissipation, and corrupted taste. The critics trained under the same libertinage naturally ridicule the creed that art should perform a wholesome and divine service to humanity. In England, whatever misleading spirit has exercised itself, no such corrupting influence has hitherto been poisoning the art student's ideals. The standing misfortune in England is that our Governments treat the pursuit as but of trifling importance, and deserving inadequate protection for the artist's property in design, which costs much more time than the mere painting of the surface, or the shaping a solid mass into a sculpturesque form. Invention in art is a very sensitive vitality, and will soon cease if it be left open to the piracy of chance photographers and conductors of illustrated periodicals. When the goose which laid the golden egg was killed, the greedy slaughterers were not the last to suffer.

Public men speaking on the subject generally assume that England has little pretension to eminence, and they say this in the face of the fact that she has to show, notwithstanding meagre encouragement, a richer array of inspired artists than any other modern country has produced.

With this established prejudice it is natural that journalistic correspondents abroad, hearing of some luminary that has appeared on their horizon, should hastily accept the report and transmit it as of celestial importance, while, in fact, a more accurate investigation may prove that the "luminary" is only a poor bonfire. Of the inferiority of native talent, and the assumption that English patronage is sufficient for all applicants from abroad as well as, and in preference to, those at home, they have no doubt whatever. The love on the part of the public of a new surprise, and the traditional inclination

in favour of any alien genius, causes a quick response in England, and in a short time his works are brought here, which often in his own country are stamped as of inferior grade. This in the course of my experience has had a very mischievous effect, although the stranger's reputation thus established has generally lasted but a short time, yet before its close it is succeeded by a new "light," which again dazzles the eyes of fashion to the degradation and confusion of our national taste.[1]

The early uprising of English art was destroyed in the time of Richard II. by internecine war, and this barrier continued until the English Reformation, when the dread of image worship caused limners to be regarded as little different from servants of the Evil One. When at last a lull occurred in the religious struggle, the affluent desiring works of art (since the simplest excellence cannot be developed under at least a generation) had to welcome artists from the Continent to paint their portraits and carve their monuments. Notwithstanding the greatness of Holbein and Antonio Moore, they found yet an honest, if unfashionable, rival in Butte, the Englishman, and he could scarcely have been alone. The progress of the Reformation and the iconoclasm it produced kept any native school from developing; but the steady art instinct in our race stirred the hope to obtain recognition, as was seen a generation later by the works of Oliver, Cooper, Dobson, and Walker; these men struggled not ingloriously while Rubens and Vandyke were holding the field. In the opportunities exclusively given to Lely and Kneller to supply the fashionable world with likenesses there was continuing proof that British artists were altogether at a discount, so that at the commencement of the eighteenth century there was no open sign that any strong English art existed. But Hogarth, Reynolds, Raeburn, Gains-

[1] In stating the general case it would be wrong not to make certain exceptions, as, for instance, that of M. Lanteri, whose services, as head of the Sculpture School at South Kensington, are above praise.

borough, and Romney were too strong to be suppressed, and they produced an art that was pre-eminently altogether in unison with the spirit of British poetry, healthy, robust, and superior to maudlin sentimentality and vice glamoured over with fevered tears. In our youth wholesome ideas of conduct still survived, although often weakened by indulgence in cheap display. Certainly at this time there was a strong reason to feel the desperateness of the struggle for any young artists like ourselves. To attempt art reform with any immediate reliance upon the judgment of the wealthy would have been blind indeed; it was soon too apparent that they had no thought that art could have power to perpetuate the vitality of a nation; indeed art patrons were seldom independent enough to avoid the influence of the passing fashion.

In fact, they regarded their taste as an idle fancy which needed excuse, and did not invite patriotic judgment, lest this should remind them of past evils denounced as idolatrous by the reformers.

The true British distinction of art must not be impaired, and the energy of its leaders to keep it pure must not be frustrated. It is gratifying to single out an example of those in authority valuing the importance of national art. At the opening of the Exhibition at Delhi, Lord Curzon took occasion to speak from his vice-regal seat on the Decline of Indian Decorative Art as follows:—

> Since I have been in India I have made a careful study of the arts, industries, and handicrafts of the country, and have lamented their progressive deterioration and decline. . . . Being conscious that taste was declining, and that many of the modern models were debased and bad, we have endeavoured to set up alongside the products of the present standards and samples of the past. This is the meaning of the loan collection, which has a special hall where you will see many beautiful specimens of old Indian art-ware. . . . Many of these objects are beautiful in themselves, but we hope the Indian workmen here, and also the patrons who employ them, will study them, not merely as objects of antiquarian or artistic interest, but as supplying them

with fresh or rather resuscitated ideas which may be useful as inspiring their own work in the future. This may be laid down as a truism that Indian art can never be revived by borrowing foreign ideas, but only by fidelity to its own. . . . All that is inevitable, and in an age which wants things cheap and does not mind their being ugly, which cares a good deal for comfort and not much for beauty, which is never happy unless when asserting its own models and traditions, and running about in quest of something foreign or strange, we may be certain that a great many old arts and handicrafts are doomed. There is another symptom that to my mind is even more ominous. I am one of those, as I said, who believe that no national art is capable of continued existence unless it satisfies the ideals and expresses the wants of the nation that produced it. No art can be kept alive by globe-trotters or curio-hunters alone. If it has got to that point it becomes a mere mechanical reproduction of a certain fashionable pattern, and when the fashion changes, and it ceases to be popular, it dies. If Indian art, therefore, is to continue to flourish or is to be revived, that can only be if the Indian chiefs and aristocracy and people of culture and high degree undertake to patronise it. So long as they prefer to fill their palaces with flaming Brussels carpets, Tottenham Court Road furniture, cheap Italian mosaics, French oleographs, Austrian lustres, German tissues, and cheap brocades, I fear there is not much hope. I speak in no terms of reproach, because I think in England we are just as bad in the pursuit of anything that takes our fancy in foreign lands, but I do say that if Indian arts and handicrafts are to be kept alive, it can never be by outside patronage alone. It can only be because they find a market within the country, and express the ideas and culture of the people. I should like to see a movement spring up among the Indian chiefs and nobility for the expurgation, or at any rate the purification of modern tastes, for a reversion to the old-fashioned but exquisite styles and patterns of their own country. Some day I have no doubt it will come, but it may then be too late. If these are the omens, what then is the aim of the Exhibition, and what purpose do I think it will serve? I can answer in a word. The Exhibition is intended as an object lesson. It is meant to show what India can still imagine and create. It is meant to show that the artistic sense is not dead amongst its workmen, but that all they want is a little stimulus and encouragement. It is meant to show that for the beautification of an Indian house, or the furniture of an Indian home, there is no need to rush to European shops in Calcutta or Bombay, but that

in almost every Indian state or province, in most Indian towns and many Indian villages, there still survives Art, there still exist artificers who can satisfy the artistic as well as the utilitarian tastes of their countrymen, and who are competent to keep alive this precious inheritance which we have derived from the past.

The principle so ably expounded by Lord Curzon is one which it is needful to apply to our art at home.

Another healthy sign of discriminating taste in this much confused day is given by the German Emperor, who refuses to follow the present craze in the fatherland for startling materialistic art and other unpoetic effusions in painting and sculpture, and directs the painters and sculptors to an ideal of elevating character. If our rulers, while there is yet time, will deign to recognise art as of national value, they will soon see that its preciousness depends upon inventive design, and that representation devoid of inner spirit descends in value according to its mental emptiness, and that since inner life in art costs its creator incalculable deliberation and devotion, it is essential that this energy, translated into personal property, should be protected by the State. The weakness of the present law of copyright in its protection of invention at this time threatens the speedy extinction of design; the object of legislation should be to encourage that work which enshrines a cardinal idea and graces it with attendant imaginings, all echoing and intensifying the main subject, so that the mind of the observer may wander about all the lines and hues of the picture, with a pleasure resulting from awakening recognition that each bears evidence of the exercise of subtle judgment, and of a sovereign mind in selection.

Let me reiterate, inventiveness does not necessarily mean insistence upon moral purpose. Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," for instance, has no ethical preachment in it. Pity even for the forlorn Ariadne is only reflected as an interest of the past. To understand the inventiveness of Titian, we will imagine him wandering in spirit, invisibly haunting this hollow grove, when still unpeopled, delighting

in the calm freshness of the early morning as it quickens the sylvan solitude, breathes over the neighbouring town on the promontory beyond, furrows the sea and fills the sails of the dancing boat as it ploughs its way towards the horizon.

Into this peaceful scene a damsel intrudes, sighing over her false departed lover; the whole landscape responds to the mournful note of her bereavement, and would seem responsive only to this. Her attention is erewhile startled by distant notes, which grow into clamorous music. With clang and clatter Bacchus and his blithesome crew come in. The worship of Dionysos had found justification in the thought that antique poetry and philosophy were overburdening the world with sorrow. In the progress of human speculation upon the mysteries of life, all races felt the need of rebound from dejection at the woefulness of fate, and every great people imagined means of alleviation. Before the approach of Bacchus the fate of Ariadne was one of profound melancholy, as all poets dealing alone with her story have left it.

The Greeks interpreted the call to renunciation of overbearing distress, in such unbridled fashion, that at many festivals of Dionysos they indulged in the maddest excesses. Titian, true to Catullus, depicts the votaries as free from extravagance, if we overlook signs of deep potations of the blood of the grape. The Mænads, Satyrs, Fauns, and Bacchantes are intoxicated with joy, leaving no beings present quite sober except the ass bestrode by Silenus and the leopards in the car of the god. The nymphs are marking time with tambourine, horn, and cymbals, while the fauns are carrying portions of the sacrifice for their feast. In this meeting with the god of revelry the heaviness of soul felt by the erewhile hapless Ariadne is transformed into lightness of spirit. Looking around at the jovial care-chasing crew and their merriment, she has become somewhat transfused into responsiveness.

Each follower adds his testimony to the joys of life, all are in mad, careless frolic, and even the trees seem to dance their leaves in tune to this jocundity of spirit, while the heavens display Ariadne's crown of stars.

The bridegroom himself bounds forward as one who might swim the air without fear of falling.

The happy combination of parts making up the picture proves the artist's exercise of judgment as to forms, just as the orderly juxtaposition of hues and the refined perfecting of tones witness to his fastidious sense of colour, excellences which could not be attained without patient devotion of a consummate inventor; thus the painting is exalted above all representations which are only of prosaic ambition. It is essentially a work of mighty fancy offering refreshing delight to man.

In old time the idea in a picture was prized as much as that in a book. In the variety of the artist's choice he in turn treated subjects uncomplicated by dramatic story, yet all his work remaining to us which "time cannot stale," bore evidence of having passed through the alembic of the author's mind; thus they were his property and claimed defence, as all personal possessions do.

The English legislature has given protection to ideas only in a half-hearted way, and inventive art is decaying, as, twenty years ago,[1] I predicted it must do under non-protection. When a Government boldly extended its hand for the encouragement of art by inviting contributions of subjects for a cartoon competition at Westminster Hall, the public manifested surprising interest in the collection brought together, and it may be said that the influence of the act was of far-reaching importance, perhaps more than it is possible fully to estimate. Recent governments have exercised generosity in the extended education of art, but this has been so directed as to attract to the profession many uninspired youths who might have been more appropriately employed in other pursuits, seeing that when trained to their highest manipulative power they are still

[1] *Nineteenth Century Magazine.*

destitute of inventive faculty, and can have no beneficial future as artists.

Our rulers should certainly guard the possibilities of those few who, battling against great difficulties, have at last proved their power to maintain the glory which, since Hogarth, English painters have wrested from the maws of ignorance, indifference, and shallow self-confidence. To stultify frequent assertions that Pre-Raphaelitism only valued designs which incorporated symbolic ideas for the enforcement of the higher life, the expression of my admiration for Titian's Bacchanalian masterpiece will suffice. It must be admitted that we often indulged our invention in didactic purpose, and therefore the characterisation of our view as *narrow* has been somewhat accepted. Let me plead in extenuation that we were never given free scope to put in practice our fullest ambition, but we distinctly enforced our æsthetic aims in the themes we treated, selecting beautiful objects for fastidious discrimination in their portrayal.

In declaring the broad catholicity of views we entertained, I must ever insist that there are confines to sound principle within which only it can be said that art is an inestimable blessing to civilisation, wherein it should unite with other powers to promote orderly purpose, and should denounce the pride of irresponsibility together with that dissectional spirit which proclaims that art has no connection with morals. The eternal test of good art is the influence it is calculated to have on the world, and, actuated by patriotism, all propagandists will consider first the influence of their teaching upon their own nation. What the people are led to admire, that they will infallibly become. When a nation is fascinated by flippancy and mockery of innocence and sincerity, the men and women composing it will incontinently entertain disdain for serious conduct. Approval of crafty deception will ere long draw the onlooker into the whirl of cunning falsehood. Toleration of pride will bring its worshippers to haughtiness and contempt of honest simplicity. The

mocking of self-restraint will conduct the tide-driven to practical impurity, and if the principles of moral conduct are not honoured in art, it will encourage the ties of social life to be relaxed, and, leaving the force of heredity out of mind, children will grow up with loosened ideals of family honour. It is in following such seductive invitations that the foundations of a nation are sapped, so that it drifts to the cataract of destruction. Man sees other men in the mirror of his own character, and every unit has its power in society either to build up with integrity or to disintegrate with guile. It is in the spreading of personal irresponsibility that a nation becomes effete. Refusing one's own strength for combination to hold up the pillars of the State saps Society, until Cain's cry, "Am I my brother's keeper?" brings about its downfall.

We must not, as many have done, mock at the co-relation of consequences with the habitual complexion of our own thoughts.

The dissolution of a people's strength begins with sickly literature and base art. We may admit brilliancy in the genius that uses its tinsel to make men laugh at self-government and honour, and to encourage amusing reversals of justice, making disorder pass for the only gaiety of life. Of old with the philosophers there were sophists "who made the worse appear the better reason"; they were brothers to the prophets, prophesying smooth things.

We must judge trees by their fruits, never deluded by the enticing exterior of the poisonous night-shade or the gaudy hues of the deadly toadstool. Convincedly persuaded of its folly, we can afford with disdain to turn away from the profession of superiority which the teachers of a licentious and irresponsible creed assume. Beautiful design blossomed into the world to irradiate perfect creation, and its bane is the enemy walking behind the sower of corn, scattering poisonous seed that it may be reaped with the life-giving wheat, infallibly bringing death to the foolish eater.

Our national spirit as displayed by writers and artists is not straight-laced ; they have been no repudiators of good-humour. Human nature in all its varieties has ever been dear to them ; they have not scrupled to dwell on redeeming features in the worst characters, but from the beginning they did not tolerate mawkish sentiment for the vicious, whose crimes were committed shamelessly in defiance of natural honour. By such national renunciation our fathers gained rather than lost in power of gladness and humour, for those unwinnowing writers who traded on false sentiment, and the Regency sentimentalists who imitated them in unbridled licence, were a lugubrious crew, while the pure Briton has ever lightened his philosophy with brilliant scintillations of wit and healthy laughter.

Every man of us must eschew that which is worn out and obsolete, casting it away because death brings corruption. We are not here merely to echo the imaginations and sentiments of our forerunners ; we have to collect something fresh for our children. Some tell us that we have no duties, as there is no master who will ever examine our toll of work. Let these be assured in the words of Addison, " We will do more than succeed, we will deserve success," and leave the issue to be what it may.

I must speak here more emphatically against servile mediævalism. Students should never be enticed to meander among the graves, piping resurrected strains, sweet though they may be, forgetful of their own life-battle. Columbus was the discoverer of a new world, and Vasco de Gama of new sea-roads. If you will have it so, the heavens were blank and careless as they looked down upon the little ships, resolutely tracking the pathless waters across the virginal sphere. If these mariners won nothing for themselves, they gained a world for its future children.

The name of the enterprising navigator is not always given to the continent which his courage helped him to discover ; but this is of small moment in the long future ; his object is gained in the discovery, in the

peopling and establishing of activity, in place of stagnation. We do not regard as discoverers men who now go the same voyage; we should only laugh at them if they made caravels of the fashion of those used four hundred years ago. Antiquity claims our high regard, and it demands our gratitude for the blessings which it left to us, but in its remains there is much that, having done its healthy work for its own time, is now devoid of vitality. Together with what is thus unprofitable to modern minds, there are relics of barbaric thought and creed, the revival of which can only make for evil. Take, for example, Dante's enforcement of the idea of eternity of punishment with all its horrors in the "Inferno," in which the painters follow him. We palliate the view in both as survivals of earlier time, but we must not excuse those who in the present day exhume such ideas. The spokesman of our race said—

> ". . . Or to be worse than worst
> Of those, that lawless and incertain thought
> Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!"

It is a fatal betrayal of reverence when gratitude to forerunners leads men to slavish idolatry towards them; in their own time their freest thoughts formed ever-ascending steps on which after-comers could mount upwards.

The nineteenth century will be known as an age of "revivals." Literary mediæval resuscitations began first perhaps in England, but accentuated feminine development of the Italian Renaissance in graphic art came to us through a narrow section of the Germans. The gratitude of the world for the excellence of the productions of the past transiently endowed their modern imitations with a sweeter taste than unripened works with a new flavour are at first found to possess. The imitator's task being a pleasant and easy one, the resemblance of the work to its prototype gains for it a more impetuous welcome than is accorded to the less mature achievements of original inspiration.

These last, unfamiliar to the eye, are precluded by their strangeness from immediate reception. There is scarcely danger of shipwreck on the well-sounded waters of a tidal service, while there is frequent peril to a ship on an unknown sea. It has seemed to me right to warn the world against what may be called *servility* to antiquity, but our present danger is a cry of opposite tenor, that artists should begin their practice without the equipment which the teaching of their great precursors gives. He is only a quack who commences ministering to the sick in ignorance of those carefully tested experiments which have led to modern methods of healing, for while the traditions of the ancients must not be accepted as binding, all that they said and did demands thought from the attentive physician, an equal docility is called for from beginners in art. To be ignorant of the stages by which the great masters arrived at their pre-eminence, and to be indifferent to the studied training of the eye and hand which they underwent, is a besotted course.

Present exhibitions of painting and sculpture, so full of productions that show disregard or defiance of the fundamental principles of sanity and reverence, supply proof that quackery is in highest favour ; and the timid spectator (dismayed at the abominations) is told by the adorers of such uncultivated outpourings that not to admire is to be a Philistine ; that the chaotic mass called a work of art is really the product of the most modern, and therefore the most advanced thought.

One stamp of great art in all ages was the artist's love and caretaking of the materials in which he expressed his meaning. In his hands common clay was impressed with sacred value, as with the seal of divinity. Marble under his chisel sang itself into the holiness of the image of the gods, and paint drawn from the earth, and the juices of perishing plants, by the artist's cunning became more entrancing than the precious stones that decorate a king's crown or a princess's robe. But the more ignorantly and recklessly the ductile stuff is handled by the irreverent

innovator, the louder he is hailed as the master and true apostle of modernity. From what wild caverns such spirit emanates is a question of vital importance, and search should be made, with the conviction that by discovery of its source must come deliverance for art. Assuredly if left unquestioned, the rioters of the profession will encourage the existing suspicion that the term "men of genius" is only another for those who suffer from an aberration of intelligence.

Artists of old continuously worked with the desire to satisfy the longing for the larger and nobler instincts of man—obedience to which is morality. Sir John Seeley,[1] with no better authority for his declaration than hearsay, states that "all artists are immoral men," and there may be doubt whether the verdict would generally create surprise in persons to whom the formula that "art has no connection with morals" is continuously proclaimed by art experts. Perhaps those persons who do not recognise the duty of progress in moral rectitude from generation to generation, are responsible for the judgment. It would certainly condemn our entrancing pursuit if to be geniuses we were called upon to follow Benvenuto Cellini's example of homicidal outrage, or if we looked upon Raphael's amours as justification for laxity of manners. The reader of the life of Galileo will find that it was still incumbent upon a brother to furnish dowries for the marriage of his sisters, and if he married himself the laws of society demanded of him that he should keep up a costly establishment; the great astronomer having in his early life established an alliance with an esteemed woman, after his sisters were provided for, married her as the mother of his children. Raphael, had he lived, might have done this also; in any case customs of past centuries, sanctioned by the example of Popes and Cardinals, form no precedent for men in our own. It is often said that when art was at its highest, unrestraint had but little limit. The truth is that Italian art arose in a time of great

[1] See *Natural Religion*, by Sir John Seeley.

tribulation producing earnest humility of spirit, while even yet the Arabs were threatening Italy, and when the zeal of Francis of Assisi had newly kindled the spiritual life in the offspring of the Goths settled in Italy. Art had thus grown under trial and simplicity, and was earnest in vital expression. With more settled law came ease for daily life and greater leisure for those joys and beauties which form the vocabulary of the painter's language.

While this was tempered with truth, the gain was altogether admirable, and led to the glorious epoch of Italian art. It is difficult to mark where the tone of splendour in the work of the artist overstepped the line of pure restraint, it is certain that by sure stages pride in showiness and empty dexterity caused art to cease to be a living power, although it gained in applause from the general disintegration of high purpose in society. This juxtaposition of widely extolled art and corruption is used to support the axiom that "art causes a nation's fall." Every age has its special trial. Ours to-day arises from an unprecedented blight, which ignores the reflection of heaven's beauty in Nature.

Instead of adorable pictures of nature's face, we are offered representations of scenes that none but those with blunted feelings could contemplate, not stopping short of the interiors of slaughter-houses. The degradation of art is nothing less than a sign of disease in Society.

But enough of this humiliating topic! I must return to the defence of the Pre-Raphaelites. After fifty or sixty years, with full count of our disappointments as of our successes, it may be confidently affirmed that the principle of our reform in art was a sound one. With some remarkable exceptions, art in our youth had become puerile and doting, and it was high time to find a remedy. It stirred us to proclaim that art should interpret to men how much more beautiful the world is, not only in every natural form, but in every pure principle of human life, than they would without her aid deem it to be. If artists'

work misguides men, making them believe that there is no order in creation, no wisdom in evolution, decrying the sublime influences as purposeless, we shall indeed be a sorry brood of men.

During my experience of the incessant difficulties barring the artist's path in modern days, I often doubted whether writers on art in their confident utterances realise the enormous influence they exercise upon its current fortunes. Any one who has read the foregoing history without bias will not be astonished to find here an expression of opinion that the possibilities of art were for a time repeatedly destroyed by the character of contemporary journalistic comment. Rossetti was driven from public exhibition by its hostility ; Millais was treated more like a felon than a man with a noble purpose, and was never greeted with calm judgment until his position in the Academy secured for him the official respect to which his personal genius had entitled him from the beginning. Madox Brown from his first appearance at Westminster Hall claimed recognition as an artist of high standing and exalted promise, but though manly character appeared in every line of his work, he was met with contempt and prevented from gaining, not only his just due, but even the most modest livelihood. It will be remembered that I was upon the point of being driven from the profession altogether, and for many years general ridicule was so sure to be my portion that I was in self-defence obliged to avoid the treatment of new ideas, since these would on their first appearance have elicited a repetition of stereotyped denunciations and consequently long-retarded reward.

One cannot of course wish that the press, with its modern practice of comment on questions of all public interest, should abstain from making its reflections upon matters of general taste. Temperate judgments are of value ; but the ambition of the writers, unhampered by any restraining influence, led them in our day far beyond temperate impartiality, until they dogmatised about

abstruse mysteries of our pursuit in a tone of finality which few practical men presumed to adopt. The truly initiated harden themselves against the forceful tide of contemporary prejudice, knowing it may sweep from a standing-place even the elect. The old masters worked untrammelled by such ignorant dogmatism. Hazlitt and Ruskin (as remarked by Mr. A. J. Finberg[1]) were, with all their eccentricities, elucidating critics, because they themselves in certain branches were practised artists, Ruskin being the most perfect in that to which he especially devoted himself in criticism. But the writers who became the mouthpieces of the cabal that sought to ruin Pre-Raphaelitism had scarcely even drawn a line, and they came to their task without understanding humility or restraint. It is devoutly to be hoped that writers determining the fate of future art will think seriously of the havoc wrought in the past, and of their own eternal responsibility for the judgment they exercise.

In conclusion let me warn the world that the threat to modern art, menacing nothing less than its extinction, lies in "Impressionism" as a dogma without any regard to its limitations. The word "Impressionism," as used for the main ambition of art, is mere cant, offensive to all who really have acquaintance with the profound subtleties of art practice, yet by blatant repetition and determined assurance trumpeted by idle writers, multitudes are cowed into silence, and become incapable of expressing the opinion which common-sense suggests to them as to the vacuous nature of such pretensions as the "modernity" of to-day reveals. The few better-educated artists who, perhaps by fellow-studentship, have been entrapped to figure as monarchs of a draggled herd do sometimes lend a redeeming grace to the pretensions of the school; but I must, in treating this subject, declare that as a rule the greater part of the work figuring under the name of "Impressionism" is childishly drawn and modelled, ignorantly coloured and handled, materialistic and soulless. Let it

[1] *National Review.*

be clearly known that it is so, in being destitute of that spirit of vitality and poetry in nature which every true master, ancient or modern, painter, sculptor, or architect, has given to his simplest work, this supermundane spirit coming instinctively from his responsible soul, whether he intended or not to teach any special lesson. Eager students, if stirred by a true ambition, are drawn forward by continued anxiety lest they should be found wanting in the saving graces by which their mighty precursors gained the grateful homage of the world. The example of successful elders is carefully noticed and followed by the young; it is therefore much more than the mere failure of the practitioner himself which is at stake when a passing vanity is made to figure as a sober canon of good taste.

For the consideration of those who come after us, ere I give up my record of our Pre-Raphaelite purpose, I must reiterate that our determination in our reform was to abjure alliance with re-classicalism, to avoid revived quattro- or cinque-centism, already powerfully represented in England, and to supplant the cramped dogmas founded on these fashions by devoting our allegiance to Nature, and to magnifying her teachings for further inspiration. We never refused admiration to Raphael nor to his still more prodigious elder contemporaries, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, neither did we refuse whatever vital teaching there was in any ancient master or school. We may not in our youth have seen the extent of Reynolds's power; for it needed a more advanced experience to give full knowledge of the variety and richness of his harnessed genius. In principle, however, I maintain that we had justice on our side in thinking that his homage to the founders of Academies, such as the Caracci and Le Brun, led him to prescribe laws derived from them, which crippled the future development of art. The prophecy of Constable, extracted from Leslie, referred to in an earlier chapter, and which was first quoted by me in a short article on Pre-Raphaelitism in Chambers's

Encyclopædia, will show that our verdict was becoming inevitable. We must certainly bear the responsibility of arriving independently at Constable's judgment on existent art, but the wild experiments in artistic crotchets by later alumni, frightened at the treatment we received, and hopeful of approval from the enthroned arbiters of fate, proves that we only anticipated the inevitable revolt. Unimpassioned time will determine which protest was the more temperate and wise.

Let it be added that the triumvirate of art in Italy and the company of great English painters who founded the British School were too kingly and too daring in judgment, in their own work too strong in humility towards nature, to be bound by the rules which they of necessity prescribed for their pupils. The famous dictum of Sir Joshua that "rules were not the fetters of genius, but only of those who have no genius," we determined to construe with a more radical rendering than his pupils first gave it, for we decided that the result of its narrow interpretation by his followers had been paralysing, and that henceforth it should form no shackles to future investigation of truth. Had his remarks been limited to the observance of the sciences which form the base of graphic representation, such as the undeviating laws of perspective and the forms and proportions of human and animal creation, his dictum could never have been gainsaid, but Reynolds's dogma was accepted for the control of imaginative liberty; it was in that sense that we dared to rebel against it. If this scaffolding had been of use at first, it had done its work, and we required that it should be put aside as in no sense belonging to the permanent structure of art. The windows of the edifice should be opened to the purity of the azure sky, the prismatic sweetness of the distant hills, the gaiety of hue in the spreading landscape, and the infinite richness of vegetation. Nothing should henceforth be hidden from the enfranchised eye; we undertook to show that the rendering of new delights was not incompatible with

the dignity of the highest art. The purpose of art is, in love of guileless beauty, to lead man to distinguish between that which, being clean in spirit, is productive of virtue, and that which is flaunting and meretricious and productive of ruin to a Nation.

THE END

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